MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#299 APRIL 2008 $4 US & CANADA

"EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED???"

WINTERLAND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
THE DAY PUNK DIED - 30 YEARS ON

A LOOK BACK AT THE LEGACY OF THE SEX PISTOLS WITH HENRY ROLLINS, THURSTON MOORE, KEITH MORRIS, JELLO BIAFRA AND MANY MORE...

Plus:

GOVERNMENT WARNING

AGE

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

GUIDED CRADLE

GO IT ALONE

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A LOOK AT THE HUNGARIAN PUNK SCENE FROM PAST TO PRESENT

AND MORE!!

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION through Disticor Magazine Distribution. For more information call (905)619-6565.

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See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617

www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- MENTALLY CHALLENGED-Disappeared/Surveillance-45
- ACROSTIX-EP / AGE-LP
- CUT SICK-EP / V/A-Local Anesthetic-CD
- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP / RAJOITUS-LP
- ACID REFLUX-Secret Power-EP
- THE DAILY VOID-(Surprise Surprise)...-45
- MAC BLACKOUT-LP
- THE RANDOM HOUSES/TRUTHDEALER-split EP
- BRAIN HANDLE-LP
- JUMP OFF A BUILDING-(last show) live

TIM BROOKS

- MARVELOUS DARLINGS-I Don't Want To Go...-45
- STATUES-No Time-EP
- COLD ONES-Evil Eye-EP
- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- BURNT CROSS-Freedom of Speech-EP
- RUIN/T.R.I.B.E-split LP
- POST REGIMENT-Death Before Metal-LP
- CONTAMINATORS-LP
- V/A-Messthetics #104-CD
- THE DIRTBOMBS-We Have You Surrounded-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE DIRTBOMBS-We Have You Surrounded-LP
- THE DAILY VOID-(Surprise Surprise)...-45
- BLANK DOGS-Two Months-EP
- DAVE E & THE COOL MARRIAGE COUNSELORS-EP
- FACTORYMEN-EP
- WIZZARD SLEEVE-Mommy's Little Baby...-45
- NOTHING PEOPLE-Army of Ideal/What A Waste-45
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- BOX ELDERS-Hole in My Head-EP
- LIVE FAST DIE-live

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

- BURNT CROSS-Freedom of Speech-EP
- DAVE E & THE COOL MARRIAGE COUNSELORS-EP
- THE DIRTBOMBS-We Have You Surrounded-LP
- KILL THE HIPPIES/WE MARCH-split EP
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- POST REGIMENT-Death Before Metal-LP
- VAPID-Do the Earhquake-EP
- V/A-Local Anesthetic-CD
- V/A-Messthetics #104-CD
- CARNAL KNOWLEDGE-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

MUST BE AT THE FEST OR SOMETHING

LAYLA GIBBON

- DAVE E & THE COOL MARRIAGE COUNSELORS-EP
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- BRAIN HANDLE-LP
- THE DAILY VOID-(Surprise Surprise)...-45
- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- ACID REFLUX-Secret Power-EP
- CONDOMINIUM-Hello Tomorrow-EP
- SOCIAL CIRCKLE-I've Got Afflictions EP-EP
- CONTAMINATORS-LP
- BLANK DOGS-Two Months-EP

CHRIS HUBBARD

- RAJOITUS-Maalman Hautajainen-LP
- MARVELOUS DARLINGS-I Don't Want To Go...-45
- WASTE MANAGEMENT-Get Your Mind Right-EP
- CONDOMINIUM-Hello Tomorrow-EP
- HANNA HIRSCH/YOUNG FIT MALES-split EP
- BRAIN HANDLE-LP
- STATUES-No Time-EP / PIERCED ARROWS-45
- ACID REFLUX-EP / SOCIAL CIRCKLE-EP
- DAVE E & THE COOL MARRIAGE COUNSELORS-EP
- BEAT COPS/JUMP OFF A BUILDING/LIMP WRIST/ZOMO-live

KENNY KAOS

- ATOMIC SUPLEX/THE SWANKERS-split EP
- GITOGITO HUSTLER-What's My....!?-EP
- LES HATEPINKS-Auto-Eject-LP
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Yesterdays Heroes-EP
- MARVELOUS DARLINGS-I Don't Want To Go...-45
- STATUES-No Time-EP
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Limits Appear-EP
- BRUTAL KNIGHTS-Living By Yourself-LP
- THE WILDEBEESTS/KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS-split 7"
- COMPLICATIONS – EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE DIRTBOMBS-We Have You Surrounded-LP
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- CONTAMINATORS-LP
- THE DAILY VOID-(Surprise Surprise)...45
- BLANK DOGS-Two Months-EP
- MOSQUITO BANDITO-Stay-EP
- WIZZARD SLEEVE-45
- MAC BLACKOUT-LP
- TRANSMITTERS-I Fear No One-CD
- *Joy Division* & *Tad:Busted Circuits and Ringing Ears*-DVDs

RAY LUJAN

FIRST TIME IN 16 YEARS!

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

TOO BUSY PLAYING WITH HIS IPHONE

NICK MANGEL

- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- INSULT-Emobashing Fastcore Pimps-LP
- RUIN/T.R.I.B.E-split LP
- AGE-Scar of Lead-LP
- FORCA MACABRA-Aqui E O Inferno-LP
- ATAKKE-March to the Gallows-EP
- ATROZ-Hardcore 3 Mundo-CD
- SEE YOU IN HELL-Utok!-LP
- DIRTY POWER GAME-Oligarchia Parassia-LP
- YOUNG AND DANGEROUS-Dangerous Youth and...-CD

BRUCE ROEHRS

- WASTE MANAGEMENT-Get Your Mind Right-EP
- VIOLENT MINDS-Know It All-EP
- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- HOWITZER-Turncoat-EP
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- THE DEAD KINGS/SICK SICK SICK-split EP
- SOCIAL CIRCKLE-I've Got Afflictions EP-EP
- A.N.S./SEASICK-split EP
- ACID REFLUX-Secret Power-EP
- NUTS+BOLTS-live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- PIERCED ARROWS-In My Brain/Caroline-45
- ACID REFLUX-Secret Power-EP
- STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-CD
- BRAIN HANDLE-LP / V/A-Local Anesthetic-CD
- RAJOITUS-Maalman Hautajainen-LP
- HANNA HIRSCH/YOUNG FIT MALES-split EP
- POST REGIMENT-Death Before Metal-LP
- CONDOMINIUM-Hello Tomorrow-EP
- SOCIAL CIRCKLE-I've Got Afflictions EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- ÜBER-I Will Go By Bike-EP
- CUT SICK-EP
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Yesterdays Heroes-EP
- HANNA HIRSCH/YOUNG FIT MALES-split EP
- VAURIO-Sortoa Ja Vainoa-EP
- BURNT CROSS-Freedom of Speech-EP
- A.N.S./SEASICK-split EP
- CONDOMINIUM-Hello Tomorrow-EP
- VIOLENT MINDS-Know It All-EP
- CONTAMINATORS-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Abolish Restaurants #1*
- *Big Hands #5*
- *Equalizing Distort #7*
- *Groit #5*
- *Hub City: Out of the Basement #6*
- *Manager #1*
- *Ploppy Pants #7*
- *Poop Stains #3*
- *Rum Land #3*
- *Ong Ong #4*

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CONTRIBUTORS

Dave Adelson, Graham Booth, Cindy Crabb, D X, Fly, Lance Hahn, George Impulse, Nick Mangel, Mattilda, Golnar Nikpour, Ted Rall, Steve Spinali, Felix Von Havoc, Attila Borics, Gabor Kobera, Adam Drake, Ilth, Dave Mckinnon, Mark Palm, Szarapow, Mykel Board, Mitch Cardwell, Arwen Curry, Bill Florio, Layla Gibbon, Chris Hubbard, Carolyn Keddy, Greg Mantooth, Allan McNaughton, Al Quint, Bruce Roehrs, George Tabb, Joe Biel, Ethan Buck, Taman Eggers, Tony Four Tee Gee, Andy Instigate, Nick Goode, Spencer Rangitsch

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ZINE COORDINATORS

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

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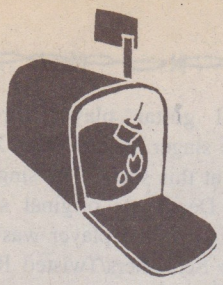

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR and Punx everywhere—

Although I am a regular columnist for this zine I'm using the letters page for this so it doesn't reflect on the editorial views of the magazine. I would like to call people's attention to problems a lot of labels and distros have been having with the Wasted Sounds label of Sweden. Kaj of Wasted Sounds seemed like a stand up guy, if a little disorganized, and had been doing a lot of label, distribution, and booking first in Umea and then in Linkoping in Sweden. Wasted Sounds worked with a lot of popular bands and did a pretty solid job of releasing and distributing records for many years. Since my label Havoc specializes in Scandinavian releases I struck up a good relationship with Kaj trading releases. I was distributing his released in the USA and he distributed mine in Sweden. This sort of DIY trade based distribution has been an essential part of the underground punk world for well over 20 years.

In May 2007 I sent Kaj 150 of my releases in trade for a like amount of his new releases by Asta Kask, Blinds, Vicious, and so on. A few months later I noticed other labels were getting copies of these but I had not. I wrote several emails and got a runaround about waiting for a repress and there only being enough copies for Europe and not enough to export to the USA. I kept emailing steadily asking for an update and got no reply. Months later a mass email was sent out by Wasted Sounds letting everyone know they were a little behind and were getting caught up and would be in touch with everyone soon. I emailed more times and never heard any response.

Now the Wasted Sounds website is down and emails are returned to senders. A lot of other labels and distributors I have talked to have had similar experiences. A lot of people are owed money or records from Wasted Sounds. Also people who mail ordered have told me that they had to file Paypal claims to get their records or money sent back to them.

Some years ago Born Against wrote in their tour diary something to the effect that it wasn't the corporate big business interests who fucked over the DIY movement the most. They claimed that it was the well intentioned punx who got in over their head and walked away from the mess they made rather than try to straighten things out. Seems like every year or two some label or distributor just closes up shop owing tons of people money and records. It looks from my vantage point like Wasted Sounds is the latest to add to that list. For any DIY label that operates on a very slim margin, losing hundreds of records and postage is a pretty big hit. It takes a long time to recover from such a loss and it means other projects have to be postponed or shelved.

I'd like to invite Kaj to salvage at least part of his rep by contacting labels and distros he owes records and money too and at least try to make some kind of partial amends. I'd be happy just to get any unsold Havoc label stock back rather than nothing at all.

—Felix Havoc, Havoc Records

Dear MRR—

I have something to add in response to my fave columnist, Layla Gibbon, who in *MRR* #297 had some points about punk being a "museum object" and some words about "punk is dead." Thankfully neither she nor I thinks punk culture or punk music is dead, and just to calm things down, there is a reason that young people still embrace DIY. Examples are Britain's Arctic Monkeys, the Gallows, Regulators, and lots more talented and fresh youth. I've been reading *MRR* on and off since 1983—keep 'em coming, and stay young. I'm getting older, but punk/hardcore is maybe the only movement run and created by the youth, and not adults. Function is the key.

—Kim Karlsen
Haugesund, Norway

MRR—

I read the latest issue of *MRR* today (#297) and actually found it enjoyable. I had the time (a rare occasion) to read it cover-to-cover, and the letters were intelligent, there was much hype about *Cleveland's Screaming,* which was nice, and even half of the columns were well written for a change. Maybe the new coordinator status will work? Here are my favorites:

Layla Gibbon is always fresh and new in my opinion. I think her musical tastes, in a sense, mirror my own in the same way that we both hunger for a lot of the old music out there that still sounds new, even in these days of being flooded with the internet and all the false bands who exist on MySpace and all the other sites.

Ted Rall is always awesome. George Tabb is (as usual) unreadable but he is a good guy, and everyone should keep into consideration that he's probably in physical pain with every word that he writes.

Nick Daniels is *totally* correct in his gripes about the recent change in overseas shipping policies when it comes to record and tape trading. It was a completely confusing (and somewhat shocking) policy change, but it didn't only affect those of us who are collectors. It dramatically changed the entire music industry *again*. A lot of record labels like mine were blind-sided by the policy shift, especially those of us who cater to more niche realms like synthpunk, deathrock, and art punk recordings (and I only use these because they are the realms that I sell to). A lot of our labels are now being forced to accept the capitalism involved with being a legit label, kicking and screaming, to include downloads over the internet.

Which leads me to the absolute kudos to the Marie Kanger-Born interview. This woman is awesome. In one six-page interview she managed to totally voice many of the opinions regarding "punk" and "commercialism" (without being fucked-over due to self-destruction over perceived "punk" ideals) that I have had since starting my obscure label back in 2001. People need to listen to this woman. I almost shed a tear.

I hope that *MRR* continues on this level. One of the reasons that I stopped doing shitwork at *MRR* was the lack of diversity that I perceived was going on while I was doing shit in the *MRR* mansion off of Divisadero, but I still try to keep an open ear toward the general mindset of the *MRR* community. And I *totally* agree with the thought that people aren't "educating themselves about punk rock over the internet" and that *MRR* is a dinosaur ideology for being mainly a print resource. If you put it all in relation, *MRR* and *Flipside* were almost *Gods* to a lot of us who lived in rural areas of

the country back in the early-'80s through the mid-'90s—the fact that these publications *even existed* at the time.

Lest I remind all of you reading over the age of 32 that there was a time where you discovered people and bands by actually meeting them in person, usually because they dressed very badly or sounded like your mother would hate them. There was no internet, there was almost no "scene" except for a few friends at some high school in (name your town here), USA.

MRR is still here, and albeit through some annoying phases it has undergone (crossover anyone? Or even the annoying bad garage rock band phase), it is still around. *Flipside* is dead, *Ben is Dead* (again), and now their replacement for the fashion punks would be appear to be *Punk Rock Confidential*, but I like that mag too, so maybe I am part of the problem? I even worked for *Industrial Nation Magazine* for a couple of years before they died due to coordinator incompetence, but they were essentially a non-profit indie mag too, so who's to say anymore. Buy *Razorcake*!

I don't know where I'm going with this except to say that even though "punk" is "dead," the community behind the scene still exists after nearly 30 years. I, myself, appreciate seeing my friends who are so dedicated, still writing in print format. I may have to go out of my way to "buy" other people's opinions at some sort of megastore bullshit franchise like Borders or Hastings, but I'm still there, buying into some sense of revolution. Even if it is just a contrived revolution, I *still* believe in it.

Buy your friend's shit products, don't buy from corporations if you can help it (buy through them if it helps the magazine or band for dog's sake), and recognize that we are all not statistics like we are led to believe by the usual suspect media sources!
—Sam Atakra

MRR—
After reading Graham Booth's article, which appeared in issue #297 and was partially a show review of Brendan Mullen's Masque 30 year reunion party, I felt the urge to make a few corrections. I anticipated going to this show for months before it happened. The Masque was the very first punk club in Los Angeles/Hollywood back in 1977. Brendan Mullen ran it. This reunion show was actually a book release party and signing for Brendan Mullen's new book *The Masque-Nightmare In Punk Alley*. The book wasn't released to the public until a month after this show. The Diffs played first— they were a Germs cover band. They sounded great and played nearly everything from the *Lexicon Devil* EP and *GI* album. Next up was Wild Weekend, an all-girl Zeros cover band that was amazing! They played all of the Zeros hits, "Don't Push Me Around," "Wimp," "Wild Weekend," etc. Some of the bands that Graham missed were the Gears and the Crowd. The Gears played "Let's Go to the Beach," "Don't be Afraid to Pogo," etc. and then the Crowd played stuff from 1979's *Beach Blvd* comp. The Shock played all their hits including "This Generation's On Vacation" and Holly Beth Vincent from Holly & the Italians joined the Shock on stage and they burned thru "Tell That Girl To Shut Up" and a bunch of other Holly & the Italians classics. Seeing the Dogs, the Eyes, and the Deadbeats play was a dream come true. The Dogs have been playing since about 1974 and it showed! The Dogs tore it up! They played "1970" and the classic *Killed By Death* burner "Slash Your Face." I agree with Graham, the Flyboys were great. The Stitches also played, even though they're not old enough to have played the Masque. They were OK, if you happen to like '90s style punk rock. I personally don't care for it. The Controllers sounded great as well. It was a bummer that they didn't play "Slow Boy" but they did play "Do the Uganda" from the *Slow Boy* EP. The real bummer was that several of the original Controllers members that had migrated to L.A. from Michigan back in 1977 didn't perform. Karla Mad Dog was unfortunately home with multiple sclerosis. The Controllers were the very first band to play at the Masque. Graham was correct in saying that bands within the '70s LA scene shared members. A perfect example of this is Nicky Beat, who played drums for the Germs, the Weirdos, and a handful of other bands. This was not the case with the Eyes. Yes, that was D.J. Bonebrake on the drums, and no they did not have keyboards. What Graham failed to mention in his article is that the original Eyes lineup from 1977-78 played this reunion. D.J. Bonebrake was the original Eyes drummer. He left the Eyes to join X. Charlotte Caffey left the Eyes to join the Go-Go's. It wasn't until about 1979 that the Eyes added keyboards. I was in complete awe at this once in a lifetime chance to see the Eyes. They played everything, "TAQN," "Kill Your Parents," "Topological Lies," "Don't Talk to Me," and "Disneyland." The Billybones also played. They are a reincarnation of the Skulls, 30 years later. They sounded tight and played all of the Skulls classics such as "On Target," "Victim," etc. Graham said that Geza X was the singer of the Deadbeats. This is completely untrue. Geza X was the original guitar player for the Deadbeats, not the singer. In fact Geza X did not even perform at this show. The singer in fishnets was the Deadbeats original singer Scott Guerin. The keyboard player was Paul Roessler from the Screamers/Twisted Roots, etc. A band called Autopsy also played. Autopsy was supposed to play the Masque back in 1977, but it never happened, so Brendan gave them a chance to play at this reunion show. I disagree with Graham on the Deadbeats. "I Shot Maria" and "Final Ride" also killed. I thought the Plugz sounded really great considering this was the first time that they had played in 25 years! They didn't even rehearse for this show. Their set didn't get cut short like Graham said. They did just what they intended, which was to play the entirety of "Electrify Me" and the Slash single for the first time since 1982.
—Bonedog

Bonedog, Bonedog, Bonedog—
OK, you got me. Whatever you may lack in discerning musical taste, you more than made up for with your knowledge of Los Angeles punk minutia. I am sad to admit I have officially been sonned on the Deadbeats in the pages of MRR. That said, the Eyes minus keyboards remain a near deal-breaker for me whether it's the first line-up or not. And regarding the Plugz, I can't believe that in your meticulous play-by-play you left out the part about the Plugz set being cut short so '70s no-name band Autopsy could play at the last minute. Apparently Brendan had double-booked Autopsy back in the '70s, and they never got to play the first time around. the Plugz played roughly half an hour before being quickly escorted off stage. While I wasn't counting songs, I feel comfortable deferring to the ears of the scum legend standing next to me: Rob Noxious (yoinks!) said they came up two songs short. And just in case you were wondering, Autopsy SUXX!

In other news: no column for me this month. Sorry folks! Ever since the new year I've been in mandatory overtime mode at work, and 70 hour work weeks aren't my strong suit. I am currently working to "remedy" the situation; if all goes as planned, I won't be working there by the time you read my next column! YAY!
—Graham

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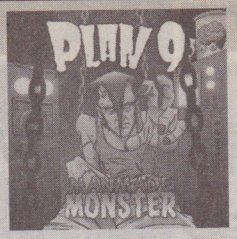

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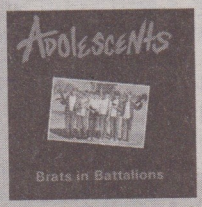

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COLUMNS

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

Twenty years time: I'm toking Viagra and rubbing cream into my bald patch in an alcoholic stupor after a backbreaking week of work paying off the debts I'm currently accumulating. I'm gonna put the kid I probably wished I had aborted on my knee and say, "Son, before you dig through my old drawers looking for coins and find a copy of this worn-out yellow-paged rag, lemme tell you bout the first time I was a columnist for *Maximum Rocknroll*!" Kid will wriggle outta my lap and tread across the shitty hardcore records encrusted with foodstuff that cover my floors, pick up the remote control, and do what all decent kids do.

At this point, I'll dig through my drawers, looking for coins, and stumble across this issue and these words and will smile affectionately at a squandered life writing about punk and hardcore records. I'll look back at this night and sigh, grabbing the issue and hopefully hawking it on ebay3000 for a couple of extra dollars to go towards car repayments.

Present time: I'm listening to the *great* new LP by Spanish hardcore punk band Invasion, who I'd like to write a bit about. From Invasion, I'll haphazardly stumble from country to country and roundup a couple of recent listenings.

Invasion is fortunately not titled Disvasion, and their artwork does not feature skulls and sloganeering like "D-beat Punx Español." It's *tasteful* Discharge-influenced hardcore with the scum-coated sounds of the good Italian hardcore bands mixed through. Vocals are heavy on the reverb, a welcome production quirk that really acts to pin the tunes down and give them some weight. This record, unlike many Swedish/post-Discharge bands, has a distinctive and palpable feel to it, comparable to the latest material from the American hardcore band Violent Minds, who last year gave indication that somebody took notice that Cro-Mags and Negative Approach's musical roots lay in fair England with Black Sabbath, Mötörhead, and Discharge. Unlike the Beatles apologists, I would insist that this holy trinity is responsible for *the* most important contributions to the rock sound that Lady Brittania ever spilled from her diseased loins (I am a Stones apologist, but no mention of that here).

I tried to do an interview with Invasion as a kind of introduction. Fortunately, they didn't get back to me in time, so I've had to do a little more work and not take the easy way, so you get to read a little more of my own conjecture and ill-founded assumptions. I did get the following diatribe from Marat when I asked him about Barcelona and how he saw Invasion being a part of or a reaction to the town:

***

"I'm not originally from Barcelona but I've lived here long enough to tell you a bit about it. Barcelona sucks. The city tries to pawn itself off as a city of design but it's more like the city of image, with nothing behind. It's noisy and dusty and always under construction to make it more 'European.'"

"People from Barcelona are fucking snobs compared to the rest of Spain. The only reason I stay is for these bands I'm in. If they broke up I'd split.

"I play hardcore because I love hardcore, not because I live in a fucked-up place. There are enough things in this world to influence us to play pissed-off music, but living in Barcelona definitely doesn't hurt.

"I have to say Barcelona has a really good punk scene, now. It's great that we can find people here that are interested in what we do and have good bands to play with. We share a practice space with six or seven other bands and every one of them is good!"

***

Next month I'll write a little about the incredible Spanish hardcore band Karkaba, who are to release a new LP imminently. Their 7" from a few years ago should be relatively easy to track down if your eardrum has been battered into the correct shape: scummy Spanish thrash. Bueno, cunt. Invasion are going to be touring the US by the time you read this. Go and see them.

The Invasion record was released on La Vida Es Un Mus label from London. The gentleman who runs this enterprise is also involved in the Demo Tapes label, re-releasing primal punk tunes from the backstreet kids of Britain onto the world in pressings limited to the interest of the public and intentionally attempting to circumnavigate rich / investor scumbag nerdisms. I could give you a rundown release to release, but we are living in modern times, and I'd like to conserve some mystique for this evidently anti-modern-world label. Let me just say that The Mental and Solvent Abuse are raw and retarded, the exact kind of people I know you need to spend more time with. Do some work! I highly recommend you send an email to Paco at paco@lavidaesunmus.com to get more information.

Across the English Channel and the corpses of Napolean's dedicated few, the modern French are hard at work. I have been in contact with quite a few of our frog friends, and they've sent me some great demo tapes.

Before I talk about some of my mail, I'd like to tell you about a persistent urban myth that has been told to me many times: the French are, of all of the countries in the European Union, the most savage in street fighting or bar room brawls. This piece of information has been passed onto me several times, and I always wonder whether it's just an attempt for proud Gauls to subvert the archetypal image of a Frenchman: pompous hipster in beret sipping on rich red wine while studying a color palette. If anyone can shed any light onto why this myth persists, lemme know.

In any case, there is a band called Lost Boys that sounds like it's also attempting to subvert the image of French punks: from the Plastic Bertrand/Hubble B-style Bowie clones with neon colors aplenty to a buncha stoned-out degenerates that played extras on La Haine beating old ladies for pocket change. This is snotty, *Boston Not LA*-styled hardcore punk with a lo-fi recording and plenty of expletives that hurt my gentle neighbor's feelings. They have released a tape imaginatively titled *Fuck You*, seven songs with a JFA cover and lyrics that basi-

cally read like the ramblings of the kinda scum that a poverty-stricken Henry Miller used to kick it with in Paris while digging for croissant crumbs in a trash can or trying to cop a hand job in an alleyway.

There is another band called Lexomyl that seems to be coming from another direction entirely, what with the use of the squat symbol in the artwork and other such telltale signs of ideological alignment with egalitarian principals. Ironically, this band sounds more like GG Allin's various backing groups than the Lost Boys, even going so far to have me convinced I was listening to a twisted rewriting of "Bite It You Scum." Instead the song is called "Detruire L'Ennui," which probably translates to something about sadness and suffering from a life in a consumer society. Debord is jerking off in his grave. This, like the other tape, is available to those who can do some research.

The original inhabitants of Australia were not vicious criminals, as most people are led to believe, but displaced Scottish people who were considered racially inferior by the England-belongs-to-me types, and then a fuckload of poor people. These moneyless scum were shipped as container cargo and thrown into concentration camps upon their arrival, living as slave laborers. I'd like to talk about three more bands that have been offering the sonic dirt that I've needed over the past couple weeks, and they are all from Australia and, unlike their ancestors, they are all vicious criminals. Collapsed Toilet Vietnam are a bunch of sick weirdos who sleep to the sounds of drones and feedback loops. They wrote some tunes and recorded a demo tape at the record store I work in on one evening, and it came out sounding like a horrifying blend of screeching feedback obscuring some Japanese noise-core and mid-'90s MITB-styled power-violence jams. Cut Sick's new 7" *End It All* on Gash Records is the reincarnation of the Ripcord/Heresy thrash pace and feel. The riffing is loose and the vocals are just a drooling mess. It sounds excellent, and this band are probably the highest contribution to corrupting the youth of my town into ripping bongs during recess and cutting the sleeves off their flannelette shirts. Finally, Insurgents from Brisbane have a 7" just released on the excellent Endless Blockades label. Seven songs that sound like they are rejects pulled from the *Flex Your Head* compilation covered by J Mascis in a meth-fuelled weekend of fun. Hardcore.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan, or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is Daniel Stewart: PO Box 239, North Carlton, Victoria 3054 Australia. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com

"You are so sweet," Jade says to me at The Limelight at the turn of the century, as she first gently strokes my cheek, then kisses it.

I blush as I look toward my then lawyer pal, Andy—who was helping me fight the Curious vs. Furious George case—then to Jade's two friends, Stacey and Maureen. Or Mo, for short.

Stacey smiles. As does Maureen. They are both very beautiful women. As is Jade.

"As your lawyer," says Andy, "it is my duty to inform you that she likes you."

I look at Andy with his Dewar's-on-the-rocks in his hand. He's "Broadway Danny Rose" incarnate. Except he gets laid a hell of a lot more.

"She's very nice," I whisper to Andy, "As are Stacey and Maureen. In fact, I think Stacey is real hot. She was great when I saw her as 'Dory' in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral*, and she looks better out of costume."

"But George," continues Andy, "Jade. What about Jade?"

"She's hot too," I explain.

"Yeah," he says, "But her last name is Barrymore. She's Drew's mom."

My heart stops.

Firestarter's mom.

Poison Ivy's mom.

The Wedding Singer's chick's mom.

ET's little friend's mom.

It had been one of those days that just didn't end, and now, at 12:30 am, it seemed like it might just go on a lot longer. I really felt like, well, I could be a real motherfucker.

***

It all began that day with Andy's phone call too early in the morning.

"George, babe, ya there?" screams my lawyer into my answering machine. I never pick up the phone until I know who it is.

"I'm here," I said, as I cut his loud voice off the speaker phone, and, thus, calming down PJ, my Yorkie, who went and hid under the table upon hearing my lawyer's voice.

"So, we are doing the CMJ thing today, right?" he asks.

The CMJ thing.

Fuck.

I had forgotten about that. I had a nice day planned around alternating between my PlayStation and Nintendo. It was gonna be Crash Bandicoot, and Turok.

"Yeah," I reply, "We'll do the "See-I'm-Gay" thing."

"See I'm Gay?" he asks.

"Yes you are," I reply.

Andy, confused, says nothing.

"Yeah, yeah, CMJ, I'll call you later this afternoon and we'll plan on hooking up."

"You got it babe," says Andy, who then wishes me a good morning and hangs up. He's so polite.

I rub the sleep out of my eyes, put PJ in his harness, and rush across the street to the deli to get some coffee. The Korean woman sees me and my dog coming and before I can say anything, starts to prepare the coffee. Large. Black. Three Equals. Then she makes My Future Ex-Wife's. Small. Milk and sugar.

"One large coffee, black, three equals," I say, anyway, because maybe she'll get the order wrong—although she never has—and because I have OCD, "and one small coffee, with cream and sugar."

"Milk and sugar," says the woman, "she likes milk."

"Yeah, whatever," I say, annoyed.

"Your dog is so cuuuuute," she says, as she hands me my coffees, and pets PJ's head.

I know what's next.

"These dogs are better than people. Smarter. My dog died. A Yorkshire Terrier just like yours. It broke my heart."

I nod my head with empathy, and make my way out of the place before she can depress me even more. Every morning, upon seeing PJ, she tells the same story.

Back at my apartment, I frantically search for the paperwork CMJ had sent me a few weeks earlier.

They had asked me to host a panel at some hotel about something, and I had agreed. When I asked them what the panel was about, they told me it involved people disgruntled with rock. With the music industry.

I told them that was me. They said they knew that, and that was the reason for their call. They then told me that my job, on the panel, would be "moderator." Whatever that was. I told them it would be no problem, and to send me information on where I should be, when, and I'd see them there. Right before I hung up the phone, they told me that part of my job was to break up fights, if any occurred. I told them that, if anything, I'd start them, not break them up.

"OK, George," they told me. I swear I could hear their smirk.

Eventually I found the paperwork with all the instructions and times. The CMJ Music Marathon panel I was "moderating"

was at The Millennium Hotel in midtown. Cool, I thought, a hotel named after my favorite television show. Maybe I'd even see Lance Hendrickson there.

***

The panel was to start at 4:30, and I was to be there no later than 3:45. It was called "Have You Lost Your Passion? Disenchantment Within The Industry," and was to be held in the "Metropolis" room. I wondered if Fritz Lang would be there. Then I remembered he's probably dead.

Also on panel with me was to be Howie Abrams from Zomba, whatever that is, Ben Carr from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Greg Corrao from CMJ, Darcy Mayers from Rykodisc, and Shelby Meade from Nasty Little Man, whatever that was. It sounded stupid, and I wondered why I agreed to do it in the first place. I hate CMJ.

Well, not the magazine. Just the stupid festival. All these students from every peon college flood Manhattan to see the year's lamest bands. And every year it's the same: Indie rock.

And those who worship at its altar.

Bands with guys and girls who can't sing, don't know how to tune their guitars, and record on what sounds like their grandparent's first tape recorder. I hate it. But what I hate more is that these bands think they'll have any chance in hell of being "discovered." That someone "important" might see them. They drive here from places like Texas and Montana, and even fly here from Finland. And what happens? They play some shithole like The Knitting Factory to a bunch of asswipes who stand around watching them with their arms crossed. The people who attend CMJ are not here to see bands. They are here to be seen. And promote their own crap. Or use up their school's expense account. The whole thing is totally lame. That's why I don't give a flying fuck if I ever play CMJ again. Although the magazine rocks. They give Furious George good plugs.

Anyway, I look over the paperwork, see that I should write a bunch of questions to ask the panel, and then decide fuck it. I'll wing it. If all else fails, I'll call everyone a "pussy." It'll be like one of my band's shows.

And, as it turns out, it was.

***

I arrive at The Millennium Hotel around three. The coffee had begun to kick in and I was just waking up. I made my way past zillions of happy little students to the third floor, where I was to pick up my "pass." That stupid card you wear around your neck that lets you into shows and stuff. It says your name, and company, or band.

I give the cute little girl behind the table my picture ID, and the first thing she says is, "Man, you're old."

"Whatever," I tell her, "Can I please have my 'See-I'm-Gay' badge?"

"Let me check your name in the system," she says, as she types my name into a computer, and all this shit about me shows up on her screen.

"OK, Mr. Tabb," she says, "will it say 'Furious George' or 'Maximum RocknRoll' under your name?"

"'Pussy,'" I tell her.

"Excuse me?" she says, shocked.

"'Pussy'—I want it to say 'Pussy,'" I explain to her.

"Why?" she asks.

"Just because," I tell her. I don't feel like explaining the whole pussy thing to her.

"As a feminist, I take offense to you wanting to use that term," she tells me.

"Just put it on the fucking card, huh?" I say, cranky and disenchanted. They had picked the right guy for the panel.

"Tell my why you want an anti-woman statement on your badge."

"Look," I say, "I want 'Pussy' on there because I am a Pussy. Pussy is a good thing. I love Pussy. I pray for Pussy. Hell, I'm The High Priest Of Pussy."

Then, looking at me like I'm totally nuts, and could take out a large knife and cut off her head at any second, the young coed types the word "Pussy" into her computer, and out comes my badge. Just the way I wanted it.

Next, I find the elevator and make my way to the Eighth Floor. Where all the free stuff is. As I ride up the damn thing, stopping on every floor, I watch students get on with their badges that say what radio station they "volunteer" for.

"Dude," says one snowboarding geek to another, "last night's Suicidal show was rad."

"They played the CMJ?" asks the other guy, complete with florescent jacket and lift ticket still on his zipper.

"No, dude," he explains, "I saw them in LA. I just hopped a plane here this morning. Gotta catch The Donnas tonight."

"Dude," I say to them both, "this is New York. Cut the fucking pussy Californian accents and act like men, OK?"

I hear snickers from others in the elevator.

"Dude," says the guy with the lift ticket, "what's your beef? We're all here to have fun, right? Mellow out."

"Fuck you, hippie," I say to the guy as we hit the eighth floor, and all exit the elevator.

As I walk away from dumb and dumber, I hear, "Dude, people in New York can be so uptight."

Pussies.

***

About forty-five minutes later, after collecting tons of free useless CDs, then throwing them into garbage cans, I find myself in a conference room with a stack of magazines that looked pretty good, as well as my lawyer, Andy, and the rest of the panel. There is a table with free coffee and muffins for us. How nice. I feel like I'm at a Microsoft convention. I wonder where Bill Gates is? Then I remember—he's being sued.

"Andy," I say to my pal, "check out this issue of *Pop-Smear*—it's got a real hermaphrodite in it. With graphic pictures and everything."

Andy takes the magazine from me and flips through it. His eyes almost bulge out of his head.

"I know that chick," I tell him, "she's a friend of mine."

"George," he says, "as your lawyer, I advise you to not go around telling people that."

Just then one of the girls on the panel interrupts us, "Let me see that," she says.

I tell her that the pictures are *very* graphic, and that I don't want to be held liable for sexual harassment by handing her the magazine.

She tells me not to worry about it.

I give her the *Pop-Smear*. She flips through it, tries to act unimpressed, and hands it back to me.

"So?" I ask her.

"Well, we don't have that kind of thing in Salem," she explains. She's Darcy. Or Shelby. One of the two women on the panel. They both look the same. Blonde hair. Big boobs. Nice bodies. They look like they just graduated from Cheerleading School.

"In Salem," says Andy, "they'd burn you at the stake if you had a groin that looked like hers!"

Darcy, or Shelby, fuck, the cheerleader, doesn't laugh.

But the other guys on the panel do. Well, except for the guy from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. He's kind of in a bad mood.

"What do you do in The Bosstones?" I ask him, trying to get him in on the conversation.

"He's the dancing guy," says Cheerleader Number Two. Shelby, or Darcy.

"That," he says, "and I'm also the road manager. Since I don't have to play an instrument, I have an extra job!"

We talk a bit about The Bosstones, and the guy seems distant. But clean. Real clean. His hair is combed perfectly, his skin is ultra-smooth, and he smells nice. I wonder if the rest of his band is as clean, and how come Evan and Michael from Furious George can't be more like this guy.

As we sit around the conference room table, we discuss our views on the music industry, kind of blowing our wads before

the panel starts. Everyone seems pretty disenchanted. Everyone except Muffy and Buffy. Darcy and Shelby. Cheerleader One and Two. The one from Salem tells us that she loves her job, loves getting up in the morning, and loves the whole industry, and the whole world. I wonder if maybe I should up my Prozac to her level.

***

After a brief introduction, we six panelists find ourselves staring at a huge room full of people. Standing room only.

In front of me is my name, "George Tabb," on a plaque. I replace that with "College Pussies," scribbled with a marker on notebook paper.

Greg, the CMJ guy, seated directly to my left, replaces his name with his name. Spelled right. Everyone else leaves their nameplates alone.

"I'm George, the um, well, whatever," I tell the crowd. I notice my friend from the Un-Dead and Misfits, Bobby Steele, seated up front. I also see some guys from Radical Records in the crowd, as well as my friend Lisa, New York City's Gothic Queen elect, even if she doesn't want to be.

"What George is trying to say is that he's the moderator," says Greg, seated next to me. Thank God for him.

"Yeah," I say, "The moderator. And we are gonna talk about why we are, um," I stop, read the title of the panel, then repeat it, "why we have lost our passion. Disenchantment Within The Industry."

"Disenchanted," says one of the cheerleaders. The audience laughs.

"Anyway," I continue, ignoring Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, "the question I wish to ask the audience first is, why in fuck are any of you here? Show-World is only a few blocks away, and all you little pussies are here, listening to us? Why? When you could be seeing naked women?"

The boos and catcalls start. At last I begin to feel comfortable.

"Listen, you little fucks," I say, "Your mommies and daddies can afford to send you to college, and you want to waste their money working in the music industry?"

A hear a couple of "fuck yous" before one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, cuts me off.

"We are all not so punk rock on this panel," she says, "some of us like the music industry!"

The audience applauds wildly.

"Wait a second," I say, "The title of the panel refers to our state of dissatisfaction with the industry. This isn't fucking Richard Simmons or Oprah. Get a clue."

Of course I'm booed. What else could they do? They were here on their parents' money, hoping one day to join the ranks of "free thinkers" at some multinational music corporation.

***

The panel then discusses some stupid topics that are listed on a sheet of paper I have. I'm too lazy to write my own questions, so I ask everyone idiotic questions like, "Are you happy with the industry, and why?" Or, "Why not?" Or, even better, "How could you make it better?"

Everyone answers seriously except me and the guy from CMJ. He's as bitter as me. I like him. Then, one of the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is, tells us she lives in Salem, and that she is "so happy" to be working in music, that she wakes up every day with a smile on her face. Or something like that.

"Of course you do," I tell her, "you live in a place that just got electricity recently, you should be happy for anything."

I'm booed, of course.

"You are so mean," whines the cheerleader, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever her name is.

I tell her I'm not, and explain, patiently, that, although I hate the industry, I love what I'm doing, and wouldn't quit for anything. I tell her, the rest of the panel, and the audience of mostly morons, that it's not about making money, it's about having fun. And that's why I do it. And that's why anybody should do it.

Of course, this is not a valid answer. No. Not at CMJ. These people have "careers" in mind. Happiness doesn't factor in. Money does. As one audience member points out to me, "this is an industry, a series of corporations, and it's financially driven."

I can't argue with him. He's right. So I tell him so. But I again explain that if you are doing it for fun, at least you'll get something out of it, even if you don't make money, you'll have a good time. And isn't that what life's about?

A resounding "No" is their answer.

Little twerps.

Heart attacks at 40.

All of them.

We then go on to discuss how a band can get signed. Most of the panel says there are too many bands out there, and that there should be fewer. Also, that most bands suck, and those who suck shouldn't be putting out records. The crowd mostly agrees. I get real pissed off.

"Who are you morons to say who sucks?" I ask them. "It's all art, and matters of opinion. One man's suck is another's fuck," I say.

Boos and catcalls.

"I don't get it," I say, throwing my hands up in the air, "any band that wants to put out a record should. It's their art. Who are you fuckheads to tell them what's good and what isn't?"

"We are the music industry," says Howie, the guy seated directly to my right. He looks just like the lead singer of Smash Mouth. And that's exactly what'd I like to do to him. Smash his big fucking mouth.

Howie then goes on to explain that if a band is good, they'll get a record deal because they'll have a large following, and labels will kiss their ass. And that's what it's all about. Having your ass kissed. Having power.

"Fuck you," I say to him.

"Come on, George," he baits me, "You know you love the power when you see the audience at your shows singing along to all your words. You feel that power. You want it. You need it."

I explain that I like the kids, and am happy they are having fun, but it's got nothing to do with power. It all has to do with fun.

He tells me I'm full of shit.

Whatever.

The panel drones on, and finally we go into a question and answer period. I put my brain in neutral, and just say "fuck you" and "pussy" to everyone. These jerks aren't worth my time.

After it's all over, the cheerleaders, Muffy, Buffy, Darcy, Shelby, or whatever their names are, tell me it was nice being on a panel with me. I guess, if they're anything, they're polite. That's nice. I say good-bye to my new friend, Greg, and even to the clean guy from The Bosstones. Then I make my way out of the room full of the walking dead, to find my lawyer, Andy.

I find him near the pay phones, telling someone, "Yeah babe, OK babe, whatever babe."

Finally he hangs up, and we discuss our plans for that evening. We decide we'll meet at The Limelight around nine, for The Max's Kansas City book party thing. He tells me it should be quite a fun night. I tell him that after today, it better be.

***

I arrive at The Slimelight at around ten. I'm late. I had taken a nap after PJ prodded me into doing so. He just kept whining and looking at the bedroom. So I couldn't say no.

After giving my name at the door, I make my way into the familiar church. It looks just like it always did, and brings back many memories of blowjobs on staircases, and finger-fucking on the balcony. Too bad it wasn't me.

After being pushed around in a large crowd for about ten minutes, I finally spot Andy. He's just beyond two of the bleached blonde Vodka girls. Girls, who, I guess, are paid to look like Pamela Anderson Lee, or

Anderson, or whatever her name is these days. They walk around giving out free vodka, sporting the name of the booze on their shirts. Funny thing is, I can't remember the name of it. Only their tits. And fine tits they were.

"How ya doing, babe?" asks Andy as I walk up to him in his tweed sports jacket.

"You look great," I say to him, as I stand there in my leather jacket with the US pins, ladies stretch jeans, Furious George t-shirt, and new sneakers that look like robot shoes I got in North Carolina for under thirty bucks.

"Ya like the jacket? he asks.

I nod.

"Ya know, I haven't worn this thing in a while. When I put it on tonight, I found a yarmulke in the pocket."

I tell him that often happens to me. Which is true. Lots of weddings and funerals, lately.

"What are you drinking?" he asks me.

I tell him I don't know.

He gets me a Dewar's-on-the-rocks. He gets one for himself, too.

As I drink the shit, I feel like I should have a cigar in my mouth. It would impress all the hot babes in the club. Of which there were many. In fact, Andy and I were stunned at the amount of beautiful women roaming around. It was a pussy paradise.

Eventually we walk around the place, saying hello to people we know, and then Andy re-introduces me to one of his girlfriends, known affectionately as "The Australian." A cute blonde woman who looks like a cross between Sharon Stone and Rachel Ward. She's with some other guy from her law firm, and Andy is a bit pissy about it.

"I can't believe she's hanging out with that fucking guy," he tells me, as he sips his booze.

I tell him not to worry about it, that they work together, so there's nothing there, and, besides, he's probably gay. It makes Andy feel better.

We talk to The Australian for a while, and eventually she tells us she has to leave. With the guy. Andy gets slightly bummed, but I assure him nothing will happen. Also, I know Andy gets enough that he shouldn't be worried, anyway.

We make the rounds saying hello to many of punk's walking dead, and finally find ourselves back in the room where we first met. It's emptied out a bit, and we look for a comfortable place to sit. Just then Andy recognizes someone, and drags me over to say hello.

"George," he says, introducing me to a stunning brunette who looks awfully familiar, "this is Stacey. I believe you met her as 'Dory' in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral*."

I tell her it's great to see her again, and it is. When I saw her in that play, she took a Furious George button from me, put it on her leather corset, and during the entire act, flirted with me. I knew it was all part of the show, but I wanted to believe she liked me, anyway.

"I can't believe I'm meeting you," I tell her, as I begin to blush. She is so adorable I almost melt.

She tells me she still has the button, and it is great to see me again. I ask her if she remembers me and she tells me, "of course." I almost die right there.

After some *real* flirting, Stacey introduces me to her friend, Maureen, a real looker as well, who is a film director, producer, or something. We hit it off nicely, too.

As I am talking to both women, I see Andy with a woman who's not The Australian. Finally Andy drags her over and introduces her.

"George," he says, "This is The Dominican. Ivette."

I look at her. She is as beautiful as The Australian, only more so. She has deep, dark eyes, and brown hair that flows from her head in wonderful waves of ebony. She's hotter than Salma Hayek.

"Hi," I say to her. I'd heard lots about her from Andy. With him, it's always "The Australian" this, or "The Dominican" that.

"Hi," she says back, smiling. For the second time that night, I feel like melting.

"Um," I stammer, where are you from?"

"Well," she says, "I'm Dominican, so where do you think?"

I'm not stupid. "The Australian" is from Australia, so I know the answer.

"Dominica," I tell her.

She laughs and tells me she from The Dominican Republic.

"Where's that?" I ask, in all seriousness.

"138th and Broadway," quips Andy.

***

As the night continues, I drink more and more Dewar's-on-the-rocks. Finally, I'm totally shit-faced, and through Andy, Maureen, and Stacey, I meet Drew Barrymore's mom, Jade. She looked familiar as well. Turns out I also saw her in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral*.

Jade and I begin to talk, and she tells me I'm very cute and that she was punk rock before anyone else was. She says she wore leather jackets, studs, and all that shit, way back, before it was in fashion. She then tells me she was glam before that happened too.

As we speak, all I can think of is I'm here with this beautiful woman, who is also Drew Barrymore's mom. And she's hot. And she seems to like me. And, geezus, out of her vagina came Drew. Her pussy is, well, sacred. The Holy Grail of Hollywood. I begin to wonder if I was even worthy of speaking to her, never mind whatever else I had on my mind.

The drinking continued, as did the polite hugs, and groping. Eventually, Maureen announced that she had to get some sleep, and Stacey and Jade decided to leave with her.

As Andy and I wished them all a safe trip home, I got to hug all three of them once more. It was then Jade gave me a very, very nice kiss. On the cheek, of course.

And then they were gone.

And then we were as well.

And lying in bed, later that night, I thought about the entire day. How the CMJ people who were here for the music marathon, were, for the most part, dopes. And how hot Stacey, Maureen, and The Dominican were.

And then I thought about Jade Barrymore. But quickly pushed it right out of my mind. I may be disenchanted with the music industry, a pussy who wears women's pants, and a punk rock loud mouth. But, I'm no motherfucker.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

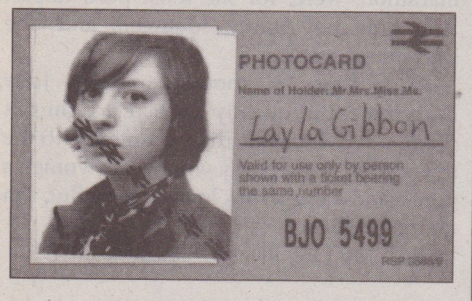
www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb. I'm still really sick, folks. Read about it on the site and see what you think. Our government has a long way to go.

Blue Harvest, The new *Family Guy* DVD is priceless. Best spoof of *Star Wars* ever. That show *is* punk rock. As is the new *It's Alive* double Ramones DVD, and get this, there is a new live Dead Boys video about to come out. I got a preview and it rocks. Stiv is dressed like a cross between The Leatherman and The Cop in The Village People, Cheeta looks like Casper, and the bands rocks out really hard at The Ritz in New York. Oh, it's from 1986. A reunion gig. I should have been at that show but I was on tour with The False Prophets. Probably somewhere in Michigan sleeping in someone's attic. Those were the days.

There have been some pretty darn good video games to come out very recently. Of course there is "Rock Band," but you know about that already. Then there's "Jena" for the Wii. Believe it or not, it's really fun, just like "No More Heroes" for the same console. Then there's a new "Dance Dance Revolution" that's been Disneyfied. Hey, the *really* little kids like it, so there you go. To me, it looks like the latent homo sexual/rehab-returning club to me. "Sonic Riders" for the Wii and PS2 is pretty cool. If you like that hedgehog, which I do. Even though he can't suck his own tail. Also, "Boogie" for the Nintendo DS is good for little kids, and again, I have to say that "Call Of

Duty 4: Modern Warfare" is the best first-person-shooter ever made. Especially over X-Box Live. Yes, I've gone to the dark side and joined in on online gaming. If you don't hear from me in a few months, call an ambulance or something.

Finally, I'm glad 2007 is over. Lost too many friends. Rest In Peace, Charlotte Lesher (Joey Ramone and Mickey Leigh's mother), Hilly Kristal (CBGB founder and great friend and my pal Dana's dad), and now Ronnie Ardito from the band The Shirts. Ronnie was the sound guy at CBGBs for like two decades and I had the pleasure of playing many gigs with him. Onstage together. Ronnie rocked and we all are going to miss him so. Let's all hope 2008 is a great year for everyone!



It's Not My Imagination

This month's Top Ten comes to you from the secret society of girls that don't wanna read a zine about vegan treats/herbal abortion recipes/homemade tampons and would rather:

Insert comment on nostalgia.

The same thing every month.

The same thing.

Every month.

You are doomed, whatever you have or haven't got to say.

Primitive boredom/ constructed negativity/hype bands/ hipsters.

The sound of a reggae piano combined with the story someone told me about how Jeff Beck wanted to capture the Motown sound and recorded at the Motown studio one time in order to make this happen, but he freaked out at the basic nature of the place and had his sound guys come in and sanitize and rock dude everything out so much that no Motown sound was captured. Bad reggae tinny piano is enough to get you thru the night, in ways that only a fifth-generation overdubbed attempt at the Motown piano could, out of tune but so in time. Enough to create a world in which you can exist. Like the Die Kreuzen record encapsulating something that you can't put your finger on at this point but it's probably something about nostalgia and aging and how rotten a human I am because what do I have to say that isn't about that at this point? Another dime in the jukebox. A cup of coffee and a lame story about hitchhiking. Your own personal perzine. FEEEEEEEELINGS. Off the pigz.

It's easy to be a critic. Everyone has one! An opinion, that is. I obviously do not know enough about anything to write about it so let's hire a scientist to write about it instead, or maybe a mathematician would do a better job. I guess if you are that dude that paid two dollars for the *Yes LA* comp in '78 only to then write to Flipside in '81 because suckers were paying $100 for it, however, then you can write about anything you want. When Golnar first asked me to write a column for *MRR* one of my friends asked me why I would want to write for an audience like that. I couldn't actually figure out what she meant, like who did she think *MRR* readers were? GG Allin fans on St. Mark's Place? D-Beat trainhoppers? Spiky-top Adicts fans? I guess because I have been a shitworker since 2003-ish I had fewer preconceived notions of MRR's audience than said friend did. However, just so it's clear, I write my columns for fans of the Urinals and Huggy Bear, the people who think that the guitar on the last two songs on the Void split is *Better than the Beatles*. You know, the people whose lives were changed by the Screamers Target video. Every month do I have something to say to the audience/the Adicts fans of *MRR*? Every month I have to figure out what to say whether I do or don't. I made a butt flap about it that references that dude from Fang that killed his girlfriend. "Don't patronize with apologies, you son of a bitch, the devil has many faces, yours just fits!" (©Some band, a long time ago.)

This week I have been mostly going to shows and hanging out with my friends.

I wrote that sentence at the beginning of the month and it was very true. There were two Limp Wrist shows, an all-ages one where they showed a documentary on the history of Brazilian punk, and Jump Off a Building played a last super raging show... No Thanks also played and the singer lady walked home behind me boasting about singing backups for Seven Seconds last year in a super loud voice. I watched the show from my poser spot standing on a bench behind the merch table, and while it was not as fucking crazy as the last two Limp Wrist shows attended (a. Naked dude clad in jack boots only, stage diving from balcony onto insane Black-Flag-in-SoCal-circa-'82 crowd; b. Front row of pit ALL LADIED out, and all the girls knew all the words) it was still a frenzy best watched from above. Then, of course, Limp Wrist at The Eagle, bear bar, line of rad ladies stood on the, um, benches behind the merch table? Golnar was in town visiting and she made moves towards the pit and when she saw that no one was following was kind of flabbergasted. I have not been in a pit since I was about 14, probably a Jesus Lizard show, probably some gross dude put his hand in my underwear! Oh I didn't write a riot grrrl zine about it but I totes shoulda! OMG! For sure! It totally made me never wanna be anywhere near a million random macho fucktards who think that's an OK thing to do to a teenage girl! *At any rate*, even from behind the merch table Limp Wrist were great—their new songs are awesome and I can't wait for a record. The riffs were killer, next level, and they were totes my jam. *OMG for sure*!!

Carnal Knowledge played a basement show. They are a Brooklyn-based all-lady hardcore band featuring ex-members of Hey Girl! They talk between songs and actually give a shit so obviously are not for the message-board dude scene. People who like raging intelligent yet bratty hardcore that doesn't suck and borrows equally from early Born Against and Bikini Kill—well, I would advise them in making moves towards getting the demo. They played in the basement at Thrillhouse to a packed audience featuring a chicks-up-front pit (except I doubt any of the ladies in said pit would get that stupid '90s sXe crew reference). Usually lady-fronted hardcore is not my favorite genre, the vocals of Spitboy being a prime example of why this is the case, but Tobia from Look Back and Laugh made me rethink my lame attitude and I have since enjoyed a Margaret Thrasher show and discovered the radness that is The Wrecks demo. (All girl hardcore from Nevada circa '83, featuring the drummer from the San Francisco version of the Dicks before she moved here. They have a song on an *MRR* comp but it's not as raging as the demo, which my friend Pete dubbed for me. I know *MRR* has a copy of it, and I played a song from it on the ladypunk radio special Golnar and I did recently, which you can listen to here: www.maximumrocknroll.com/radio/specials/ladypunk playlist.html).

Also of interest during week of rad bands and hanging out with friends: the '80s skate zine exhibit up currently at Needles and Pens, if you remember *Swank Zine* and wanna see some OG Big Boys artwork now is the time to visit our local and awesome zine emporium... (www.needles-pens.com)

I was informed by Hubbs that watching the recent reissue onto DVD of the Flipper target video would be life changing, and I have to say his assumption was correct. The only music I want to listen to right now. Hopefully the Black Flag/Hardcore Target vid will be next. I need obliteration.

loomofruin.blogspot.com.

Sam McPheeters has a blog.

New Order, *Turn the Heater On* (Peel session nervousness like a leaky radiator in a

creaky Victorian)

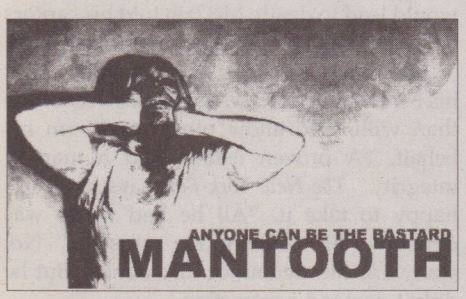
Sex Vid *Nests* 7" test press with especial Skinned Teen coverage. Best band in America. Music for the haters and the hated. Interview to come, ask the *What's Your Rupture* dude, he asked me to for his zine and I did so.

fIREHOSE "Brave Captain" video.

The Uphill Struggle/Electrical Nitemare split on Astronautical.

layla.gibbon@gmail.com

whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com—archive of old words of mine from here.



Heavy Metal is the Law

Any avid reader of my column will tell you in utterly disgusted tones that "Mantooth always promises he'll touch more on a subject," but never follows through the next month. This is bullshit for three reasons. ONE: Don't fucking misquote me, TWO: I never promised you anything, motherfucker, and THREE: There are no avid readers of my column. Moral of the story? If you ever meet someone who tells you they are an "avid reader" of THE MANTOOTH COLUMN, remind them that there is no such thing and proceed regarding them as an apparition or figment of your wayward whimsy.

Anyhow, last month, for some reason, my column was a hodge-podge of topics that, for some reason, raised my ire. I guess I was trying to springboard from the "cupcake manifesto," but ended up emailing a limp dick to *MRR* headquarters. Sure, it wasn't the *worst* column I've ever written (what was that one thing I wrote about a few years ago? Cumming on a dog or something?), but this was obviously grasping at something in the dark.

And then I went and told my friend that my next column would be entirely devoted to the subject of him.

Well you know what, Mr. Matt Hohorst? I'm a shitty friend and it won't be about that either. Next month, dude, I promise.

So I was sitting outside the local library the other day eating from a big bag of cookies, watching some rugby players chase a flock of pigeons down the street like a bunch of excited schoolgirls, when I noticed an awkward boy with long hair and the beginnings of an acne problem pacing back and forth in front of me. I couldn't tell if he was nervous or just kind of unnerved by the spectacle of the rugby players (as I was). He kind of resembled me when I was 14. For a moment I wondered if how I dressed when I was an early teen had suddenly become what's cool and all the paralyzing remnants of shame that still cling like suckling pigs to my brain would suddenly be erased. But that moment quickly passed when I realized that's how most of my peers looked when I was 14—nothing had changed.

The boy took a few short steps towards me and asked me hurriedly, "Can I interview you for a school project?"

"Um, what's it about?" I asked. I was instantly paranoid that this boy had been sent from the future, perhaps a future populated with AVID READERS of my column. I imagine this world looking like Apokolips and I am feared/loved as Darkseid. How am I to know that this boy hasn't been sent across time to gather information about his future overlord, using it to dethrone me?

"It's about heavy metal."

"Woah, really? Absolutely," I said, really wanting to exclaim, "fuck, yeah!" but noticing his parents hovering just a little down the street just in case some fucking heavy metal freak went all Varg Vikernes on their son. He pulled out his video camera and taped all my answers. The following are his questions with my answers and my internal additions that my sense of propriety would not let me utter in brackets.

***

DO YOU LIKE HEAVY METAL? Yes [I fucking love heavy metal].

WHAT KIND OF HEAVY METAL DO YOU LIKE? I like all kinds of [fucking] metal. I like speed metal, black metal, thrash metal, grindcore—

LIKE NASUM? Yeah, sure, [but I never got into their stuff. Most of their stuff is a little boring to me in a "little too slick" kind of way. Shame that dude died, though]. I also like a lot of NWOBHM.

WHAT'S THAT? [like, fuckin' Witchfinder General, Angel Witch, Girl School,] Iron Maiden, [fuckin' RAVEN, Quartz, Tank] and Venom.

DOES HEAVY METAL HAVE TO BE SATANIC? Well, not really considering Black Sabbath is probably one of the biggest Christian Rock bands ever. Almost every song off *Master of Reality* is about Jesus. So yeah, I don't think it has to be satanic [ALTHOUGH IT FUCKING *SHOULD* LICK THE CLOVEN HOOF].

IS HEAVY METAL SHOCKING? To some people? Sure. *Maybe some people who don't have spines think that loud guitars are shocking. Some people may think that heavy metal attitudes are shocking. I guess some older, lamer people might think Satan is shocking. Whatever. Frig them.*

***

After I said "frig," we realized that it wasn't my internal monologue anymore. We sat there awkwardly for a second, still taping.

"OK, well, awesome. Thanks for the interview, dude."

"No problem, dude."

ENDNOTES:

contact: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com (note: I am terrible with writing people back. Don't take it personally).

In this month's *Razorcake*, Keith Rosson describes Fucked Up as giving him "spiritual piss-shivers." Honestly, what the fuck is wrong with you, Keith? And here I thought that McNaughton's gushing over this band made me queasy.

"A proven leader, and a man of integrity," the *New York Post* called John McCain in its editorial endorsement. "A naval aviator shot down over North Vietnam and held as a POW, McCain knew that freedom was his for the taking. All he had to do was denounce his country. He refused—and, as a consequence, suffered years of unrelenting torture."

This standard summary of McCain's five and a half years in the Hanoi Hilton, repeated in thousands of media accounts during his 2000 campaign and again this election year, is the founding myth of his political career. The tale of John McCain, War Hero prompts a lot of people turned off by his politics—liberals and traditional conservatives alike—to support him. Who cares that he "doesn't really understand economics"? He's got a great story to tell.

Scratch the surface of McCain's captivity narrative, however, and a funny thing happens: his heroism blows away like the rust from a vintage POW bracelet.

In the fall of 1967, McCain was flying bombing runs over North Vietnam from the USS Oriskany, an aircraft carrier in the South China Sea. On October 26, the 31-year-old pilot was part of a 20-plane squadron assigned to destroy infrastructure in the North Vietnamese capital. He flew his A-4 Skyhawk over downtown Hanoi toward his

target, a power plant. As he pulled up after releasing his bombs, his fighter jet was hit by a surface-to-air missile. A wing came off. McCain's plane plunged into Truc Bach Lake.

Mai Van On, a 50-year-old resident of Hanoi, watched the crash and left the safety of his air-raid shelter to rescue him. Other Vietnamese tried to stop him. "Why do you want to go out and rescue our enemy?" they yelled. Ignoring his countrymen, On grabbed a pole and swam to the spot where McCain's plane had gone down in 16 feet of water. McCain had managed to free himself from the wrecked plane but was stuck underwater, ensnared by his parachute. On used his pole to untangle the ropes and pull the semi-conscious pilot to the surface. McCain was in bad shape, having broken his arm and a leg in several places.

McCain is lucky the locals didn't finish him off. US bombs had killed hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese civilians, many in Hanoi. Ultimately, between one and two million innocents would be shredded, impaled, blown to bits, and dissolved by American bombs. Now that one of their tormentors had fallen into their hands, they had a rare chance to get even. "About 40 people were standing there," On later recalled. "They were about to rush him with their fists and stones. I asked them not to kill him. He was beaten for a while before I could stop them." He was turned over to local policemen, who transferred him to the military.

What if one of the hijackers who destroyed the World Trade Center had somehow crash-landed in the Hudson River? How long would he have lasted? Would anyone have risked his life to rescue him?

An impolite question: If a war is immoral, can those who fight in it—even those who demonstrate courage—be heroes? If the answer is yes, was Reagan wrong to honor the SS buried at Bitburg? No less than Iraq, Vietnam was an undeclared, illegal war of aggression that did nothing to keep America safe. Tens of millions of Americans felt that way. Millions marched against the war; tens of thousands of young men fled the country to avoid the draft. McCain, on the other hand, volunteered.

McCain knew that what he was doing was wrong. Three months before he fell into that Hanoi lake, he barely survived when his fellow sailors accidentally fired a missile at his plane while it was getting ready to take off from his ship. The blast set off bombs and ordnance across the deck of the aircraft carrier. The conflagration, which took 24 hours to bring under control, killed 132 sailors. A few days later, a shaken McCain told a *New York Times* reporter in Saigon: "Now that I've seen what the bombs and the napalm did to the people on our ship, I'm not so sure that I want to drop any more of that stuff on North Vietnam."

Yet he did.

"I am a war criminal," McCain said on "60 Minutes" in 1997. "I bombed innocent women and children." Although it came too late to save the Vietnamese he'd killed 30 years earlier, it was a brave statement. Nevertheless, he smiles agreeably as he hears himself described as a "war hero" as he arrives at rallies in a bus marked "No Surrender."

McCain's tragic flaw: He knows the right thing. He often sets out to do the right thing. But he doesn't follow through. We saw McCain's weak character in 2000, when the Bush campaign defeated him in the crucial South Carolina primary by smearing his family. Placing his presidential ambitions first, he swallowed his pride, set aside his honor, and campaigned for Bush against Al Gore. It came up again in 2005, when McCain used his experience as a POW to convince Congress to pass, and Bush to sign, a law outlawing torture of detainees at Guantánamo and other camps. But when Bush issued one of his infamous "signing statements" giving himself the right to continue torturing—in effect, negating McCain's law—he remained silent, sucking up to Bush again.

McCain's North Vietnamese captors demanded that he confess to war crimes. "Every two hours," according to a 2007 profile in the *Arizona Republic*, "one guard would hold McCain while two others beat him. They kept it up for four days...His right leg, injured when he was shot down, was horribly swollen. A guard yanked him to his feet and threw him down. His left arm smashed against a bucket and broke again."

McCain later recalled that he was at the point of suicide. But he was no Jean Moulin, the French Resistance leader who refused to talk under torture, and killed himself. According to "The Nightingale's Song," a book by Robert Timberg, "[McCain] looked at the louvered cell window high above his head, then at the small stool in the room." He took off his dark blue prison shirt, rolled it like a rope, draped one end over his shoulder near his neck, began feeding the other end through the louvers." He was too slow. A guard entered and pulled him away from the window.

I've never been tortured. I have no idea what I'd do. Of course, I'd like to think that I could resist or at least commit suicide before giving up information. Odds are, however, that I'd crack. Most people do. And so did McCain. "I am a black criminal and I have performed the deeds of an air pirate," McCain wrote in his confession. "I almost died and the Vietnamese people saved my life, thanks to the doctors."

It wasn't the first time McCain broke under pressure. After his capture, wrote the *Republic*, "He was placed in a cell and told he would not receive any medical treatment until he gave military information. McCain refused and was beaten unconscious. On the fourth day, two guards entered McCain's cell. One pulled back the blanket to reveal McCain's injured knee. 'It was about the size, shape and color of a football,' McCain recalled. Fearful of blood poisoning that would lead to death, McCain told his captors he would talk if they took him to a hospital."

McCain has always been truthful about his behavior as a POW, but he has been more than willing to allow others to lie on his behalf. "A proven leader, and a man of integrity," *The New York Post* says, and he's happy to take it. "All he had to do was denounce his country. He refused..." Not really. He did denounce his country. But he didn't demand a retraction.

It's the old tragic flaw: McCain knows what he ought to do. He starts to do the right thing. But John McCain is a weak man who puts his career goals first.

Send mail and cool stuff to: Ted Rall, P.O. Box 1134, New York NY 10027. E-mail: chet@rall.com.

NEW BOOK: America Gone Wild: Cartoons by Ted Rall, is out now. You can get the book at any bookstore or comics shop, or on the Internet, or order a signed copy by mailing $20 to the above address (include your mailing address and how you'd like it signed).

America Gone Wild collects my cartoons from the Bush years, with a long introduction describing the behind-the-scenes death threats, insults, hate mail and other assorted bullshit I had to put up with merely for criticizing the Bush Administration, especially after 9/11.

ENGLISH-ONLY RADIO?

There's currently a bill going through the state legislature in Florida that would require all radio stations in the state to broadcast only in English. This was filed by a state representative from West Palm Beach by the name of Sheldon "Shel" Swartz. Many radio signals have been switching

from English to Spanish language programming. It's been happening here in Massachusetts. In the past year and a half, the local "progressive talk" outlets switched to a Spanish music format called Rumba. Another station in Boston switched from right-wing talk to a Spanish language Christian format called "Radio Luz." I don't know if that's an improvement, but scumbags like Sean Hannity, Mike Gallagher, Bill Bennett ("virtuecrat" *and* degenerate gambler) and other purveyors of angry white male bile have been forced off the air in Boston, which means that there are only three other conservative talk stations in the area. Well, there are a few middle-of-the-road Democrats on those stations, but that's it for one of the most progressive areas in the country. That doesn't even include the overwhelmingly conservative hosts on the local sports station.

Salem Communications describes itself as "a leading US radio broadcaster, internet content provider and magazine and book publisher targeting audiences interested in Christian and family-themed content and conservative values." With the loosening of restrictions on media ownership that was created with the Telecommunications Act of 1996 (signed by that great liberal William Jefferson Clinton), it made it easier for Salem to buy up media properties all over the country to spread its message of "family values" which, of course, means *one* kind of family and *their* take on values. It owns over 100 radio stations, syndicates to around 2000 affiliates, and among its internet properties is the ultra-conservative TownHall.com. Salem owns a few other stations in Boston, including WEZE, which has been fouling up Boston's airwaves with its format for many years—one of its shows features James Dobson from Focus On The Family.

I find it ironic that the company has Salem in its name—it conjures up thoughts of the Salem witch trials, which happened not too far from where I live, and walking through the Salem Witch Trials Memorial always gives one pause. There are stone benches, each inscribed with the name of one of the 20 accused witches who were executed and describing the method used—all were hanged, except for Giles Corey, who was pressed to death with rocks. One wonders how far some of these modern-day "Christians" would be willing to go to achieve the sort of moral purity they wish to force on the American public. Would they want to change the Constitution to reflect their beliefs? Presidential candidate Mike Huckabee (who could be out of the race by the time you read this) thinks that might not be such a bad idea. At a rally in Michigan, he said he'd like to amend the Constitution so it's in "God's standards." He was speaking in reference to abortion and gay marriage. Here's the quotation:

"I have opponents in this race who do not want to change the Constitution… But I believe it's a lot easier to change the Constitution than it would be to change the word of the living God. And that's what we need to do—to amend the Constitution so it's in God's standards rather than try to change God's standards so it lines up with some contemporary view."

To me, that sounds like theocracy, but maybe I'm just being irrational. I mean, he wouldn't do *that*, would he?

Getting back to Rep. Swartz, he was interviewed by a local paper in Florida about his motivation for filing such a bill:

"What was the great American radio business is surrendering in to the immigrants more and more. I wish the FCC could mandate an English-only rule for radio and TV. Incidentally, I speak Spanish, and I see nothing wrong with that. But at least, one could monitor what is said on an English broadcast. God knows what kind of info regarding border-sneaking and welfare-grabbing the Spanish stations give out. They have ruined Miami... West Palm Beach is being ruined, as well as Orlando and Jacksonville is likely next. Florida, at least, may as well raise the Mexican flag… There is more than enough American air talent which, combined with American entrepreneurship, can build a successful station. And maybe we could have familiar call letters without changing them every six months!!"

April Fool! Well, there's no bill being filed, but I wish I *was* completely fooling here. There really *is* a Shel Swartz and he posted those words on a Boston radio board about Salem flipping to "Radio Luz." He also ended that post with the words *"I say, deport!!!"* Deport who? Undocumented immigrants? People who operate radio stations with non-English content? Would that apply to all ethnic programming? Would he want to deport the executives at Salem who were behind the format switch? And is he that much of a moron to think that, if the government wanted to monitor Spanish language radio, they wouldn't be able to find someone to listen who knows the language? Also, Mexican flag? Umm… I'd imagine most of the Mexican immigrants are entering the US through the southwest states and Texas, but I could be mistaken, of course. Also, there's a prominent Cuban population in Florida, especially in the Miami area, and that population tends to be on the conservative side of the political spectrum. Shel needs a geography lesson, apparently.

In my area, there's a wide variety of non-English programming as you span across the dial. Would that mean the end of Red Sox Spanish-language broadcasts? Someone else, with the handle ChrisNH, checked in with an equally enlightened take: "So are they going to run Spanish-speaking PSAs on how illegal immigrants can get on the Massachusetts gravy train? Or how help is just around the corner if any of them are interested in voting in the Massachusetts primary one or two times?" Chris has been known to post some sketchy points of view from time to time, mainly taking shots at Massachusetts' "liberal" environment—hell, if it's good enough for Mitt Romney, who has tried to make Massachusetts look like a bastion of depravity in his quest for the Presidency, then it's good enough for 'ol Chris.

Why do these knuckle draggers believe that Latino or Hispanic = illegal immigrant? That they only want to sneak people into the US, go on welfare and destroy the country? I'm also increasingly tired of one of the local papers here, *The Daily Item*, out of Lynn, using the "illegal alien" term in its news stories. This isn't the first time I've mentioned that—but it still strikes me as an epithet to make these folks seem less than human.

Another constant topic of discussion on that board is about pirate radio stations and it also brings out that kind of mentality, that the people operating the stations must all be illegal immigrants and that the FCC should not only shut down the stations and impound the equipment but that the INC should be notified, as well, so these people can be deported. I mentioned this in my column for MRR's immigration issue and quoted one of the posters as saying, "If they are, indeed, illegal immigrants, their voices should not be heard, and their opinions [sic] count for zero." I hate to keep rehashing what I wrote before, but I present it again in case you missed it. And another thing I should mention is that these stations broadcast in many different languages and are catering to audiences who aren't well served by the radio conglomerates here or anywhere else. Many of these stations are operated by Haitian immigrants. In fact, when I was at Allston-Brighton Free Radio, where my show began, some of the Haitian pirates were on the same frequency as our station and would drown us out as you got more than a mile or two from our transmitter. The founder of our station actually visited one of the Haitian pirates and somehow managed to convince the guy to reduce his power. Of course, we were *also* operating as a quasi-pirate station but not at the outset.

I imagine that if English-only programming is allowed, then I could get in big trouble for playing international punk and hardcore on my show. What sort of insidious

messages are those bands spreading? Actually, I know quite a bit about these bands' politics through the English translations or synopses and one thing that always stands out is how the governments of many of these places are starting to follow more of a neo-liberal model, cutting back on social programs, for one thing. I'll tell you one thing that *is* a crime on my radio show—my mangling of the titles of many of those songs. Hell, I occasionally give up and tell the listeners to just read the playlist.

One more piece about broadcasting and then we can move on to the always-enjoyable rundown of new records. The ABC Network was just sued by the FCC for over $1.4 million for showing a woman's nude buttocks on a 2003 episode of "NYPD Blue." The Associated Press reported, "the fine is for a scene where a boy surprises a woman as she prepares to take a shower. The scene depicted 'multiple, close-up views' of the woman's 'nude buttocks' according to an agency order… FCC's definition of indecent content requires that the broadcast 'depicts or describes sexual or excretory activities' in a 'patently offensive way' and is aired between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 p.m. The agency said the show was indecent because 'it depicts sexual organs and excretory organs — specifically an adult woman's buttocks.' The agency rejected the network's argument that 'the buttocks are not a sexual organ.' Deborah Taylor Tate, the FCC commissioner, said, 'Our action today should serve as a reminder to all broadcasters that Congress and American families continue to be concerned about protecting children from harmful material and that the FCC will enforce the laws of the land vigilantly.'"

Speaking of Ms. Tate, appointed by Bush in 2005, she's a bit of a hypocrite (like most Republicans). In late '07, there was an agreement reached between Comcast and the Hallmark channel over carriage rates and Hallmark, according to the Broadcasting and Cable website, had sought government help but the two companies managed to reach accord without government involvement. Tate said, about Hallmark and the agreement, "The Hallmark Channel, with its award-winning original movies and much-loved classics—all G-rated—again proves that American families want this type of uplifting programming and that the marketplace is responding without government intervention." Of course, government intervention over so-called decency issues is OK. If she believes in a true marketplace and people were offended, then they wouldn't have watched "NYPD Blue" and it wouldn't have lasted 12 years. I'm not here to defend the tastes of the general public—after all, "American Idol" is the top-rated show in the country and I won't even go into popular music, but you know what I'm getting at.

But, seeing someone's ass is harmful? Actually, I guess that Dennis Franz showed *his* ass in an early episode of the series but nothing ever happened. And I'll bet his ass is a lot uglier and much more harmful to view. Ever since this whole Janet Jackson "wardrobe malfunction" at the Super Bowl a few years back, things are getting absolutely insane. What a laughingstock we must be to a good chunk of the world with this brand of puritanism. And what do you want to bet that the assholes from TV watchdog groups like Donald Wildmon's American Family Association or Parents Television Council engaged in concentrated letter-writing campaigns. In fact, a little bit of net surfing reveals that this is likely the case. Once again—religious extremists who want to enforce their morality on the rest of us.

MUSICAL INDECENCY

Yep, I got yer objectionable musical content right here! Let's start off with the latest from No Way Records (3211 Idelwood Ave., Richmond, VA 23221, www.nowayrecords.com). CITIZENS PARTOL is a Dutch band with an old-school American hardcore sound. Their *Sick Routine EP* presents pure thrash in short blasts and with the requisite out-of-step with the world (where have I heard that before?) sentiments plus fatalistic observations, concluding with the declaration "It's the end of the world; We're all gonna die." Maybe that's bombastic, but y'ever get that feeling anyway?

The other recent release is the Volume 3 of the *No Bullshit 7"* compilations. A solid lineup for the latest installment of these 7" comps—the bands being Life Trap, Socialcide, Double Negative, Out Cold, Acid Reflux and Chronic Seizure. The no bullshit description fits the approach to these bands' music and there's definitely a commonality in that regard. Some of these bands have better material elsewhere (particularly Out Cold and Life Trap) but any record that has this collection of bands is still worth a spin or three.

It's become *de rigeur* from some old farts (even some young farts) to say punk or hardcore is dead. If anyone says that after hearing the new NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE EP, *Mindless Violence* (Way Back When/Even Worse, Noel de Boer, Saenredamstraat 44-2, 1072 CH Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.geocities.com/evenworserecords) then *they* must be dead. This band's demo (later pressed on vinyl) was a complete ripper and this one is no less explosive. This is a musical buzzbomb with gigantic guitar and bass powerchords and malevolent lyrics—justified malevolence, I might add, towards people who engage in domestic violence and sexual abuse of children, which are two lyrical topics covered here. And there are some absolutely *stomping* breakdowns (not the martial arts type—the circle pit type) for the title track and "No Trust." Set the stereo knobs for kill.

Schizophrenic Records (17 West 4th St., Hamilton, ON L9C 3M2, CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com) is another busy label of late. Up first are a pair of LPs from New England punk legends THE FREEZE, one of them a reissue of their second album *Rabid Reaction* and the other, *Live From Cape Cod 1980*, an unearthed live performance. *Rabid Reaction* was originally released in 1986. While I think *Land Of The Lost* is a little stronger songwise and the echo on the production here is a regrettable sign of those times, this is a still a memorable album. Clif Hanger's words have always had a certain darkness to them, especially when it comes to topics of mental illness, but it's also laced with black humor, as well. "Warped Confessional," the song that leads things off, was ahead of the curve before the news stories about sexual abuse from Catholic priests finally surfaced. Elements of hardcore along with the tuneful punk that's always been the main part of the Freeze's repertoire.

The live LP comes from a "lost" tape found by Clif. The soundboard recording actually sounds pretty good, but the band's performance is rough at times. Still, it's a fun listen. Some songs would show up later, sometimes in re-worked fashion—"There'll Be Trouble If You Hide" and "My Megawaki Land" eventually resurfaced close to the original titles, if more pepped up arrangements, while "I'm Too Good For You" became "Princess Die" on "Rabid." There are also many songs that were never released elsewhere. Some of the wisecracks from bassist Rick Andrews are hilarious—I remember him rivaling Clif for stage presence "back in the day." And the classic "I Hate Tourists" is included. It's probably more of a "diehard fans" type item and not something I'll play too much, but there's historical value here.

Next on the label is a four song EP, *Riot City*, by AKUTARE, who hail from Japan and include a couple of guys from Extinct Government. Fired up rock 'n' roll with a raw punk edge to it. Pretty good—maybe MC5 crossed with Teengenerate, to an extent—but not on that level. That would be asking for too much anyway. They've still got a high energy level and I get the feeling they'd be fun to see live.

Last up from Schizophrenic is *Black Goat Armageddon*, the latest opus from the evil force that is known as LEGION DCLXVI. It's another vicious blast from this Toronto band.

The vocals come straight from the depths of the gut—I'll bet you thought I was going to say something cheesy like that warm place where Beelzebub lives. Well, there's one guy in the band called Beelezebubby and who knows where he's from. Enough evading the review. In addition to '80s-era dark-themed thrash, the band's full-tilt aggression draws inspiration from some of the heavier Swedish raw d-beat bands where metal is a part of the mix but the lines are blurred. Distinctions get cumbersome after a while—the sound is thick and heavy, but rips along at a healthy pace and those vocals have a throat-ripping nastiness. The whole thing seems a little tongue-in-cheek, but when it comes to the wrecking ball properties here, Legion has a singleminded relentlessness.

WARTORN also has a certain relentlessness on their LP *In The Name Of The Father, The Son, And The Holy War* (Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com) The vinyl is a light bluish/white and that doesn't really fit the less-than-lighthearted musical and lyrical content here. An ominous intro punctuated by a guitar making a warning signal and acoustic strummings. And you know what comes next—fast, angry, crusty hardcore. Harsh dual vocals wedded to songs delivered with a raw, streamlined aggression. The cover of the Cro-Mags' "Survival Of The Streets" came as a surprise since I didn't glance at the LP cover beforehand and it fits well with the rest of the pillaging songs. Laments about the state of the world that follow standard themes—fuck Bush, fuck the cops, fuck religion, fuck Wal-Mart, plus a rumination on anti-depressants. Wartorn doesn't push the boundaries of this style in new, dynamic directions but rip through their songs with a convincing amount of brute aggression.

The now-defunct FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS (Dead Beat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.dead-beat-records.com) bring a different type of aggression with two discs of heady swill. The first is a self-titled effort and it's a CD pressing of their 2006 LP on Criminal IQ, while *Best Of The Monkees* is an odds and ends collection of EPs, comp tracks and some unreleased material. Tossing punk, garage and post-punk into a mixer and churning it out with nails sticking out. Assaultive sounds with nervous, jolting properties. *Best Of The Monkees,* despite spanning three years and a number of releases, is all killer, no filler, to use a hackneyed bit of review parlance. Their cover of Cabaret Voltaire's "Nag Nag Nag" is a childish rant and had me doing a comparison with the original—these guys crank it up a notch from CabVolt's composition, a case of a cover version being more than a perfunctory run-through. "Destroy Hollywood" is a lo-fi punk attack and that's the same for "Take It All In," while "Chemical Bath" wraps things up with some free-form skronk and piercing levels of feedback—it's a four-minute hellride. These two volumes could cause ear damage and it's more than worth the risk.

YOUNG OFFENDERS' four-song, self-titled EP (Parts Unknown, PO Box 4835, Toms River, NJ 08754, www.partsunknown-records.com) showcases a jumpy post punk-inspired sound with strong hooks underpinning everything. Not easily pinpointed but early Gang of Four and Cure figure into the equation, along with the driving tuneful music spawned by the Carbonas, Beat Beat Beat and the like. High, caffeinated-sounding vocals with backing vocals darting in and out. The non-distorted guitars jab, given perfect accompaniment by supple bass-lines and solid drumming.

On their self-released, self-titled CD, NUCLEAR TOMORROW (www.myspace.com/nucleartomorrow) hammer out some good hardcore punk with an old-school sound and snotty attitude fueled by plenty of alcohol, judging by such titles as "Let's Start Drinking" and "DUI." There's definitely a west coast inspiration and I hear some early Suicidal Tendencies in there, although these guys have more of a stripped-down sound. There's nothing particularly original here but it's one of those discs I keep going back to—I like the no-bullshit approach.

Last but not least, I have a book review for *Punk Is Dead, Punk Is Everything* by Bryan Ray Turcotte (Ginko Press, 5768 Paradise Drive, Suite J, Corte Madera, CA 94925, www.ginkopressocom). I've written a more extensive review in the *Suburban Voice* blog (http://subvox.blogspot.com) if you want to check it out but I'll give a slightly shorter version here. Turcotte was one of the parties responsible for 1999's *Fucked Up and Photocopied* and the premise here is somewhat similar. A hardcover bound book with glossy color pages and featuring punk rock artifacts and memorabilia—flyers, photographs, zine covers and even set lists. I'd almost like to have seen a trivia quiz for guessing the band for each set list, with answers on another page, but I was able to figure out most of them anyway. There are also writings and reminiscences from a number of people intimately involved in the wide-ranging punk universe—musicians, writers, artists and people who associated with those individuals, staring off with an interview with Ian MacKaye. A cross-section of folks and giving a list means I'm bound to miss someone, but glancing through, there's an off-the-wall entry from Mark McCoy of the Oath/Charles Bronson, etc., which makes sense because those bands are a bit off the wall or, more accurately, unhinged. David Yow, Wayne Kramer, Pooch from *Flipside*, skater Tony Alva, and several people I'm not as familiar with but their involvement and memories are just as valid and maybe fresher since they're not quoted everywhere. Much like the recently published *My First Time,* about people's first shows, there's the sharing of the spark that led the participants into the punk *demimonde.* It's a lavish production, a gorgeous scrapbook that attempts to capture the feel and diverse dynamics of what punk encompasses.

The organization is a little different for this book. In *FUAF,* the segments were broken down regionally. This time, the organization isn't always based on geography. There are segments that travel through NYC and California, for instance—that occurs in the largest segment of the book, "Myth Vs. Legend." Other sections are broken up by genre, category and medium. There are sections for activist punk, zines, skate punk, genres outside of punk but tangentially related—speed metal, crossover, glam rock, and sections dedicated to photography and artwork. There's a lot to take in and, much like the chaotic nature of this music, it's presented in such a fashion. You can tell this book was created by someone whose own life was irrevocably touched by this music, much like this author and, I'm sure, many people reading this…

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903
suburnanvoice@earthlink.net
Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com

Interview with Dave Dictor of MDC

Dave Dictor, singer for veteran punk band MDC, became a parent in 1984 at the age of 27. At that time, MDC was touring approximately a hundred days a year and for Dave, it was not an easy adjustment into parenthood. At home changing diapers, Dave missed touring constantly. Feeling he could not let go of wanting to be 19 years old forever or of being in the thick of the action that touring a lot provided, both he and his partner felt resentment towards this

unplanned turn of events. However, he wanted to do the best he could as a parent and finally, when his son was two or three years old, he felt a sort of "transformation" that allowed him to be more accepting of his role as a parent.

For the first three and a half years of his son's life, Dave and his partner were together with their son as a family. From that time until he was thirteen, he lived with his mother, Dave's ex-partner, but monthly visits allowed him to stay involved in his son's life. Then, at the age of thirteen, Dave's son came to live with him full time. Dave became a single, poor punk parent and decided that he needed to quit drugs once and for all.

While on tour together in November 2007 (Dave with MDC and me with Citizen Fish), I had a chance to sit down with fellow punk-parent Dave Dictor to ask him about his parenting experiences in the context of being a single parent and still involved in the DIY punk scene.

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It sounds like the early years of parenting with your partner were tumultuous. Was there a catalyst for the "transformation" you felt when your son was two or three years old?

They say it takes the father a lot longer in general. I really did love him and care and I felt this big love when I first held him in the hospital as opposed to when I felt my lover's stomach. But yeah, it took a while for me to get into the miracle of life and all that. My partner really wanted to have the child whereas I wasn't opposed to an abortion. I sure am glad I grew into the role. My child is more important to me than all my albums and tours, but it took me a bit of growing up. Men get to stay immature in our western society, wouldn't you say? Look at Mick Jagger. The catalyst started getting even stronger when he started talking to me.

What was MDC doing during these early parenting years?

I took a break most of 1984 and 1985 but then went full guns in 1986; we started doing about 80 gigs a year. So I was gone a month at a time, three times a year. Then my partner Jen moved to Santa Cruz, California first and then to Portland, Oregon, hence the monthly three to five day visits. I was constantly in motion going from tour to home, then off to see my son for four days and then off to another tour. Somewhere in there I developed a full burning love. The further Jen moved away the less I got to see my kid and the more I realized how much I loved him.

During the approximately eight years of monthly visits with your son, how was your life different compared to what it was like from the time your son was born until you and his mother split up?

Sadly, there was some bitterness between my partner and myself until we just started treating each other better. That happened slowly in my son's sixth and seventh year. I learned how to be agreeable about most things and even when I disagreed, I learned how to frame it differently by saying "I hear you and understand where you're coming from" and got over being so oppositional. I finally realized that winning stupid arguments didn't matter. It's much better to get along than to be a debate winner.

What was MDC doing during these eight years?

I was busy with the band and life the first four years but then unfortunately took a large liking to methamphetamine for the next four years. I moved to Portland to be closer to my son and to get away from my drug partners in San Fran, but soon enough I made friends with new drug partners. Methamphetamine is a harsh drug. I chased away a wonderful lover, became anti-social, and hurt myself physically. I used to say, "Speed is yoga for the lazy," and really felt I had a new best friend. But to the positive, I learned a lot in that period as well. I learned to play guitar better, I could do auto mechanics better. I learned how to be selfish which was OK in it's own way, selfish with my time. I accomplished the Submissives record with Pig Champion. He was a truly great musician and deep soul. But I also became highly addicted and a danger to myself. My son asked me to quit when I was 42 and I knew it was time.

Name the three biggest struggles you faced when becoming a single, poor punk parent to a thirteen year old. How did you get through them?

I was lucky in that I moved back into the community where my parents lived and they helped me out with childcare when I needed it and I accomplished touring again after a layoff of seven years or so. I finished college and got an education certificate, so I had a fair salary, but I know economically even with a 30K-a-year teaching job, you are always struggling to make ends meet. For folks making less it must be really rough. My heart is with single parents cause I know it ain't easy.

I don't want to whine about struggles. But when your child feels pain, whether it's because he doesn't fit in at school or mental health stuff, you feel so alone. I don't want to go into personal dramas, but folks that have been there know—it hurts when your child hurts, whether that is physically, mentally, or socially. On a ridiculous note, let me share that I was trying so hard at points to relate to my son, for a while by watching MTV with him, because we'd talk about Avril Lavigne or Pink a few times. So I took the lead, turning on the TV quite often with him, thinking we were doing stuff together watching the video music hour and one day he looked at me and said, "I hate this stuff, all these model-like perfect people, being so phony." I turned it off and said, "Right on!" The last struggle is just to let go a bit—give your kid and yourself a break. At 19, he hated community college but I kept pushing him and some semesters he'd drop three out of five courses and I'd freak out, make all these speeches and he just shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't want to do it. Finally, I had to let go and just as my parents did, let my kid lead his own life.

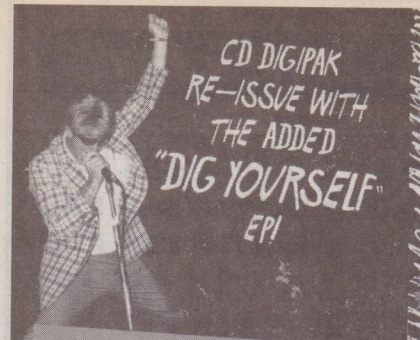
You told me that at 13, your son did not want to go back to live with his mom and that you accepted this as an opportunity to redeem yourself, like you were being given a second chance. For you and your son, it was a time of emotional bonding, for building trust and love and that sometimes, you felt like your son was a parent to you. Can you comment further on this time of transition?

Well yes, I was all Peter Pan, the punker who still acted 23 in my forties. Drugs and alcohol prevent emotional development. I had to grow up and assume being a parent and acting adult-like. This whole process took a lot of time, three or four years at least. This was compounded by the fact that my son is a lot like my mother was. He, at 23, has turned out to be very serious about his life, his goals, etc. It's the whole skipped-a-generation thing. People think he is gonna have a mohawk and be all punk rock. That is not the case. He wants me to act my age and get responsible. That has not totally worked itself out. I still love touring and can be childlike at times, though I am clean and sober. But I stopped teaching three years ago and he asks every three months if I will start again. He is afraid I will die toothless and penniless.

And yes, I often ask my son as an equal what he thinks. He always has a clear point of view that is very rational. It is weird that way; I treat him as an equal because that is all that I know how to do. I enjoy his counsel even if I don't always follow it.

You also told me that the way you were parented made you rebellious, that your folks broke up and that you were pulled in many directions. How does your childhood experience parallel your son's? And how did the way you were parented inform the way you ultimately decided you wanted to parent?

My parents' breakup made me very rebellious, and furthermore, led me to believe that the American dream and the nuclear family were bullshit. With my son, it had



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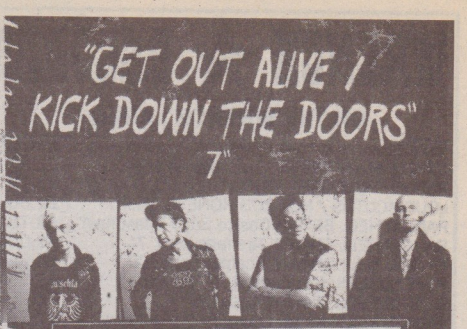

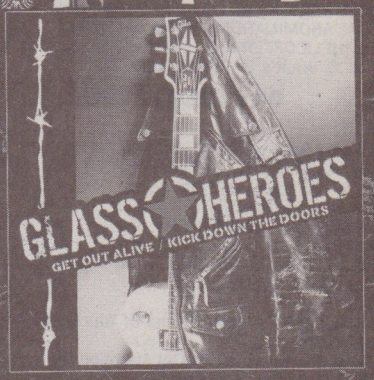

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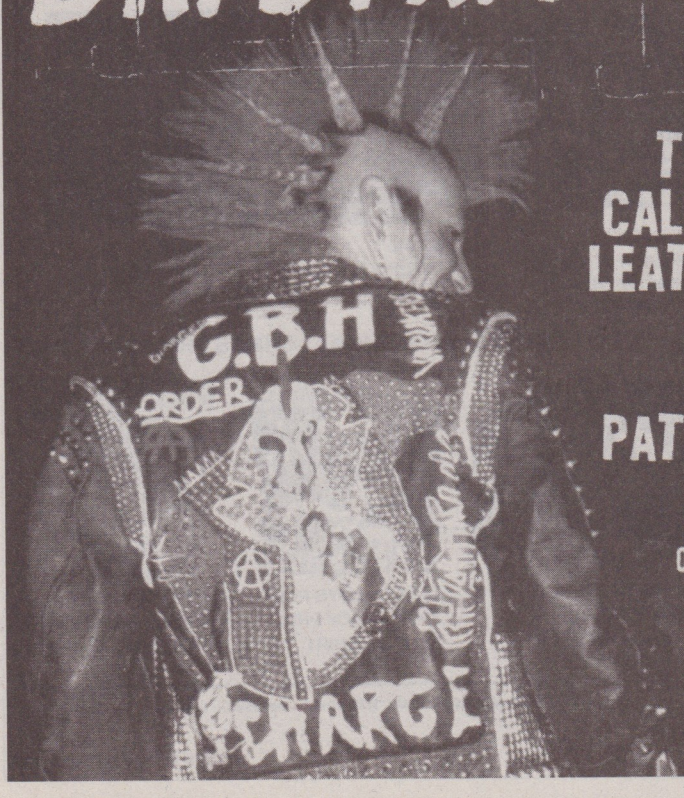

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quite the opposite effect. He found himself craving that normality. Was it the era I grew up in, or is it just that it hit us differently, or are we just different in that way? I think the latter. To boot, my mom was rock steady and did not put me through some of the things my son had to go through and absorb as well.

During your single-parent years, what was MDC doing? How did you balance and/or incorporate your involvement in DIY punk with your parenting?

My son started coming to the shows with me and worked my merch table. Though the music was never his cup of tea, he did enjoy the spectacle of it all. He made friends there and liked all the freakers-at-the-freakers-ball aspect. And being my son made him a celebrity of sorts, which always amused him. But he'd rather have a Sixth series Magic the Gathering card set than a great punk rock record collection. He'd rather see Alanis Morissette than Caustic Christ or the Subhumans.

How have your punk ethics served you as a parent?

I don't know about that. Politically, he absorbed that Republicans are swine, but more than punks feel that. He doesn't want to score free bagels at Food Not Bombs with me but he is not afraid to work a soup kitchen.

In the 1980s, when your son was born, the punk community was more dismissive of punks having kids than it is now, calling child-raising issues "hippy shit," and the predominate notion was that it was irresponsible to choose to have a child, citing overpopulation problems. Have you ever felt like you had to justify your punk parent self to the greater DIY punk community?

Never felt that way. The overwhelming majority of punks were supportive all the way with the fact that I brought my kid and sometimes my drummer's kid to shows with us. Or that I had to cut out early to get my kid home. So maybe the higher-up punk intelligentsia/zine writers had that feeling, but never the punk in the street, not that I ever remember.

You told me that your son said to you, "You ruined drugs for me" and that he very rarely drinks. How old was he when he said this? Can you comment further?

He said it jokingly a few years back but a lot of truth is said in jest. Seeing me and his mother drunk or tweaking during periods of his childhood took the fun out of it for him. That's him personally speaking. He is my mother in many ways and she was a straight-laced, Depression-era, keep your nose to the grindstone, save and put away for a rainy day, shower daily and be well-groomed type of person.

Do you have any sage advice for a younger punk who is facing unplanned parenthood, who might need some practical guidance through this uncertain time of transition?

You certainly get out of it what you put into it. I think ignoring a child is a rather large mistake. I feel rich to have a healthy, intelligent son that I can proudly say that I contributed a lot to. Being a great tattoo artist, or a great guitarist is quite secondary to being a good parent. Hip magazines don't act that way, but it just happens to be so. My heart went out to Eric Clapton when his son died tragically, he wrote the song "Tears Of Heaven." You could really feel that all the fame and notoriety doesn't mean a thing when your son is dead.

If you're a parent, really be there, show up, roll up your sleeves, smile a lot, be patient and truly be there, or get ready to have an empty soul for the rest of eternity. Take good care you all.

Dave can be contacted at mdcops@hotmail.com

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We Fascists are the only true anarchists. Once we've become masters of the state, true anarchy is that of power.

The Duke in
Salo, or the 120 Days of Sodom (1975)
Pier Paolo Pasolini

Today, both communism and fascism, ideologies that the French fascist Robert Brasillach once called "the two poetries" of the 20th century, seem exhausted given the triumph of multinational capitalism. Yet periods of ideological decay often breed strange new variants, such as the "Red-Brown alliance" in the former Soviet Union, which do not easily fit into conventional political-science categories of "left" and "right."

Dreamer of the Day
Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International (1999)
Kevin Coogan

It was the December, 1993 annual general meeting, at the old *MRR* Clipper Street house. The one with the spacious, downstairs record library slash radio-recording studio. It was the night of the Great Purge.

I'd been doing shitwork at *MRR* for almost two and a half years, ever since I moved to the Bay Area in July, 1991. I'd also written a couple of guest columns under the pseudonym "Lefty" Hooligan. Tim Yohannan liked them enough that he proposed I do a "three dot" Herb Caen-style news column for the magazine's recently revived news section. "All The News That Fits" was a regular feature of the news section by the time of the general meeting, though no one outside of Tim and I knew I was "Lefty" Hooligan.

Downstairs was jammed with volunteers, on rumors that something big was in the works. It was Tim Yo's show that night, and he did a pretty fair impersonation of Mao, the Great Helmsman, unleashing the Cultural Revolution. First, he axed two-thirds of the music the magazine covered, claiming that what he was excluding just wasn't punk rock. Then, he canned *MRR* co-founder and conservative columnist Jeff Bale, arguing that he didn't want political opinions expressed in the magazine that could be read in the mainstream media. Tim proposed that individual columnists could cover the kinds of music—pop punk, crossover metal, emo, oi, etc.—that were now outside *MRR*'s official purview. He also offered to let Jeff continue to do record reviews, an offer Jeff refused. The compromises were choreographed, as was combining Jeff Bale's firing with the music purge, in a heavy-handed Stalinist minuet.

Tim sought to play off the right—Jeff Bale who wholeheartedly supported the music purge—against the left—those volunteers who liked what Tim considered to be non-punk music but who also didn't like Bale's increasingly conservative political bent. There was a lot of protest and grumbling but, for the most part, the strategy seemed to work. The only time Tim got worried, he later confided, was when Larry Livermore tried to rally the opposition to Tim's actions. Larry pointed out that, without the magazine's dedicated shitworkers, Tim couldn't publish *MRR*, then went on to argue that since "we all" had recently turned out the Republicans from the White House by voting for Bill Clinton, *MRR*'s volunteers should vote down Tim's proposed changes to the magazine.

I was a drinking man in those days. I was on my third bottle of Red Hook, and feeling little pain. I don't remember if I actually interrupted Larry's ersatz Joe Hill speech, or simply waited for a pause in his diatribe to

interject my little jab.

"I kinda remember the election of Bill Clinton to the presidency," I said, gesturing with my nearly empty beer bottle. "But I don't remember the election of Tim Yohannan to run *Maximum Rocknroll*."

That broke Larry's momentum. Within minutes, a dozen folks were voicing versions of "yeah, this is Tim's zine, and he has the right to do what he wants with it." The debate shifted from Bale's firing and the music purge, to whether Tim had the authority to do what he was planning. And even though Larry excoriated the rest of us as sheep in his next column, when it came down to it, most of the volunteers sided with Tim's right to run the magazine as he saw fit.

I still have great affection for Tim Yo's memory. To call him a Stalinist would not have insulted him in the least. He was a hard assed bastard, often puritanical, who prided himself on being an outright asshole, when necessary. He ran *Maximum* like a well-oiled machine, and he never lacked for conviction in pursuing what he felt was right. The man had balls, and while his decisions in 1993 eventually spawned *HeartattaCk* and *Punk Planet* zines in response, they also helped revitalize punk rock yet one more time by insisting on a return to musical basics. Most of us shitworkers at the time thought Tim was too dogmatic in his political opinions, and too rigid in his musical tastes. Yet we respected the man, and worked for him, not merely because he was willing to stand up and fight for what he believed. When Tim decided to take on an issue or an individual, he gave no quarter, took no prisoners and fought to the bitter end.

I was reminded of the Great Purge recently when a locally administered anarchist internet board had one hell of a time ejecting a lone, locally based national anarchist who joined up to propagandize the anarchist milieu. The contrast couldn't be more striking. I trust that anybody with access to Google can search out the parties in question, so I don't have to name any names here. Frankly, I don't want to give the national anarchists any more publicity. As for the anarchist board, they're a bit of an embarrassment. It took them over a week of some of the most spineless debate imaginable to agree to ban the anarcho-fascist, and then only after it was pretty convincingly revealed that the NA was pursuing a strategy of political entryism. With all that, the administrator only reluctantly decided to shitcan the NA because he didn't "have the (emotional) time to be arguing about this with strangers right now." Is it any wonder anarchists keep losing revolutions?

The emergence in the Bay Area of self-declared national anarchists that regular anarchists now have to contend with is one more turn in the syncretistic politics on the far right. There are already national revolutionaries, autonomist nationalists, and National Bolsheviks. Rather than waste column space detailing the convoluted and arcane evolution, say, of national anarchism from the pro-Catholic International Third Position and the pro-Qadddafy National Revolutionary Faction, I'd like to make some broad comments on political syncretism, left and right.

Syncretistic tendencies seeking to combine seemingly opposing political ideologies can be found across the political spectrum, of course. But anarchism has proven to be wildly, almost indiscriminately syncretistic, hence the anarcho hyphenation that virtually every anarchist employs. One is an anarcho-pacifist, -individualist, -capitalist, -mutualist, -feminist, -syndicalist, -communist, -primitivist, or some combination thereof. Why not anarcho-fascist? That fascism enters the house of anarchism through the door of nationalism should not come as a surprise. For all of modern anarchism's vehement opposition to the nation-state, nationalism and patriotism, there are several points at which anarchism is vulnerable to the siren song of nationalism.

Early anarchist writers like Proudhon and Bakunin distinguished between nationality and the nation-state, championing self-determination for the former and abolition of the latter. In turn, early anarchist movements in Russia, China, and Mexico had a decidedly grassroots nationalist caste. It was only in response to the persistent internationalism and class analysis of Marxism, which came to dominate workers movements after the Russian Revolution, that anarchism became more critical of nationalism, and more internationalist in perspective. This populist (some call it völkisch) form of nationalism reemerged in the anarchist milieu via the British Alternative Socialist Movement and the Black Ram Group in the 1970s and 80s, which attempted to reclaim various pre-Marxist utopian and socialist concepts from the far right. Finally, a number of former Black Panther Party members, and other individuals associated with the black liberation struggles of the 1960s, rejected their previous authoritarian politics for anarchism, all the while retaining their commitment to revolutionary black nationalism.

Mention of the Black Panthers points up that Marxism's fervid internationalism has frequently been blunted, syncretized time and again with nationalism. The social democratic parties of the Second International voted to support the war efforts of their respective national governments during WWI, and Leninism has allowed Marxism to be hyphenated, until we come to Mao who wrote: "in wars of national liberation, patriotism is applied internationalism." Needless to say, Lenin's own support for national self-determination and his theory of imperialism greased the slide into an almost indiscriminate support for wars of national liberation, socialist or otherwise. And let's not forget the People's Mujahedin Organization of Iran, which has managed to meld its Marxism-Leninism with orthodox Islam.

Perhaps the most syncretistic kind of politics comes from the right in the form of fascism. Historians of fascism are still at a loss to come up with a minimum definition of fascism that the field can agree upon, precisely because of its capacity to incorporate apparently unrelated, even outright contradictory political ideas. The clerical fascism of Portugal's Salazar, the justicialismo of Peron's Argentina, the European empire of Yockey and Evola, the electoral fascism of the British National Party, the thousand European flags of de Benoist, the faux-socialism of Mussolini's Salo Republic; fascism is all over the place. There are even those historians, like Zeev Sternhell, who reject that fascism is a creature of the right at all, and contend that it expresses a synthesis of ultra-right and ultra-left desires for a post-*bourgeois* social order that essentially goes beyond right and left.

Indeed, it is possible to cite a number of individuals, such as Mussolini and Sorel, who started as socialists but who became fascists. Small sections of the syndicalist and anarcho-syndicalist labor movements in France, Spain and Italy came to embrace kinds of national syndicalism in sync with fascist corporatism. Yet Robert O. Paxton's observation in his *The Anatomy of Fascism* holds true. While fascists often talked a strident anti-capitalist polemic, they never walked the walk by attempting to abolish private property, liquidate the *bourgeoisie*, give power to the working class, radically restructure the state apparatus, or the like. At most, fascists strictly regulated the capitalist economy within the national territory they controlled, subjecting the native *bourgeoisie*, sometimes harshly, to what they perceived as the interests of the nation.

For it is in the exaltation of the nation through extreme nationalism that we find what is essential to fascism. Despite its bewildering diversity, there hasn't been a type of fascism independent of virulent nationalism. Yockey's European-wide imperium and de Benoist's tribal *ethnes* are merely variations on this theme, quite easily reconciled through an updated feudalism that, like Charlemagne's mythic empire, would continentally unite a thousand

autonomous European ethnicities. National distinctions may often account for fascism's syncretistic idiosyncrasies. Certainly, the fact that fascism's foundation stone is nationalism defines it as of the right.

A former professor of mine likened politics to farting into a whirlwind—you never know where the smell winds up. Political syncretism can sometimes present one with the choice of working with some rather odious people who claim to be on the same side. The National Anarchist who caused such paroxysms on the above-noted anarchist board did argue that his being against the state and nation-state were what defined his politics, that his type of tribal nationalism (read, decentralized racial separatism) was incidental to his fundamental anarchism, and that anarchists of all persuasions should be able to connect, communicate, and perhaps cooperate in opposing their common enemy, the state.

Keith Preston, an individualist anarchist, has also argued on his American Revolutionary Vanguard website that left and right anarchists, separatists and secessionists should all work together to overthrow the government. It is no coincidence that these calls for left-right collaboration, like the original call to go "beyond left and right," invariably originate on the right. The right seems to actively syncretize with the left along the axis of revolutionary opposition to the state, a characteristic not limited to fascism. In the late 1960s, a significant segment of William F. Buckley's conservative, college-based Young Americans for Freedom split off as anti-war, anti-state, right-wing libertarians and anarcho-capitalists. Under the influence of folks like Murray Rothbard, who published *Left and Right: A Journal of Libertarian Thought* with Karl Hess from 1965 to 1968, these right-wingers veered decidedly to the left and energetically courted left-libertarian elements on the moribund New Left of the day.

Jerome Tuccille describes all of this, rather humorously in his books *It Usually Begins With Ayn Rand* and *Radical Libertarianism*, from the perspective of one of those right-libertarian rebels. I was a left-wing anarchist at the time, and I'm here to confess that I was suckered into believing that some sort of left-right libertarian cooperation was possible. I participated in a couple of dismal efforts at seeking out some sort of common ground between left and right libertarians. I came to the realization, during a so-called left-right study group in which all the right libertarians were extolling the joys of hording gold and silver, that it was a waste of time trying to work with anarcho-capitalists.

Our supposedly minor differences—cooperative vs. competitive economics, social property vs. private property, collectivism vs. individualism—far outweighed our single, prominent commonality—our shared desire to abolish the state. We seldom attended the same events, we rarely took the same actions, and we hardly spoke the same language. What's more, it wasn't as if left leaning anarchists had all managed to get along, much less work together. And the shibboleth of unity on the Left was as much a pipedream, then as now. There was no good reason for left-wing libertarians to try and form an alliance with right-wing libertarians.

Just as there is no good reason today for the rest of the anarchist milieu to have anything to do with the joke that calls itself national anarchism. That won't stop addled anarchos from paraphrasing Rodney King and pontificating that all anti-statists should try and get along. A couple of regular posters did just that on the anarchist board in question in response to calls to ban the national anarchist. At least King had the excuse that he was beaten senseless by the LAPD.

That nationalism proved instrumental in the process of syncretism in all but one of the historical examples described in this column is what's particularly telling. As a stone internationalist of the Marxist persuasion, I'm aware of how much Marx underrated nationalism as a social force, and of how little the ultraleft has done to correct this deficiency. The same could be said for race and racism. And while these inadequacies are part of the reason I no longer call myself a left communist, this column has gone on far too long to discuss them here and now.

Next month, predictions gone arwy.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hool igentsia@mac.com.

So for the past eight years or so, I've been part of a musical entity known as THE SHEMPS. I have to say it's a good time overall, despite the ten different line-ups—the fact that you can never be quite sure who's going to be playing guitar at any one show. From my experience with the last band I was in for eight years, it's pretty hard to keep things new and interesting. If you work too hard at it, no one really notices and you get discouraged; if you slack off, you lose momentum and also get discouraged. What it all comes down to is if you want to continue having fun doing something, you shouldn't do it for an entire decade.

Now believe me, I'm the first person to point out those Carol Channings of punk. It takes a certain type to stand there doing the exact same thing every time for ten, twenty, or thirty years. I don't know if it takes a complete idiot or a total genius, but all I can tell you is, I ain't that guy. Do I really want to do this until I can barely walk and run around with a talking sock on my hand thirty years from now?

The sad thing is, usually bands break up and there's some sort of great story. Someone getting it on with another person's girl, band members getting it on with each other, leaving a pair of pants you shit yourself in the night before in the van overnight so everyone can enjoy the memory for another week... So, with all the crazy drama I've endured with this project, the funniest thing is, it will just end. Then we're gonna start a new band with the same people and a new name.

Someone who doesn't think like me would say something like, "Well why you would give up name recognition when you spent so long building it?" What is this, a soft drink or a comic book or something? No one cares. There's nothing sadder than someone grasping on to some sort of brand name no matter how meaningless it is.

Actually, there are sadder things—there are people in bands (or at least they play the same songs year after year, not always with the same people, but with the same band name) who no one ever cared about, and you know what these people talk about when you see them? Their bands. Not only do these people bore the shit out of everyone with the same songs over and over again since 1989, but they have nothing to say even in normal everyday conversation, never mind putting music and lyrics together. Hey buddy, no wonder you can't get a girl or a guy or a little boy or free cable TV. You've totally earned your misery.

So Artie Phillie basically brought this up, that he didn't wanna be that guy and we could go on playing without him. So we talked about starting a new band and getting a new singer, and he's like, "Well fuck, if you're gonna start a new band I wanna be in it." I have to say I feel really good about this. If I'm gonna be a loudmouth and goof on

other bands that are on the decline, I may as well practice what I preach. If you've ever read any of the music reviews Artie does, I'm sure you'll agree he's in the same boat.

The basic thing that I'm saying is, you can't think of things like punk rock with any sort of business sense if you're ultimate goal is to have a good time. I'm not one to get all preachy on ya, but the one basic law of punk rock is not to take yourself seriously. That's really the only thing that separates the true alternative people from the rest of the humdrum potato chip-eating population. At any time, you should be able to say "Fuck it!" and just start something new. If you can do that, you can basically do anything, and think of all the time you save not reading stupid self-help books.

You have to admire a guy like Lance Hahn; the guy seemed to say "Fuck it" more than most of us. Restart my band 2000 miles away ("Fuck it"); house burned down with all my worldly possessions in it ("Fuck it"); Sick, poor—"Fuck it, let's go on tour." You only live once, folks, and you can waste everyone's time with your ego and your bullshit or you can have a great time making fun of everyone else that is. That's what I'm here for and I hope you all are too.

Anyhow, I don't know what the band's new name will be but we've already ruled out KIDS WITH AIDS and NOT KIDS WITH AIDS, but hopefully it will be easier than figuring out what to put on the cover of the stupid record.

Oh, my other band, LOST LOCKER COMBO, has a new CD out called *Freshman Orientation*. Don't worry—we already have our life span all planned out.

Hey—does anyone end their column with "See you in the pit?" Maybe someone should.

Write me: bill@candids.com

For a while I have been thinking about writing a column about bootlegs, fan club releases, or whatever genteel/pejorative term you want to use. My feelings on this subject may irritate some friends of mine who run record labels or who are in bands, I realize, so I have kind of decided to put it off until I was good and ready.

So, most bootlegs are of bands that are long gone. Sometimes they are re-releases of hard-to-find material, sometimes they are live or unreleased stuff, demos, etc. Sometimes they are done well, sometimes they are horrible. Sometimes they are obviously done simply to cash in with no attention to quality. Others are obviously for the love of the band, the music, and the punk scene in general. So, it's pretty hard to generalize when you are talking about bootlegs. Although I do think more often than not, they at least have a decent quotient of love for the music and the band in the very fact of their existence. Even, I have to say, if they are done for the bootlegger to make money. There are others ways to make money, and I doubt many bootlegs are done with malice towards the band.

But let's distinguish a few things here. If a band is still in existence, still releasing records, still touring, it is completely unreasonable and unethical to bootleg anything by them, including shirts. I think active bands are a different duck in general than bands that existed back in the early '80s. Oh, and here's another unpleasant but very true fact. Most people who were in bands in the early '80s (shit, bands I knew in the early '90s, even!) have nothing to do with punk anymore and have dropped out. They may have a peripheral interest in punk, but generally they are difficult if not impossible to track down. And even if you find one band member, that is just one member, and they may or may not know where the rest of the band is.

Of course there are some old bands that flat-out refuse to reissue their old stuff. This being the case, I see it as very unsurprising they are bootlegged. Let's face it, if the music has no meaning to them anymore that is fine, but it has meaning to other people. Short of suing people to stop them from bootlegging, which is very unlikely to happen, and even more unlikely to be successful because of copyright laws, there simply is not much that can be done out of that situation.

There just is not much of a coherent argument I have ever heard as to why a punk band, particularly a political punk band, should restrict access to their art. People don't buy bootlegs because of their high quality. They buy it for the experience of hearing something they otherwise won't have access to. There are bands I will never hear, most likely, because they released 500 seven-inches in 1982 and I don't feel like paying 700 bucks to hear them. If you refuse to re-release your band's stuff legitimately, it is just reassuring that someone else will do it, and obviously, do a worse job of it. If you really want "control" over your art, then don't hoard it: I am not advocating bootlegging per se, but simply saying this is the reality of the situation. I buy bootlegs and in those cases where the stuff is unavailable otherwise, and I don't particularly feel bad about it. I am not saying the situation is ideal. In a perfect world people from bands from way back when would still be around and active, advocating for their projects and helping labels make the stuff available to the current audience. But that is far from the reality of the case. Most people have dropped out, most don't really care, or if they do, they don't care enough to do anything about it. Of course, I do feel that people should at least try to track down band members. Making some effort I think is only fair. And you may be surprised that you can find them.

Label co-conspirator Abri and I tracked down members of POWER-AGE from South Africa (from the '80s) to do their discography. Not a single member is still in South Africa! They are scattered all over the globe, from Brazil to Australia. We searched and found them within a month and they were thrilled to work with us on the project. But to be honest, I think that is a pretty rare occurrence. The South African scene is so very small. I think it would be much harder to find old US or European bands just because of the sheer size of the scenes.

Do I think it is stupid that I see Ebba Gron bootleg seven-inches for eleven dollars? Yes. Especially when the cover is on onionskin paper and the seven-inch doesn't even have labels. Do I buy them? No. If it were four or five I probably would think about it—that is more just my standard. Am I surprised that this record exists? Not at all. Or the ridiculous number of SSD bootlegs. Whatever you may think of the ethics or lack thereof of bootlegging, the only surefire way to kill off bootlegging is to release the stuff legitimately and in sufficient numbers. Bands deserve to share proceeds made from their art, but if they can't be found after a reasonable effort to track them down, I don't see it as treasonous to release a quality fan-club edition and charge a reasonable price. While it may certainly seem unscrupulous to release a shitty bootleg, it is thoroughly unsurprising given the simple process of supply and demand going on. I think people should take pride in whatever project they are working on, bootlegs included.

There have been so many great bands out there, so many great records, which people haven't heard. And they still mean so much to people out there today. Their art, as sappy as it sounds, still touches people and inspires them. I hate to think that asshole record collectors who only care about the condition of the record and its rarity are the caretakers of our history. That seems elitist to me, and the opposite of what punk is about. I don't feel

that bootlegging bands that do not keep their stuff in print or available is "ripping them off," if an effort has been make to track them down and have them work on reissuing stuff with you. I am sure plenty of people disagree with this, and I understand why. Keep in mind this is just my opinion and certainly is of no more value than yours. But this topic does get at the heart of some important things in our scene: materialism, ethics, ideas of property, art, expression, etc. It is a profound interplay of these things and it has taken me quite some time to decide how to feel about it.

Next month I will have more music to talk about, which I do regret is sorely absent from this column. I have been super-distracted lately by a great many things. I am going to be working on several upcoming STARVING TIMES releases as well as *Mangelslakt* stuff. Keep them records comin'!

Nick Daniels, PO Box 18884, Oakland, CA 94619

My Missing Words

December 2, 2007

Over thirty days on the road, and then, just like that, it was over. Everything fades to black. Tour ends, I am at the airport, saying goodbye.

Time and space collapse and two days later I am in Tennessee again. It is late. I found an old copy of *East of Eden* by John Steinbeck and have been reading in bed for hours, enjoying the words and the rest, the sound of rain against the windows. The storm gathers strength, the wind howls and upstairs in the attic room I can feel the house move and hear the wood creak. It reminds me of a small earthquake, but slower, as something falls on the bookcase with a crash.

For this column I wanted to relate tales from the road with Citizen Fish, and my "Top Ten Concerts of 2007." There are some great stories to tell from this year, like the time Lucho, Gretchen, and I escaped near death on a late-night drive through downtown Boston, I swam naked in Copenhagen (because why not?), I biked over London Bridge at midnight, and fell in love while crossing through the blazing deserts of the American southwest. It was a pretty damn good year.

But, I will have to put it off again for another month, and entertain and distract you with excuses. Hey! Look over there, what is that? Excuse number one, tour has only been over for a few days, and my column is already due. It is like starting a race when everyone else is only a few meters from the finish line. I have the soft dread of a wanted woman, knowing I'm past the deadline and Arwen could send me an email any minute now asking for the goods. It doesn't help I'm tired as hell and all I want to do is read, goddamnit. I miss my lover and his smile in the mornings, the feel of his scratchy beard against my cheek. My body is also in rebellion, the hormones rise as my period is about to start, and I feel like I could open soup cans with my teeth. And as a writer, I am petulant and unsure and missing the facts. I am missing *my words*. Fucking hell. At least I'll tell you how that happened, how on tour, during a bitter cold night in Detroit, someone stole a piece of my soul.

November 27, Tuesday, Detroit

At the Magic Stick, right before Citizen Fish started their set, Robert ran up to me at the merch table and said, "The van has been broken into." Oh fuck. Before I could ask any questions he ran up to the stage and told the band. From the back of the room I could see them talking, and their faces changing with the news.

They picked up their instruments and were about to start the first song when Dick said something like, "Our van was just broken into. It's Detroit on a Wednesday night. Let's have a good time," and then, just like that, the mood was completely changed. Nothing to be done about it, so enjoy the music and the moment. I wondered what had been stolen but tried not to worry and sang along to my favorites from behind the table, "Back to square one…"

After the show, we packed up and everyone went out to the van to see what was missing. The van had been parked only about a block away from the club, but it was downtown Detroit. We all should have known better. We should have either moved the van to the front of the club or locked everything in the back. Hell, *I* should have known better. I've been robbed on tour before! Remember my tale of The Profits tour of Europe, and losing all my clothes in Prague? Argh. History repeats itself. We were careless with our guard down, tired, only a few days left of tour, and it happened. The one window to the passenger's compartment was smashed, and a few bags taken. It could have been much worse, and luckily no equipment was lost.

Sorting out the mess and sweeping out the pieces of glass, we made a list of what was lost. A bag I was carrying with me to Tennessee was gone, Phil's backpack, and Miguel's suitcase of a few clothes. Phil realized with dread that, unlike every other day of tour, his passport was in his bag. Usually he carried it in his jacket, but it had fallen out of the pocket and he had put it in his bag that afternoon. Now, this is about the most pain-in-the-ass thing you can lose while traveling. Without it, you can't even go home.

As I began to catalogue the things that were in my bag in my mind, my heart skipped a beat. That bag was stuff I wouldn't normally travel with, and really, I had no business being so careless with it all. I was going to Tennessee for a few months directly after tour, and it was the sort of stuff you take with you when you move. A few things were valuable, the sort of things a crackhead in Detroit would smile and laugh about when he found while dancing to his fence. I had made his day, perhaps his month. Some of it was worthless, just pieces of paper really, but that's what meant the most to me.

I was expecting to write my "Year End" column as soon as tour ended, and so had packed all of my journals from the past year, so I could refer to dates and times and places and fill in all the details I forget. The three books were small, each about 4" by 3" with hard covers, packed in a plastic bag. The first one was red, with a geometric design, bought from an art supply store on the corner of Market and Valencia in January during a lunch break from the television station. The first page was titled, *"Lack of Sleep in San Francisco."* Pages were filled with my long-hand scrawl, steeped in the bitter coffee of my favorite cafes, the wind of bike rides down Folsom and views of the Bay, thoughts of plans drawn in sand and reworked on a rooftop in the Mission while watching the fog roll in.

The second book was black, a standard Moleskine with lined pages and a little pocket in the back cover. It began in April, when I packed my bags and headed east. I had titled it, *"Boston, Montreal, Europe."* It was filled with the people and places of my travels this year, written on a train crossing under the English Channel, a bus snaking through the mountains towards Geneva, while drinking wine in a café in Dijon. Like flowers, I tried to press into it the colors of things I didn't want to forget, to capture a picture of the moments. I wrote of conversations, embraces, the wonderful people I visited and met, the color of the sky above Leipzig. My thoughts, hopes and fears, and everything I learned along the way. I don't buy souvenirs, but savor memories and collect them in words.

The third journal was yellow. It began with the flight back across the Atlantic, coming back to the States. It was titled simply, "Subhumans Tour September 2007." I saw this country through fresh eyes, and marveled at the wide open spaces, the prairie land that stretched farther than the eye could see, the bizarre things that are so American, the truck stops and churches and chain stores that replaced towns with brands. I wrote of the experience of a punk band on the road, the constant parade of concerts and people changing every night, the emotional high of finding someone I connect with and the feeling of his skin.

In Detroit, we stood on the sidewalk, a bitter freezing wind biting at our faces.

A homeless woman with a pinched scared face and a scarf around her head promised us, "I know who took your things. I can get them back." A tall man with a desperate look about him and a thin coat also approached us and said the same thing. They were addicts, trying to hustle a few dollars for their next fix, probably a hit of crack, desperate for whatever they could get. It was so cold, about 20 degrees, I felt for anyone who had to be out in the wind, much less cruising the streets trying to survive at night. We were wary of the man, but it was worth a try to see if we could buy anything back. The passport was critical, as their flight back to London was only in a couple of days. The man led Phil, Robert and Miguel to an alley a block away, and sure enough, some of our things were still there, tossed aside in the bushes as our things were quickly sorted and condensed. I found a few t-shirts of mine on the sidewalk, and even my suitcase, every pocket empty.

We waited for another hour until the bar finally kicked us out, hopefully waiting for the crackheads to return with news. It was late, but we made the choice that getting to a British embassy first thing tomorrow was the best thing we could do. So, at almost 4 a.m. we set off from Detroit to Chicago. Silus taped cardboard and packing foam to the van's broken window, we wrapped ourselves in our sleeping bags and hats, and Robert drove off into the night.

There was a blur of gas stops and my toes going cold, falling in and out of sleep, Robert driving and Jasper helping to keep him awake in the front.

I woke up to sunshine and the bustle of downtown Chicago at 9 a.m. We were parked illegally outside the British embassy, and Phil had already gone in to talk to them. We all sat in the van, too tired and cold to move. Two hours later Phil came out and we started off, looking for a place to park in Chicago, somewhere warm, where we could use the bathroom, and wait for the embassy to call back. And in a world where everything has to be paid for, every space is owned, that can be tough in a city. But we cruised by the edge of the lake and found the museums and parked outside the planetarium. Inside there was a café with hot coffee and it was warm, and even had a fantastic view of the city and the lake. Some of us slept in the van, and I sat drinking coffee, looking at the view. Robert was sleeping, his head on the steering wheel.

Walking back to the van with Phil, Robert came running towards us.

"The crackhead called us! He says he has your passport. He wants $100."

It was bizarre. Of all the things Robert has done for bands on tour–calling venues, getting directions, organizing gear, finding places to sleep, ordering t-shirts and merchandise and even finding the best vegan cafes in town–I think trying to make a deal with a crackhead, who was now 200 miles away nonetheless, was a first.

There were several frantic calls to the Magic Stick in Detroit and the promoter and an hour later we were all set to make the deal. The embassy said it would possibly take days to get a replacement passport, and having the original back again ("turned in at the club" we would say) could make all the difference between Phil getting his flight and having to stay in the US a few more days and having to get a new ticket back.

We waited for hours; hearing nothing else, either from the embassy or Mr. Crackhead, and then made our way to the Chicago show at Reggies. At the show I felt so tired, just dragging myself along trying to stay awake. I don't know how Robert stayed awake, except perhaps for the excitement of seeing Karoline, who was coming to the show, after a month being apart. Citizen Fish played a good set as always, the crowd was dancing, but it was hard not to be a bit sad, as there was only one more show left, Milwaukee tomorrow.

Dick once again did a good summary of the situation, saying something like, "It's a bit ridiculous. We were robbed in Detroit. At the moment we are now waiting to see who can give us a passport first. On one hand there is the U.S. government, and on the other a crackhead in Detroit."

At the bar afterwards there was good cheer and we enjoyed the hospitality and the place before finally collapsing into the van again. A friend in Chicago put us up for the night and a warm bed never felt so good. In the morning Phil went to the embassy again, and this time he came back with good news, holding a temporary pass back into the UK. We never heard from Mr. Head again, and we went onwards to Milwaukee.

So kids, what's the point of this month's column?

Always carry your passport with you in a safe place.

Lock your shit up and don't travel with anything you don't want to lose.

Don't trust a crackhead.

And, most importantly, whatever happens, enjoy it all.

End Notes

Besides all of my sentimental ramblings, I lost all my contact addresses for the people I met on my travels this summer. If you want to get in touch with me, *please write me!* Cheers to all the punks! Solidarity and blazing guitars, Erika Ransom (e_bitch crew@yahoo.com).

I have seen the future and it is now. Technology has changed DIY punk rock forever. One single technological breakthrough has revolutionized punk, bringing it into the 21st Century with a bang. Not since Iggy stepped from behind the drums in '67, or since Dee Dee learned to count to four in '76, or since Discharge popularized the D-beat in the early '80s, has there been a development that promises to affect punk rock so profoundly.

What is this groundbreaking advance in punk technology, I hear you ask? Is it online radio? Is it the mp3? Is it the availability of cheap home recording on PCs? No, it's not any of those things, but you're getting warm.

The single most important event for the future of DIY punk rock as we know it was the introduction last year of the Apple iPhone.

"He's lost his mind," I hear you say. "The iPhone costs four hundred dollars—how can anything that expensive be punk?" Well, punks have been known to buy guitars (and records!) that cost several times that amount, and an iPhone is five times more punk than a Flying V with a GBH sticker, and ten times more hardcore than a Fix *Jan's Room* with insert. Bear with me.

Apple's iPhone allows you to go about all your punk rocker business, anywhere you want, any time you want. You're on the bus home from work and you want to check on the status of your eBay auctions? No prob-

lem! You can also surf message boards to keep up on the latest punk and hardcore news. No longer do you have to wait until you're home in front of your computer to enjoy the benefits of Terminal Boredom, Shit-Fi, or even Maximumrocknroll.com! You can stream your favorite punk podcasts, or download the latest hardcore hits right from iTunes.

No self-respecting punk rocker is without a MySpace page these days. Keep track of your friend requests and comment wars 'round the clock via the iPhone's wireless Internet access.

Going on tour with your band? Touring will never be the same again. From your iPhone, you can connect with other bands on MySpace to book the tour itself. Keep up with the bookings as you travel, and alert fans to any changes via MySpace bulletins—again, sent from your phone.

Getting lost on the way to the show is a thing of the past: some hippie bands may prefer to "wing it"... not so the modern iPhone-equipped touring unit. You've got maps and directions right there in the palm of your hand. And when you're onstage, don't worry about going out of tune—you can download an application that turns your iPhone into a guitar tuner. That saves you $100 on a regular guitar tuner right there. The iPhone just became an even better deal. (I realize that many punks regard tuning your guitar to be an unnecessarily frivolous show of rock-star-like "chops," so if you fall into this category, feel free to ignore that last part).

Using the iPhone's 2-megapixel digital camera, you can document the tour as you go, and post the best pics to your blog. And speaking of blogs, let's face it—zines are a relic of the past. Rather than writing a zine about sitting in the 24-hour diner drinking muddy coffee all night, then wasting hours of your time at Kinko's trying to scam copies, wouldn't you rather just publish your thoughts and feelings *directly to thousands of readers AS THEY HAPPEN, from the diner itself?* Talk about revolutionary.

I haven't even gotten to the mp3 player part yet. Your iPhone can carry thousands of songs. That's way more songs than anyone but the most pretentious of record collectors could ever need.

In fact, according to a list on Amazon.com, there are only ten essential punk albums. Those are:

1. RANCID - *And Out Come The Wolves*
2. NOFX - *Pump Up The Valium*
3. FUGAZI - *Repeater*
4. PENNYWISE - *Land Of The Free*
5. BOUNCING SOULS - *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*
6. RX BANDITS - *The Resignation*
7. BLACK FLAG - *Damaged*
8. GREEN DAY - *Dookie*
9. BOX CAR RACER - *Box Car Racer*
10. OFFSPRING - *Smash*

Shit, I'm only two for ten. But fire up the iPhone, and I could download the ones I'm missing from iTunes and complete my punk collection! See how easy and convenient Apple has made it to be punk? CRASS said pay no more than $2.99. Apple says pay no more than 99 cents (per song)!

I don't think there's any aspect of the life of your average punk rocker that couldn't be improved by the use of an iPhone. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that if it's not already, in very short order an iPhone will be *essential* for any truly DIY punk. With the technology of the iPhone at our fingertips, there's nothing we can't do. We can finally and instantly mobilize to make a punk takeover of the online airwaves a reality. We've been waiting for this a long time. The struggle has been long and many have been lost along the way. But with the introduction of the iPhone, we have finally won.

It's getting a bit late in the year now but in case anyone's interested I made a podcast (suitable for downloading onto iPhones!) of my year-end Top 10 punk records as printed in the last issue. You can download it from my blog at www.allanmcnaughton.com. It's my first attempt at any kind of podcast but it was quite enjoyable so I might do more in the future.

Any other keen-eyed readers spot the deliberate (?!) mistake in my column in issue #297? Belfast punk documentary *Shellshock Rock* featured a lot of great bands, but Huddersfield, England's Xpozez wasn't one of them. That's what happens when you do your column late at night and at the last minute. Aren't the editors supposed to catch that sort of thing? (*Shurely shome mishtake. — Non-existent Ed.)* A free one-month subscription goes out to Fat Bob from Gypsy Hill for being the first to notice.

See you in May.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609

Getting Milked

Long ago I actually liked Gus Van Sant's movies. In high school, I got all excited about *Drugstore Cowboy*—Kelly Lynch's swagger and Matt Dillon's eyebrows, sure—but mostly that counterculture allure that'll never again be so tantalizing. Pills, yes, pills—I wanted to float above myself and dream my way into drugstore heists too. I was in hysterics when William Burroughs threw down a cameo as a junkie priest—that was before I knew he'd killed his wife.

By the time *My Own Private Idaho* came out, with River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves, I'd escaped high school so I had a bit more critical engagement—I refused to see it until years later, after I'd already turned my share of tricks—of course I immediately recognized the trick's worldview in the glamorization of the wayward boys living it up in a decadent squat. But it was a relatively benevolent depiction; mostly it was just kind of silly compared to the reality of dealing with tricks like Gus Van Sant. *Elephant*, which reenacted a Columbine-style high school massacre, jaded art fag style, was the movie that made me promise never again to see a Van Sant movie. Right after the movie, a woman came up to me and said, "Who do you think shot the second guy, was it his friend or a third gun? It looked like he was shot from behind. That's really intriguing." Intriguing.

Sure, the lighting varied from scene to scene, focus faded in and out while time ran in circles, and if this sounds like a distant assessment when the movie was about murder, well that's how it was made—to make you think: who cares. And: teenagers are so stupid! What scintillating cultural analysis.

But now Gus Van Sant is ready to exploit the life of Harvey Milk, who in 1977 became the first openly gay elected official in a large US city. Filming is now taking place "on location" in San Francisco's legendary gay Castro district, former home to Milk's camera shop, from where he mounted his successful political campaign for a seat on the Board of Supervisors (San Francisco's city council). A few years later, Milk was assassinated (along with San Francisco John Moscone) by Dan White, a more conservative member of the Board of Supervisors. In the highly-publicized trial, White's lawyers argued that, in spite of the fact that he'd entered City Hall through a window, with a loaded gun in one pocket and an extra round of ammunition in the other, he could not be guilty of premeditated murder because he'd become deranged by eating too many Twinkies (the famous "Twinkie defense").

Oh, but wait—you'll love this—Sean Penn is playing Harvey Milk. Gay-for-pay is so hot these days, he'll probably win an Oscar. And I love this quote from Dan Jinks, one of the producers of the movie (he's an "independent" producer who sometimes

sells his movies to Warner Bros. and sometimes to DreamWorks): "Our great hope is this will revitalize this district and make it a major tourist destination."

Revitalize the Castro, where you're lucky if you can rent a flat for under $4000, or buy property for under a million? Make it a major tourist destination? Everyone who's ever set foot in the Castro knows that it's filled with tourists from around the world—who else would buy rainbow flag toilet paper and sock puppet briefs, or whatever trinkets they're selling at those cheerful underwear boutiques?

Oh, I know what Jinks means—straight tourists: make way for the next wave of gentrification! It seems that everyone from current politicians to friends and lovers of Harvey Milk is clambering to serve as a spokesperson for the new Milk movie. State Assemblyman Mark Leno (who represents San Francisco) claims he was so inspired by the filming of the movie that he's proposing an official state holiday in honor of Harvey Milk, to coincide with the premiere of the movie. Maybe it can be called Milking It Day.

Cleve Jones, who worked as a student intern in Milk's City Hall office (and later started the AIDS Memorial Quilt), now serves as a consultant for the Van Sant film. Presumably he is one of the few Milk movie boosters on the Van Sant payroll, which allows him to churn out such preposterous quotes as, "Just moments before the cameras went on, the clouds parted, the sun shone through and an enormous rainbow peered through above us." Or, even better, encouraging a crowd of extras before the recreation of the candlelight march that took place after Milk's murder, "We made history on these streets and we're gonna do it again tonight."

Visitors to San Francisco can perhaps be excused for seeing throngs of people marching down Market Street in the middle of the night as an upsurge in local activism. But remaking historical moments from pain-and-glory days of the past is hardly the same thing as making history in the present.

San Francisco in 2008 is no longer the city it was in the 1970s, when queers fled abusive and horrifying and stifling families and places of origin to move to San Francisco in the thousands and join dissident subcultures of splendor and defiance. Of course, queers still flee those abusive and horrifying and stifling families and places of origin, it's just that the hyper-gentrified San Francisco of 2008 barely offers the space to breathe, let alone dream.

But there is more violence in the excitement around reenactment over critical engagement. After all, it's the smiling gay men who came to San Francisco in the 1970s who have consistently fought misogynist, racist, classist, ageist battles—from carding policies to policing practices to zoning battles—to ensure that their neighborhood (Harvey Milk's Castro) remain a home only for the rich, white, and male (or at least those who assimilate to white, middle-class norms). This is the tragedy that will surely not be explored in the Gus Van Sant "biopic." In fact, with all of the rhetoric around "revitalizing the neighborhood" and bringing more straight tourists and real estate speculators to get all googly-eyed over cutesy Victorians and tastefully-decorated condoplexes, it's quite possible that these smiling gays are active participants in their own cultural erasure.

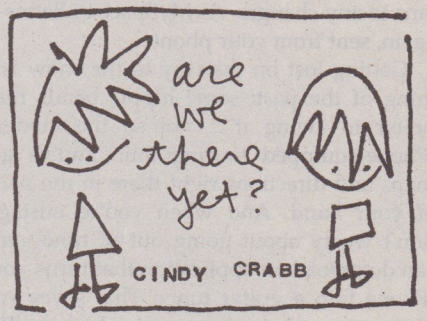
Even more disturbing is the sight of queer, non-mainstream and counterculture-affiliated San Franciscans, some of them even present in the 1970s, rushing to don '70s realness drag and carry candles while guarded by a police escort. The rhetoric goes that this time in history will finally be memorialized for the general public. Kind of like Gus Van Sant's scene-by-scene remake of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, I guess.

But wait—*The Times of Harvey Milk*, a 1984 documentary, already won an Oscar. But no one can revitalize history like a gay "indie" director with a death fetish. "**NO** Garish bright colors such as BRIGHT white or red, or 'Wacky' disco-themed '70s 'Halloween Costumes,'" ends the list of wardrobe selections for the new movie. That's right—no one in the 1970s wore garish bright colors or "wacky" outfits.

After Dan White's 1979 trial, when he was convicted of manslaughter instead of murder and given a sentence of four to twelve years, rioting queers torched police cars, battled cops, and smashed the windows and doors of City Hall. Later that night, vengeful cops went to the Castro and smashed the windows of a local bar, The Elephant Walk (now Harvey's), entered the bar to beat up patrons and destroy fixtures, and swung their batons into anyone in the Castro unlucky enough to be outside of the time. The 1984 documentary shows great footage of police cars in flames, but includes no mention of the resulting police violence. I'm wondering, actually, if the new Van Sant film will end at the candlelight march, thus avoiding talk about such market-unfriendly issues as property destruction as a political act or systemic police violence against queers. After all, straight tourists don't like to hear about gay people fighting back!

Unfortunately, San Francisco in 2008 is more of a playground for the wealthy than a space for the delirious potential of dissidence. But there are still plenty of reasons to protest (and tons of police cars around, just waiting for the flames to emerge). Got housing? Got health care? Got citizenship? Nope, we're just getting milked.

My most recent anthology is Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity—feel free to tell me what you think! You can also check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com. These days I'm the reviews editor at the brilliant new feminist magazine Make/shift, where I also have a column but only twice a year (that's how often the magazine comes out). I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via my new homepage (the URL has changed, and there's a glamorous new design), www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.



The statistics are something like this: one third of all women in America have an abortion by the time they're 45, and half of those women have more than one. But it is still so stigmatized and not talked about. I want it to be talked about. I want guys to figure out how to be supportive if a person they had sex with gets pregnant because of it and wants an abortion. There are some very basic ways to support.

Pay for the abortion. I honestly think that the guy should offer to pay for the whole thing, because he isn't the one having to have the procedure. If you don't have money, there are ways to get it. Borrow. Work. Steal. Once I had a friend who was kind of skeezy and always broke, but he had an "abortion fund" savings that he never touched (until needed). There is also a national group called Fund For Women that helps women pay for their abortions, so you can research that, see if there's funds available in your area (National Network of Abortion Funds: 617-524-6040, www.nnaf.org). If you didn't help pay for one earlier in your life, now is the time to do it. Write her. Send her money.

Don't leave town. Even if you had important plans, it is more important to be there for her through all this, even if she seems tough. Be there. Before, during and after.

Research the different abortion options,

and where the clinics are, and figure out how to get her transportation there and back.

Don't get defensive. I mean, even if she is being mean or doesn't want you around. For lots of women pregnancy and abortion can bring up lots of feelings, lots of shitty feelings or scared feelings or anger. They're usually pretty valid. You might be having a lot of feelings too, but for the most part you should probably save them for later. I mean, don't close up, but don't make your shit be the focus.

Don't push your ideas about abortion on her. She might have different, complex beliefs. It is different in essential ways when it is your body that it's happening to.

Read about abortion and people's experiences with it. There's a zine called *Mine: an Anthology of Women's Choices* that has stories—it is $3 from PO Box 29, Athens, OH 45701, and also check out the Feminist Women's Health Center at website www.fwhc.org.

If she doesn't hate you, or may be even if she just kind of hates you, get her chocolate and flowers. I'm serious. Unless she hates that shit—then get her other presents that she likes. I swear, this is important. Be nice.

I think it's important to talk with the people you hook up with about what you would do if you got pregnant. Really talk about it, beyond the "what would you want to do?" "get an abortion" talk. I mean, talk about it more in depth. Like, what are your beliefs about pregnancy termination? Have you ever had one or been with someone who had one before? Is there an abortion provider in your area, in your state?

In the early '90s we talked about abortion a lot more than we do now. The religious right was picketing clinics and shooting doctors and the punks were doing clinic defense, starting women's health groups, experimenting with herbal abortion, trying to learn about menstrual extraction. Our bodies were a battleground, and we were fighting. I always thought this momentum would just grow and grow until we all knew how to take care of each other, and the experience of pregnancy termination wouldn't be so lonely and alienated. It didn't happen that way. I don't know where the momentum went. The need now is more than ever. Even though the liberals won some laws to protect clinics, abortion access is worse than ever. State funding was cut, and the right wing mostly won. There are states were there are no abortion providers. Most women have to travel more than three hours to get to a clinic. I think they made it a felony to transport a minor into a state that doesn't have parental consent laws. The media and laws and have been really successful at changing the way we look at pregnancy. The "fetal rights" agenda has made the fetus separate from and more important than the woman. They are still forcibly sterilizing women. They are still pathologizing our bodies and our cycles. Children of women of color are still being stolen by state-run "Child Protective Services." There is still no real reproductive freedom. Our bodies are still a battleground. We still need to fight.

Recommended books and zines:
Abortion Without Apology, by Ninia Baehr
Killing the Black Body, by Dorothy Roberts
The Story of Jane: The Legendary Underground Feminist Abortion Service, by Laura Kaplan
Women Under Attack, ed. Susan Davis
Undivided Rights, ed. Sillman, Fried, Ross, and Gutierrez
Witches Midwives and Nurses, by Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English
Jane: Documents from Chicago's Clandestine Abortion Service 1968-1973
Mine: An Anthology of Women's Choices, and *Mine: an Anthology of Reproductive Rights*

These last four I have available through my distro and they are $3 each: PO Box 29, Athens, OH 45701.

Other resources:
Feminist Women's Health Centers (www.fwhc .org). This group was founded by women who were doing underground abortions before abortion was legal.
National Network of Abortion Funds (617-524-6040. www.nnaf.org).
Backline (1-888-493-0092). This is a service where you can talk on the phone to a trained volunteer to explore all your options around pregnancy. It is recommended by the Feminist Women's Health Organization, and is not anti-choice.
Exhale (1-866-439-4253). This is for talking to someone about feelings or questions that come up after an abortion.

don't try

by dave

A band whose importance cannot be understated is Throbbing Gristle. OK, they aren't a metal band, that's true, but their influence is important for bands of all underground genres. As the founders of industrial music, they pioneered a style that at the time was the antithesis of punk; it was happening concurrently (mid to late '70s), and in some ways was meant to mock it.

Throbbing Gristle was acutely aware of punk's repackaging of inept rock music as pop culture rebellion. They had been working for years already as a performance art group known as Coum Transmissions. Throbbing Gristle was the members' attempt to infiltrate pop culture and media in a rock band context, while delivering music and performances that simultaneously rejected, devoured, exploited, and regurgitated all mass media, holding up a very ugly mirror for the punk scene, the art world, and Britain's ruling class, who deemed the band "Wreckers of Civilization."

Throbbing Gristle's music was an aural collage of sampled sounds, Genesis P-Orridge's inept bass-playing that made Sid look like a virtuoso, cornet from Cosey Fanni Tutti, and primitive analog synthesizers and other homemade "instruments" from Peter Christopherson and Chris Carter.

But the music was only part of the Throbbing Gristle concept. The band started Industrial Records to release their own recordings—one of the first bands to do so. They were one of the early bands to experiment with video manipulation. They printed and sent out a newsletter and postcards containing Throbbing Gristle news, art and manifestos. They had specially made "uniforms" that they wore at times. In Genesis, they found a mouthpiece and ideological spokesperson and had a very realized and thought-out "mission" that encompassed many facets of media.

The term "industrial" would unfortunately be hijacked later on to describe electronic rock bands like Ministry and Skinny Puppy, and even more embarrassingly, Rammstein—a bastardization of the term that has nothing to do with Throbbing Gristle and some of their early counterparts like SPK and (early-era) Cabaret Voltaire. In the present day, the power electronics scene bears the closest resemblance to anything that Throbbing Gristle embodied, although there too, the differences are major.

Like the Pistols, Throbbing Gristle played their last show in San Francisco at Kezar Pavilion in 1981. The band's history is inextricably linked to punk rock because of where they are from and the time period at which they came onto the scene, but musically Throbbing Gristle couldn't be farther away from it. And while most early punk has not aged well, Throbbing Gristle's music sounds as though it could be current today. Members went on to play in Psychic TV, Coil, and Chris & Cosey.

Part of the reason I bring up Throbbing Gristle now, aside from their overall importance to contemporary music, is because they've recently released a seven-DVD box

set containing a host of early material as well as more recent stuff from the band's reformation period of the last few years. Unlike most reformed groups, Throbbing Gristle's 21st century incarnation has yielded a surprisingly good new album, *The Endless Not*, and live performances that are merely informed by their early period rather than imitating it.

The box set is a beautifully packaged numbered edition of 2000 copies. It comes packaged with a 60-page mini-book of photos and texts by band members. Throbbing Gristle documented nearly everything they ever did, including every live show (released on two box sets and about 35 CDs) and now they've finally released a definitive visual document. The older footage, the band states, is meant for documentation and was filmed with very early handheld VHS recorders. It's not meant as standard rock video fare, but simply for historical purposes. The set is currently only available directly through the band's website, www.throbbing-gristle.com. And while expensive, it's an essential purchase for any Throbbing Gristle fan, of which there are many, and for collectors of early punk artifacts, as a document of one of the scene's most fringe bands.

With that out of the way, we can move on to some current albums making the rounds. Lots of relatively mediocre stuff this month and a few above-averages. Draconian is a Swedish band whose sound most closely resembles a not-as-awesome version of Katatonia when they still had heavy vocals. Their latest album is *Turning Season Within* on the Napalm label. A major bummer about this album is the overuse, and just the use in general, of the ethereal female vocal parts. I know this is a big thing in Europe, with bands like Nightwish achieving practically mainstream success, but to me it ruins an otherwise totally average record. It's got a goth downer feel throughout and so it's not surprising it was recorded at a studio called Fascination Street and has a song called "Bloodflower." I guess they like The Cure. One of the most entertaining things about the CD was that in some of the songs the music drops low and a vampiric German voice comes on and says, *"You are listening to the new Draconian album Turning Season Within."* The dude sounds like the governor of Kali-for-nia. That gave me a good laugh. Unfortunately that was the best part of this average record. They may sell boatloads in Europe but this shit ain't gonna fly in the States.

Grimbane has ex-Blasphemy maestro Necrosleezer (renamed Barbarous) among its ranks and as you'd expect, delivers raw war-tinged necro black metal. Their debut album *Let The Empires Fall* has just been released by my Port Orchard neighbors at Moribund. A mix of older Canadian and Finnish sounds in this one, a la Conqueror or old Impaled Nazarene, though not as good as either. "Cauldron Of Burning Iron" mixes some slower material and acoustic parts into the hyberblast stew, while "God Cremated" has a more melancholic vibe to start before plunging headlong back into violence. There's a good amount of spoken samples on the album, which I'm always a fan of as long as I don't recognize them. Vocally the dude comes from the satanic Popeye school of Immortal and Attila Csihar. File under not bad but ultimately forgettable.

For a band that's apparently been around for well over 20 years, Satan's Host sounds surprisingly modern. These dudes come from Boulder, Colorado and at one time featured the singer of Jag Panzer in their ranks. But the guys ain't playing power metal anymore. Their horribly titled new album *Great American Scapegoat* has elements of Polish bands like Behemoth and Vader heavily informing its latter-day blackened death approach. Petagno cover art on this too.

How come the demos I get are so often better than the shit actually being released on record labels? Say hello to Salome, some bludgeoning doomsludge with a Graves At Sea guitar sound that gets all gummed up in your ears. The vocalist Kat sounds a bit like the dude from Rwake and she also does some vocals for Agoraphobic Nosebleed. She's mixed a little low and this is deeply heavy considering there's no bass player in this band, which they should consider adding. Four songs and over forty minutes of primo doom with a groove. Contact 'em at myspace.com/salomedoom and salomedoom@hotmail.com.

Bastard Of The Skies from the UK has a new four-song demo out. This is heavy sludgey rock that'll sit well with those into stuff like Iron Monkey, Kyuss maybe even Laudanum. Good sound for a demo and songs like "You, Foe" and "A Traitor In The Herd" have a catchiness to them that defies the bands relatively brief life. It's not something I'll rock repeatedly but those into the aforementioned bands and some of the sludgier AmRep stuff will dig this. Contact 'em at myspace.com/bastardoftheskies.

The death doom masters return! Sweden's Runemagick are back again with what seems like their hundredth album. Actually it's probably the tenth or so, but this band has been prolific as hell and still every album is a killer—not a turd among them. Runemagick is another Nicke Terror aka Nicklas Rudolfsson project and the dude has always had tons of metal glory coursing through his fingertips. Deathwitch, The Funeral Orchestra, even Sacramentum were all worthy of praise. But Runemagick has been the one that's lasted.

Runemagick has long taken the Swedish death sound, which was always infected with a cancerous Autopsy worship, and doomified it even more, making whole albums that wreak of one of Autopy's doomiest gems, "In The Grip Of Winter." The only other band really pulling weight with the doom death sound these days is Coffins, but while their sound owes as much to Hellhammer/Frost nostalgia as to the old Bay Area deathgods, you won't find much of that with Runemagick. This is pure Swedish meatballz with little to no Swiss cheese influence.

"Voyage To Desolation," "Chthonic Temple Smoke," and "Retaliation" continue the Runemagick tradition of hooks and more hooks of the best death doom riffage around. The album is called *Voyage To Desolation/Dawn Of The End* and this North American version is released by the newly minted Enucleation Records who also released Coffins' *The Other Side Of Blasphemy* on 2xLP recently. What are you waiting for? It's Runemagick. Go get it! And while you're at it pick up some of the others like "Envenom," "On Funeral Wings," and "Death, Doom, Destruction."

I've liked well enough some of the previous material of Norway's Audiopain so I was hoping to be blown away with a full-on thrash assault on their new one, *The Switch To Turn Off Mankind* released on the Vendlus label. In light of the neverending thrash revival going on right now I had hoped these guys, who've been doing it since the late '90s, would show the new school posers how it's done. But alas, this is merely average and comes off like a poor man's Aura Noir. Thrashin' riffs abound, but that's about all these tunes are; riff collections without the songs to back it up—similar to a lot of the new wave of disposable thrash. That's one thing all these bands miss out on. The old bands had songs! Good ones. Even the crossover bands. If you can't get enough thrash, check out Audiopain. They are good enough, but you'd do right to first check out Aura Noir's "Deep Tracts Of Hell" or even "Merciless" for some ugly raw thrashin' that dwarfs this in quality and will leave any maniac with a severe morning bangover.

Another release on the Napalm label comes from Isole (pronounced ee-so-lay) and their latest fullbanger *Bliss Of Solitude*. Any guesses based on the title? It's epic doom metal, played good and heavy on the guitar sound and with trad vocal stylings. This doom school often lives and dies by the vocals. At the top of the genre you have people like Messiah from Candlemass and Robert Lowe from Solitude Aeternus. You

can't really hope to live up to those guys unless your name is Ronnie James, but the dude(s) in this band pull the job adequately enough. The vocals are layered giving the impression of multiple vocalists a lot of the time and they include some harmonies in spots. The guitar sound is clean but meaty as it should be and the riffing tends more to the sad and dramatic then catchy hooks but always keeping it heavy. Those into Warning, My Dying Bride, and the 'Mass can probably get behind this and give it a good reacharound.

Indian from Chicago returns this month with a new CD that combines two limited LPs, *Slights And Abuse* and *The Sycophant*. What you've got with Indian is a noise rock and doom milkshake that's got thickly layered guitars mixed with a healthy dose of furious anger. If bands like (the true) Middian, Buzzoven, or even Akimbo scratch that itch, then Indian likely will do the same. This CD didn't crush my skull as I hoped it would based on what I'd heard, and I won't listen to it repeatedly, but I'm eager to check them out live. Somehow I missed Indian at Emissions last year, which is unfortunate because this sounds like it will come off better live. That's not to say that this record isn't good, but this is live music to be sure. The band will be touring the West Coast around the time this column hits. Indiandoom.com

Looking back in time this month we'll turn to an album by Sweden's October Tide. *Grey Dawn* was the second and seemingly final release from this project of Katatonia's Jonas Renske and Fredrick Normann. At one point Katatonia broke up for a while and Anders Nystrom turned to his project Diabolical Masquerade while the other dudes continued with October Tide, which was pretty much a continuation of everything Jonas brought to Katatonia. Not only a continuation, but one that combined elements of Katatonia's best album *Brave Murder Day* with the direction later Katatonia albums would take.

Opener "Grey Dawn" is probably the best track on the album and stands alongside any of the tunes on *Brave Murder Day*. The vocalist sounds so much like Mike from Opeth, who handled vocal duties on "Brave Murder Day," it's almost uncanny (pun intended, trivia freaks). The main riff is an absolute killer and the chorus is ultra-memorable. The break in the middle of the song leads into some tasteful soloing and melancholic rhythms before going back to the main theme again one more time. This is October Tide's hit single.

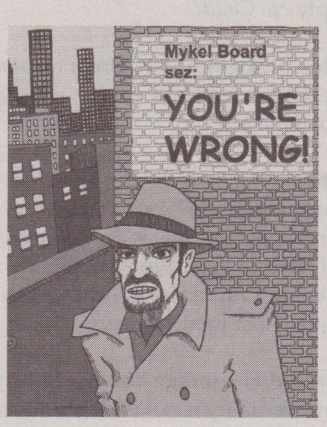
"Heart Of The Dead" is another highlight of the album with several Opeth-like moments and it leads into "Floating" a song that has a sort of tragic elegance in its mournful sadness. The album ends with the acoustic downer "Dear Sun."

The simple 4/4 drum patterns so prevalent on *Brave Murder Day* are utilized here again to underscore and highlight the riffs and melodies. The drums are just a fragile backbone. Although the term "funeral doom" is associated more with bands like Skepticism and Tyranny, even Asunder, in some sense it would seem equally appropriate in describing October Tide.

October Tide had an earlier full-length called *Rain Without End* which, while not as good as *Grey Dawn*, is nonetheless essential for any Katatonia fan and features Jonas's final "harsh" vocal performance. *Grey Dawn* was originally released in 1999 by the Avantegarde label from Italy and has recently been re-released by Peaceville, Katatonia's current label. *Rain Without End* is also set for a re-release sometime this year by its original label Vic Records. I had a copy of it at one time but mistakenly let a friend borrow it and never saw it again. Anyone into European doom should give *Grey Dawn* a listen.

That's it for this month, folks. I've received letters from several of you in the last few months. While I appreciate you taking the time to write letters I just don't have time to answer them at this point in my life, so don't be offended if you don't hear from me. I've never been good at writing letters to people. Contact info remains the same for now and the blog will be updated once this column has been on the stands for three or four weeks.

Dave, 120 State Ave. NE #136, Olympia, WA 98501, donttry@20buckspin.com



Jeezus Fuckin' Christ. My head feels like it's in one of those machines that squeezes trucks into two-foot metal cubes. My tongue is sandpaper. Last night's fried calamari squirmed through my intestines. It reassembled itself. Now it swims with a vengeance toward the anal porthole. I can't stand up. Maybe if I roll gently out of bed, I can crawl to the bathroom. Ah, that's better. Now all I need is sleep. Then, the baby cries. Please! Let me sleep! I just need some sleep!

BACK TO SOBRIETY: This column will be published in *MRR*'s April issue, but I'm writing it in January. It's a warm January. Too warm to keep that phalanx of mothers and nannies pushing, dragging, carrying, their little charges around New York on a never-ending quest to annoy just about everyone.

The brats have taken over. Strollers drag-race down Bleecker Street demanding priority passage in the name of procreation. Chocolate-covered toddlers leave handprints on anything I might be inclined to pick up. Isn't there anyone who wants to *do* something about the mess? Well, yes. In fact, there is.

Dr. Tyaniche Nogy is as weird as his name. He's a little guy, about 70, with wild gray hair and a pointed white goatee. His glasses, dorky-looking suit, and general demeanor make him look like Bill Gates in Trotsky drag.

Despite our ideological agreement, I don't really like the guy. He's personally insulting. He laughs at other people's expense. He coughs like he'll keel over any minute. His only good point is, he's right. And he has a brilliant idea.

For the rest of this column, I'll let him use his own words to describe what he's doing. Here's my interview with him. My questions are in boldface.

***

Well, Ty, I want to thank you for agreeing to this interview. I'm fascinated by your idea. Could you explain it for our readers?

First, I am *not* Ty. My name is Tyaniche. It's Russian. It means *one destined for greatness*. Second, I forgot. What do you want me to do?

I'd like you to explain your organization and your larger plan.

Oh yes. *A Year Without Kids* is an umbrella group for those who support our plan to mark 2011 as the year when no one will have children. The plan is...

Before we get to the plan, could you explain the reasoning behind it?

[Coughs fiercely.] Too bad your toupee didn't come with brains in it.

It's not a toupee. It's a transplant.

Listen you little schmuck, I don't care if it's grass seed. If you didn't understand the reasoning, you wouldn't be here. What're you asking me this stuff for?

I know what you think. I just want to make it clear for the readers. Why do you

propose a year without kids... or at least a year without births?

[He sighs, and smoothes an errant gray hair poking out of his right eyebrow] OK, let's go through the eight basic reasons.

Populations on the earth are increasing much faster than the resources to feed and house them. This creates poverty and war. Without children, there are more resources to go around.

Most of the soldiers in the world are youngsters, sometimes children. Without children—and the young adults they become—wars will disappear because there will be no one to fight them.

Throughout the world, governments use children as excuses for every kind of repression, for every law that creates crimes with no victims. In America, you have to show your ID to get into a bar. Why? So children don't drink. TV shows are censored. Even a single breast is banned. Why? Because children might see it. Without children, the world would be a freer place. It would...

What about the evils of kids in airplanes... and restaurants?

Would you let me finish? What is it with you? Who's the one being interviewed here? I couldn't get a word in if I folded it in half! As I was saying...

Children are annoying. They scream in airplanes and restaurants. They make messes that other people have to clean up. They claim special privileges like first seating or an extra high chair. They use resources and perpetuate age-ism.

Children spread diseases. They drool all over the place. Maladies like mumps or measles are short-lived and harmless in children, but if spread to a real person, they can be fatal.

Children are a social burden. Millions of dollars are spent on them. They use healthcare systems disproportionately. They eat many times their own weight. Just being SUVed back and forth to the pediatrician uses more gas than a Mac Truck circling the globe. Worse than that, our so-called education system educates no one. It exists to turn kids into adults—which are exactly what they would become if we left them alone! How much money is wasted on elementary schools, jungle gyms, sandboxes? They should fill 'em with quicksand. [He laughs. That quickly turns into a cough.]

Children are a barrier to human contact and compassion. Everybody knows the girl who has a cocker spaniel or adopted alley cat. "My baby," she calls it. "My sweetie." Oh yeah. But just wait until she drops her own puppies. POW! The poor pet is kicked out of the way to make crawlspace for the little gurgling mass of pink (or yellow or brown) flesh. Same for friends. *"Best friend for ever and ever."* Yeah right. As soon as the whelp sticks its bald head into the world. Shazam! Friends? What friends?

Children destroy the future. As long as there are children, there can be no real progress. Parents work, create, make money, live their lives for their kids rather than for themselves or the future of humanity. When the kids grow up, they live for *their* kids. It's a big circle. Nothing moves forward. You always go back to square one. To the kid. And the kid's kid.

So why not stop *all* childbirths instead of limiting yourself to one year?

You live in Moronsville or what? Can you build a house just by nailing together a bunch of two by fours? No! You have to lay a foundation first. That's what we're doing here.

The Year Without Children is a demo. A show version. Once people see how much things improve... how easy their lives become... they will demand more. We can't do everything at once. We have to have realistic immediate goals, then greater long-term ideals. A *year* without children is a realistic goal. A *world* without children is only a dream. But it is a dream that can become a reality if we lay the proper foundation.

Do you really think it's possible to get countries to agree to stop new births within their borders... even for a year?

Why not? For years, China had a successful one-child program. It's not so far to go from a one-child program to a no-child program. Even George W. had something called *No Child Left Behind.* How far is it from that to simply *No Child?*

Is this idea gonna cut down on sex?

You're worried? You go to a urologist for psychoanalysis?

Huh?

Your brains are in your dick! Anyway, the answer is no. People will have *more* sex. They'll know they won't have to worry about being saddled with little rug rats as a consequence of their pleasure.

So you'd encourage homosexuality?

Homosexuality is not enough. We encourage anal sex. Oral sex. Anything that doesn't breed. You may not be aware of it, but heterosexuals also engage in anal sex. *(Wiseguy!)* We don't want to discourage any kind of sex. In fact, the ability to have sex without the fear of having children will be liberating. Just like the pill in the '60s. People will be screwing without fear.

What about disease?

Children *are* a disease. But you're right. There are other diseases. However, the money freed up by not having to care for little brats can go into finding cures for those. Without constantly being bombarded with childhood asthma or juvenile diabetes or *birth defects*... The way to eliminate birth defects is to eliminate births!

So you'd encourage abortion.

Encourage it? We'd mandate it! You pop a puppy and blam! Into the vegomatic. There are a lot of hungry people in the world, we could...

You'd feed them fetuses?

Did you go to retard school or what? We can't feed people fetuses, that'd be cannibalism. But, we can mulch fetuses and use them as fertilizer. It's the basic way of nature. Animals die. They rot. Turn into topsoil. Plants grow from the topsoil. Animals eat the plants and the whole thing starts again. We just speed up the process. As fetuses are 100 percent organic, they would prove a boon to organic farming and the health-conscious people who consume those products.

OK, Any final words? How can people attracted to your idea contact you? How can we help?

First, smarten up. Stop being such a shmuck. Next, write your congressman, mayor, the president, the UN. Tell 'em you support A *Year Without Kids.* Tell 'em why. We're just starting with the website, so there's not much there right now. I do everything myself. If you've got website skills—or skills in anything but spurting offspring, I could use your help. Email me at: TNogy@yearwithoutkids.org

Anything else?

Yes! Stop making babies. Stop supporting people who make babies. Stop coochie-cooing, aww-ing, and chin-chucking babies. Spit when you pass a stroller. Click your tongue. Sit in a bus seat before a poppin' momma can get to it. Let doors close in the face of expectant mothers. Throw back *It's a Boy* cigars saying "Give it to the kid. Maybe it'll get cancer." Do anything in your power to discourage the scourge of childbirth.

—End of Interview—

***

Well, buckaroos. That's it for this month. I want to thank Dr. Nogy (even if he is kind of a jerk), and *A Year Without Kids.* It's a brilliant idea whose time has come.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykeboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykeboard.com) will get live links and a chance

to email comment on the column]

FIRST, THREE ENDNOTES ABOUT KIDS:

—> *Sports Abortion Dept:* In Florida, a 15-year-old boy threw a football and hit a pregnant woman. She miscarried and the baby died. Florida law says "anyone who causes an unborn baby's death as a result of an attack on the baby's mother commits a homicide." In Florida, abortion is legal. So if someone attacks mom, and the baby unintentionally dies, it's homicide. If mom decides that the baby should *intentionally* die, that's fine.

To which I say, "huh?"

—> *The Right Gift for Tots dept:* Annoyed by the kid? Kyle sent me info about an organization called THE ECOLOGY CENTER. They tested 1200 children's toys for toxic chemicals. Here's the scoop. If you want to give something with lead, choose: *Dinner Party Tea Set, Elmo's Take-Along Card Games, Fairies backpack* (yeah!) or my favorite, *Brush Your Teeth Robot,* with the most lead of any item.

You can find lead *and* arsenic in Bug's Backpack! That should do the trick.

In any case, our TRUE PROTECTORS OF THE EARTH BY KILLING CHILDREN AWARD goes to the Tyrrell Katz company, maker of a third of the top fifteen poisonous toys.

—> *Starting Young dept:* Police in New Jersey said it was a typical holiday Grinch tale: A home was broken into on Christmas Eve. Wrapped presents were stolen off a kitchen table.

Little did they know the culprits were kids.

Authorities in South Brunswick say a nine-year-old girl and a five-year-old boy used a gift card to pick the lock on the back door of a home a block away. They made off with about $200 in wrapped presents.

—> *It's Only Natural dept:* In Greeley Co, police arrested a Catholic priest. They charged him with indecent exposure. The cops accused him of "jogging naked in the pre-dawn darkness." The church excused the priest saying the incident "did not involve physical or sexual contact with another individual."

—> *Monk Rock dept*: Kyle also sent me this: It seems as if Buddhism is hitting the skids in Japan. So, in an effort to attract younger people, Japanese monks and nuns from eight major Buddhist sects paraded high-fashion robes and chanted Buddhist prayer to a hip-hop beat. What would Jack Kerouac think?

—> *You Call That a Reward? dept:* In Rancho Cordova, California, cops decided to try pulling *good drivers* over and rewarding them with $5 Starbucks gift cards. Besides considering if a gift card from Starbucks is a reward, you've got to wonder how many drugs are gonna get tossed when those flashing lights appear in the mirror.

—> *Who was Right? dept:* Art Conrad nailed a 15-foot crucifix in front of his Washington house. To the crucifix, he nailed a Santa. It was his protest against the commercialization of Xmas. Neighbors complained.

Funny thing is, when Japan learned about Xmas right after World War II, one of the department stores had the same display: a crucified Santa. They thought it represented the real spirit of Xmas. People said the Japanese didn't get it. I think the Japanese were righter than they knew.

—> *Is That a Pigbrain in Your Pocket or... dept:* In Austin Minnesota, 11 workers at the "head table" began suffering from "numbness and immune disorders." These workers use compressed air to remove pigbrains from skulls. Microbiologists think that the brains could be blasted into the air. The workers then inhaled whatever disease the pigs have. No word on humans who eat those brains... or even where they go once blasted. Spam anyone?

—> *This from Jeff:* Ms. Magazine has long been a screeching voice of anti-pornography and female supremacy. Apparently, that is not the case if the females are Israeli.

Jeff sent me a report that the magazine turned down an American Jewish Congress advertisement that did nothing more controversial than show that women occupy three powerful positions in Israel. The proposed ad included text that said only, *"This is Israel,"* under photographs of President of the Supreme Court, Dorit Beinish, Vice Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Tzipi Livni and Knesset Speaker, Dalia Itzik.

"What other conclusion can we reach," asked Richard Gordon, President of AJC, "except that the publishers are so hostile to Israel that they do not even want to see an ad that says something positive about Israel?"

When the Director of AJC's Commission for Women's Empowerment tried to place the ad, Ms. Mag said that publishing the ad "will set off a firestorm."

A Ms. Magazine representative, Susie Gilligan, told the AJC rep that the magazine "would love to have an ad from you on women's empowerment, or reproductive freedom, but not on this." Ms. Gilligan did not say what *"this"* is.

—> *Here's a Tough One for Us Free-speechers dept:* That disgusting Christian group God Hates Fags picketed the funeral of a US Marine. The marine was not a homo, but the group now says that soldiers killed in combat are God's punishment for the US allowing homos to exist freely.

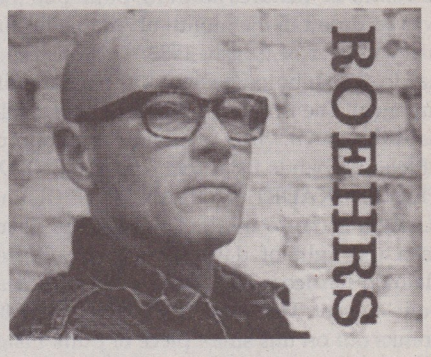
The father of one of the Marines sued the group and won 11 million dollars. Dad says it's not the money (yeah, right), but just the desire to close the church down. David Hudson, a lawyer for the "First Amendment Center" says: "You have a very unpopular group engaging in very unpopular speech. When you have that combination, that can lead to bad law."

I say "You tell 'em Dave!"

I also say that God Hates Fags oughta join NAMBLA and take the case all the way to the Supreme Court. I'll donate to both groups!

—> *Power to What People? Dept:* So there's this liberal radio program called Democracy Now (www.democracynow.org) that's supposed to be the voice of populist liberals. They speak for the poor who can't speak for themselves, they say.

Speaking of the poor, they sent me an invitation to their "star-studded performance." It features, among others: Phil Donahue, Bill Moyers, Susan Sarandon, and Marlo Thomas. Ticket cost? $1000. Of course, if you want the dinner along with the performance it's a little more: $2500.



War Inside My Head

It is just as Mr. Al Quint predicted! Painkiller Records will destroy your safe suburban nightmare! The new moral threat from Painkiller is the band WASTE MANAGEMENT from Brighton, Massachusetts and the immediate environs. These straightedge fucks are so filled with hate! It's as if a beautiful black blossom of animosity was unfolding right before your eyes! The *extremely* negative attitude of WASTE MANAGEMENT is quite refreshing! The kernels of wisdoms just keep spewing from these 24 year old men. Check out "On Dead Weight." "Talking shit is what you're about... Don't like it? Get fucked! There's the door – You're out!" Fuck yes!! On "Bad Medicine" WASTE MANAGEMENT don't mince words: "Smoke it, drink it – Escape from reality / Medicate – Hide from your life / Medicate – Cover it up / Medicate – Mind destruction." Yes! Do you fucks get it?? The stakes are even higher on "Get Your Mind Right." Read

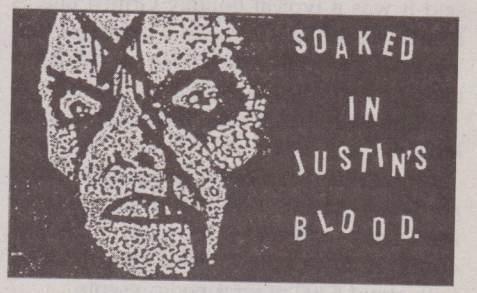
this uncomfortable shit: "War is on inside my head / Daily struggle to exist… / Can't conform – Be one of them / Get your mind right!" Fuck yes! This powerful hardcore touches on crucial subjects affecting the lives of young people everywhere—The importance of the ideas become more important than the adherence to sobriety or drinking! The vision of the young person trying to survive is so fucking vivid in this poignant song. Read the lyrics to "Strangled" : "Crowded room – I start to sweat… / These fucking people make me sick… / Hating this world, it's just my way… / Born annoyed – Screw this place! / War in the head – It won't go away…" Yes sir! That's desperate shit! This nerve-wracking 7" is representative of these troubled times! Get yours from Painkiller Records, 516 Green St. #1B, Cambridge, MA 02139 USA, www.painkillerrecords.com

Fuck! Mr. Yannick has shaken your paltry little world to its very foundations! Last month Feral Ward Records released a brain-destroying seven inch hardcore slab by legendary Finnish punks VAURIO. The *Sortoa Ja Vainoa* EP features scathing punk bile that was recorded in the month of August in that halcyon year of thrash: 1983. This blistering hardcore exhibition has not lost one bit of its urgency! The six songs offered here could hold their own with the monumental output of leading bands from that era. APPENDIX, TERVEET KADET, KANSAN UUTISET, and KAÄOS come to mind. This shit has never seen the light of day—Now you self-proclaimed hardcore kids will have to reassess your worth! The punk rock that VAURIO cranks out on this small piece of punk history will astound you. The obvious foundation is solid rock and roll laced with lethal punk venom! Side A teases you with a rhythmic track "Jeesus On Herra" that only hints at the punk rock forthcoming! "Jaahyväiset Maailmalle" fucking grabs you by the throat and drags you up front! Song three "Nuoruus On Maimtuvaa" continues the damage perpetuated on your pantywaists! This music is full-strength rock 'n' roll with a cauldron of punk nastiness pushing your face down on the floor! Fucking brutal! Absolutely stunning! Flip the EP over! It's hard to comprehend the frantic punk rock that boils out of the grooves on "Kinnian Kentst." The desperate edge of side A has now taken on a menacing facade! This music is not merely a challenge—now you have a fucking full-fledged rock 'n' roll threat! Song two on side B, "Ajattslee," presents the punk rock demon cultivated to the most unsavory level! This song displays the punk rock chops associated with Mr.'s Harper and Garrett of UK SUBS while calmly eviscerating you with thrash—All done with a casual aid—Stupendous! The last track on this Feral Ward Records triumph is the title cut "Sortoa Ja Vainoa." Once again all your safe-as-milk punk rock references are reduced to stagnant bilge water! This punk rock has more danger lurking in one verse than most current bands can summon up in an entire career! The lyrics are entirely in Finnish. The photocopy sleeve reeks of the Propaganda Records era. The music is a joy to behold! Thanks go to Mr. Yannick! Contact Feral Ward! Hitch your pathetic wagon to this wild hardcore steam engine!

Holy fuck! No Way Records keeps dispersing the punk rock venom straight from the maladjusted kids to the other fucked up kids! You have already heard of SOCIAL CIRCKLE from Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. This release disproves the theory about a band's debut being their most volatile effort. These fucks just keep cranking out great punk rock that flies in the face of all logic or predictable patterns! These fellows manage to flesh out melodic pop punk hooks with enough danger to hold the seasoned difficult punks' attention. SOCIAL CIRKCLE rips through "Life Crisis" as if there was no turning back. Listen to this palpable frustration: "I'm in a life crisis – Caught in a rut / It's a life crisis and I'm totally stuck / I don't know where I'm going / But I'm on the wrong track." That'll give you the fucking creeps! On this new SOCIAL CIRKLE EP the vocals soar and the guitars boil over the lip. This shit will make you behave badly. The infectious music spouts off like well-crafted journeyman punk. You soon realize that these men are seriously disturbed. The words give it away. The anguished vocals confirm your suspicions—These are troubled individuals. You can adhere to the wisdom of Mr. Michel Bastarache: If the band is not right in the head… You will receive top-quality punk rock! All four songs on the No Way SOCIAL CIRKLE *I've Got Afflictions* EP are a pure blast of punk nastiness! Two of the tunes clock in under two minutes. The other two are less than one minute. Fucking great! Recommended for YOUNG OFFENDERS fans. Contact www.nowayrecords.com

Fuck! You punks got lucky! Mr. Fred Cole, Mrs. Toody Cole and Mr. Kelly Haliburton came down to San Francisco to perform as the PIERCED ARROWS. It was a great show!! These Portland, Oregon noise merchants opened for some imminently forgettable Hot Topic alternative rock band—No matter! Mr. & Mrs. Cole with the able assistance of Mr. Kelly on drums commanded an ethereal presence that soared far above the heads of these hapless preppies. Each of the songs PIERCED ARROWS take on a personality of they own. On this west coast tour through Sacramento, San Francisco, Pomona, San Diego, and Los Angeles, PIERCED ARROWS ripped through originals such as "Tons Of Thunder," "Caroline," "In My Brain," an amazing cover of BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD's (Neil Young) "Mr. Soul," and some fucking scorching DEAD MOON songs including "Dead Moon Night" and "54:40 Or Fight". Fucking great! The cool new PIERCED ARROWS 45 has "In My Brain" backed with "Caroline." This is monaural rock 'n' roll distilled down to its purest form by masters of the craft. In this situation less is more— The stripped down rawness of "In My Brain" could not be achieved by a man who did not possess forty plus years of experience in these primitive rock and roll trenches. Mr. Cole unleashes a multitude of large explosive rock 'n' roll devices on you with his blood-curdling "In My Brain" tirade! You punks that haven't figured it out for yourself can write this small but undeniable truth on your sweaty palm: Fred and Toody Cole are the living masters of the entire basement/dirty rock universe! If this gut-wrenching rock 'n' roll doesn't send a chill up your spine you are legally dead! Contact PIERCED ARROWS c/o Tombstone Music, 16631 SE 82nd Drive, Clackamas, Oregon 97015.

Until next month… See you around. I'll be seeing you! See you fucks at the bar!



As people the world over probably already know, San Francisco is one of the most expensive places to live in the entire US. It can be a struggle to survive here on any budget. A lot of you also probably realize the impact that the digital revolution has had on the printed word—magazines in particular. I may just be repeating what others have already written in this issue, but with those two facts on the table, it is with as much of a heavy heart as with anxious, forward-looking eyes, that I tell you that after 30 years (25 of those in print) we have decided to move the magazine out of the Bay Area. Now that my trial period is over and I am officially a full-blown coordinator of *Maximum*, what better way to show what I'm made of than organizing something this huge. Where are we going, you might ask. Well, after a couple months of researching

and scouting prospective locales the choice was perfectly clear—Olympia, Washington. I think it was the right decision—the rent is cheap, it's a pretty progressive town, and it's got a rich punk history! The Bay Area has done us well, but it's no longer an option to stay here. Things are gonna be rough preparing for the move and packing up the offices without missing an issue, but we're a resourceful bunch and plan on laying down our new roots around mid-summer. Personally, I'm looking forward to new friends, new record stores, rain, hippies, and coffee, amongst other things. With that said, I hope no one has any sort of "hard feelings" about this decision—it's for the best.

***

Random musings:

I recently read an interview with Bad Brain Darryl Jennifer in *Stop Smiling* magazine in which he mentioned that the Ruts were his first real exposure to reggae. I find this incredibly amusing. Not really sure why.

I still chuckle a few times a week about how on the Burn EP they misspelled the title of their song "Shall Be Judged" as "Shall Be Jugded" on the back cover of the sleeve.

Yesterday at my day job I was staring at this jacket that I had left near my desk about a week ago and was thinking to myself "I bet there's mice in there." Sure enough, I pick it up and shake it, and what falls out? A fuckin' mouse. That little shit went running as I stood there listening while the rest of his tiny poops fell to the floor with little tapping sounds. I guess I'll probably just throw it out but I love that jacket. I don't really feel like getting the plague, ya know?

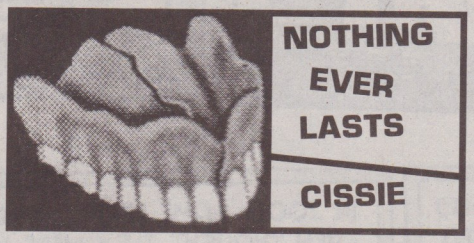
What happened to "yacht rock"? Is that still cool or has the entirety of the Mission hipsters that were listening to Steely Dan and Hall and Oates last year moved on to neo-disco? Regardless, it's just as predictable anyway. Time to dust off that one sparkly silver glove for next year.

***

I try to restrict my "want" list to records that are still somewhat attainable without selling a kidney (though I would definitely think about it, I've got two!). Today Mr. Postman placed in my tahini-coated fingers my "top want," LSD's *Jast Last* EP. It's not one of those "next level" platters (in terms of collectability), but it's eluded me for so long. Musically though, this thing is tops! The side-long track "Karen Nash" is one of the most hauntingly vicious and ripping hardcore songs that punk-kind has ever produced. Ever! The song opens with this quiet little unassuming intro that is the perfect "calm before the storm" moment before they turn loose the hounds and set off on a furious hell-ride of ugly Japanese hardcore that I wish would never end. I picture this song as the soundtrack to an army of vampires descending on Times Square and just ripping everyone to pieces until not one man stands intact. Towards the end of the track they break back into that intro part from the beginning (only it's longer and a bit more complex) before busting into what is quite possibly the coolest part in any song ever. I can't really describe it but I get chills every single time I hear it. I urge everyone out there if you haven't already to find this thing! You will not regret it. Luckily, Schizophrenic records did the world a huge favor by releasing LSD's discography on LP last year so it shouldn't be that hard to track down in some form. I'm gonna go and stare at my new acquisition now, so until next month…

Next record in my cross-hairs: Anti-Septic *First Last* EP. If you've got a copy that you don't need, holla' atcha boy: justin@maximumrocknroll.com.

Playlist for this issue: Polish punk (once again), GG Allin, Go It Alone *Histories*, Soul Control *Involution*, The Chords, The Circles, LSD, Mentally Challenged 7", and Wipers.



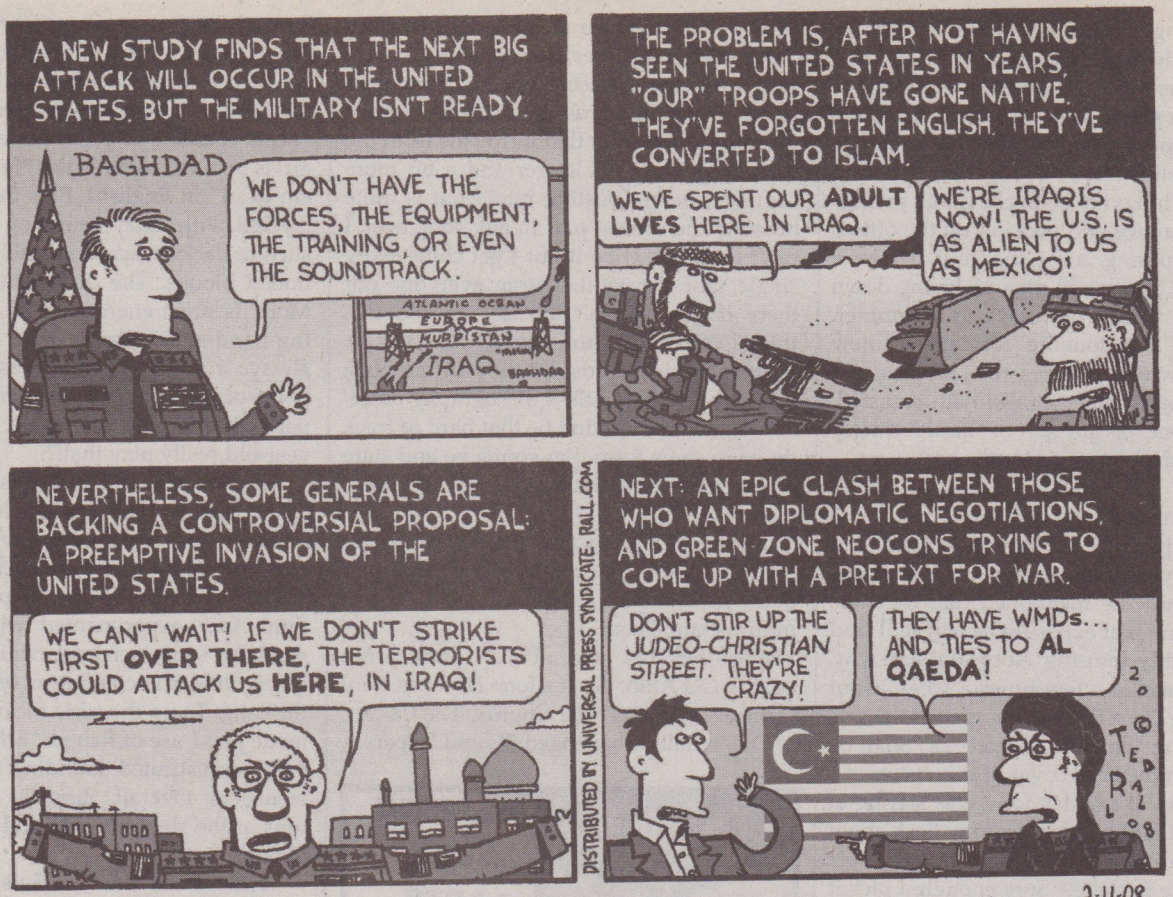
You may be aware that *Maximum Rocknroll* has one of the biggest collections of punk records in the world. The archive is well on its way to the 40,000-piece mark and its vastness leads to many great games for music nerds. One of the perks of living with this collection is that new discoveries are always lurking on those mammoth shelves. Sometimes a meaningless flip through a row of records will yield a glorious find—an unearthed punk classic. OK, I'm sure there are some obsessive-type folks out there that have already heard *everything*, but my ears have been graced with tons of new punk hits in the six months that I've inhabited this house.

A few months ago, a friend, Randy Ransone, assigned himself the daunting task of gathering and scanning all of Tim Yohannan's homemade record sleeves. This is still a work in progress but while flipping through the records he stumbled upon a 7" by a French band called Zero De Conduite. The cover intrigued him so he popped it on the turntable and immediately everyone in the room was singing along, "Je suis mort…Bloop, bloop, bloop…" and we kept this up for days on end. I'm still singing it. Several elements work together to make this one of the best punk songs that I've heard in ages. First, when the band started in 1982, the oldest member was thirteen. Second, the vocals couldn't be more perfect—a teenage girl is belting out the lyrics "Je suis mort" ("I am dead" in English). Plus the recording is layered with crazy sounding vocal accents such as cackles, screams, and the fore-mentioned bloops. The drumming on "Je Suis Mort" is super energetic with lots of marching-band-style drum rolls, which I am always a sucker for. Just past the halfway point of the song we are presented with a perfectly executed punk solo. Did a twelve-year-old really play that!?!

The B-side to this record is great as well. "School Junkie" has a much bleaker tone and it makes me wonder what happened to these kids to make them play such dark music. The layered voice trickery is present again. I think they experimented with backwards masking some screams, which were then quietly mixed in creating an ominous tone to the song. To up the eerie factor, the guitarist made good use of flange. "School Junkie" is very sophisticated sounding for a group of teenagers. Overall, Zero De Conduite has tons of the right attitude and good haircuts to boot.

Aside from the "Je Suis Mort/School Junkie" 45, Zero De Conduite released two other 7"s (in '86 and '87) and an LP (in '88) but none of those are in the *MRR* collection so I can't vouch for 'em. Apparently I may be oblivious because Zero De Conduite is not all that obscure. They toured with the Clash and Gun Club and two of their records are on RCA. In fact the "Je Suis Mort/School Junkie" 45 was released on RCA so it shouldn't be terribly hard to find in France. That said if you have an extra copy or two or three let me know. Randy deserves one for introducing it to us but I'd also love to have a copy, and I know Justin wants one. If you're curious to check them out you should search for Zero De Conduite on YouTube. We found two five-minute videos, which span their existence from 1982 until the late-'80s. Aside from random footage of the band hanging out, there are some live clips—one of the songs is a hardcore ripper—plus a music video for "Je Suis Mort." The clips aren't as mind-blowing as the Vulpess or Tozibabe videos but they're still neat to watch and are further proof that Zero De Conduite is the best *pre*-teen punk band.

I've heard tons of other great shit since I've been at *MRR* but I feel like I've hit my drool quota for the month so I'll leave the rest for another time. Sorry I don't have anything funny to say but this ain't no happy-fun-time hardcore anyway…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WE DON'T HAVE THE FORCES, THE EQUIPMENT, THE TRAINING, OR EVEN THE SOUNDTRACK.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
EUROPE
KURDISTAN
IRAQ
THE PROBLEM IS, AFTER NOT HAVING SEEN THE UNITED STATES IN YEARS, "OUR" TROOPS HAVE GONE NATIVE. THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ENGLISH. THEY'VE CONVERTED TO ISLAM.
WE'VE SPENT OUR ADULT LIVES HERE IN IRAQ.
WE'RE IRAQIS NOW! THE U.S. IS AS ALIEN TO US AS MEXICO!
NEVERTHELESS, SOME GENERALS ARE BACKING A CONTROVERSIAL PROPOSAL: A PREEMPTIVE INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES.
WE CAN'T WAIT! IF WE DON'T STRIKE FIRST OVER THERE, THE TERRORISTS COULD ATTACK US HERE, IN IRAQ!
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DON'T STIR UP THE JUDEO-CHRISTIAN STREET. THEY'RE CRAZY!
THEY HAVE WMDs... AND TIES TO AL QAEDA!
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VOTE
BUSH
COULD SOMETHING LIKE THAT BE HAPPENING NOW?
9/11 WAS AWFUL, BUT AT LEAST HE'S EXPERIENCED!
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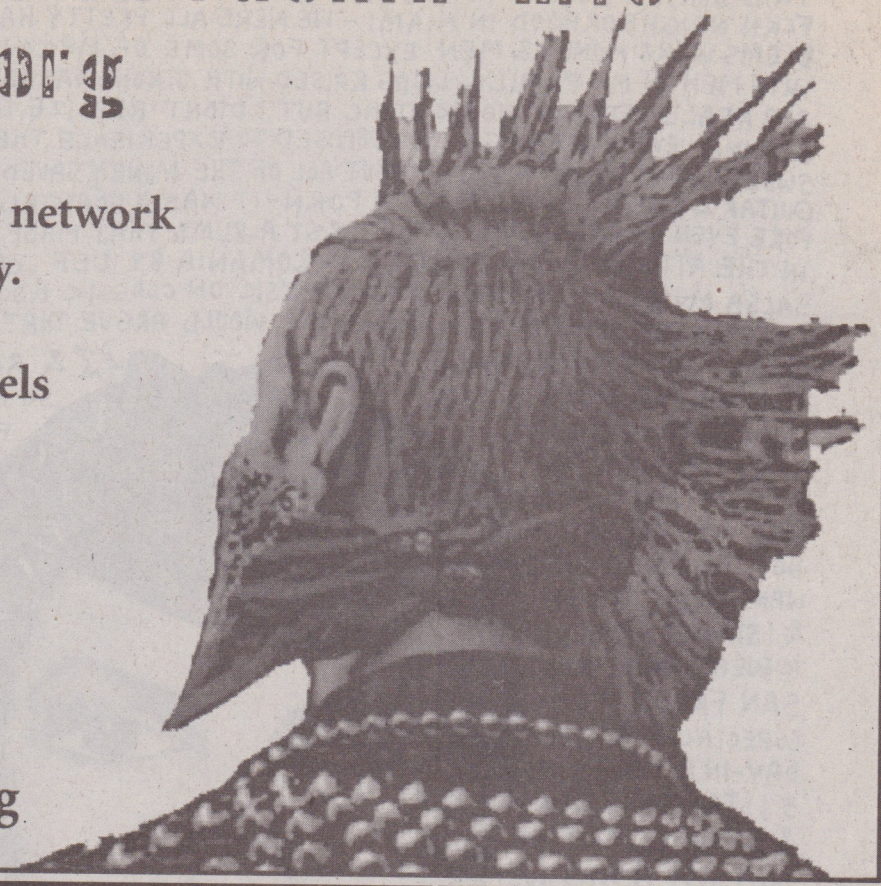

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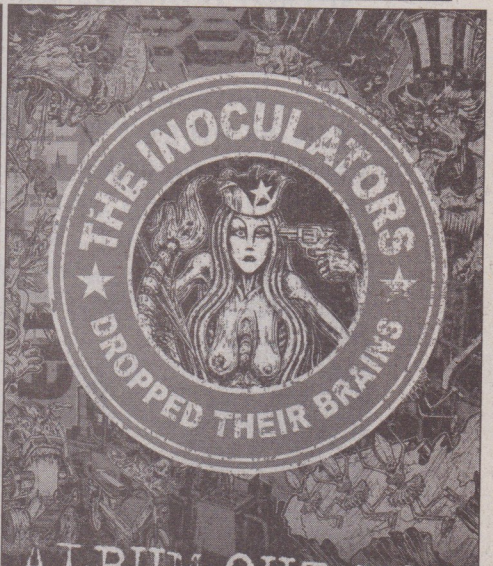

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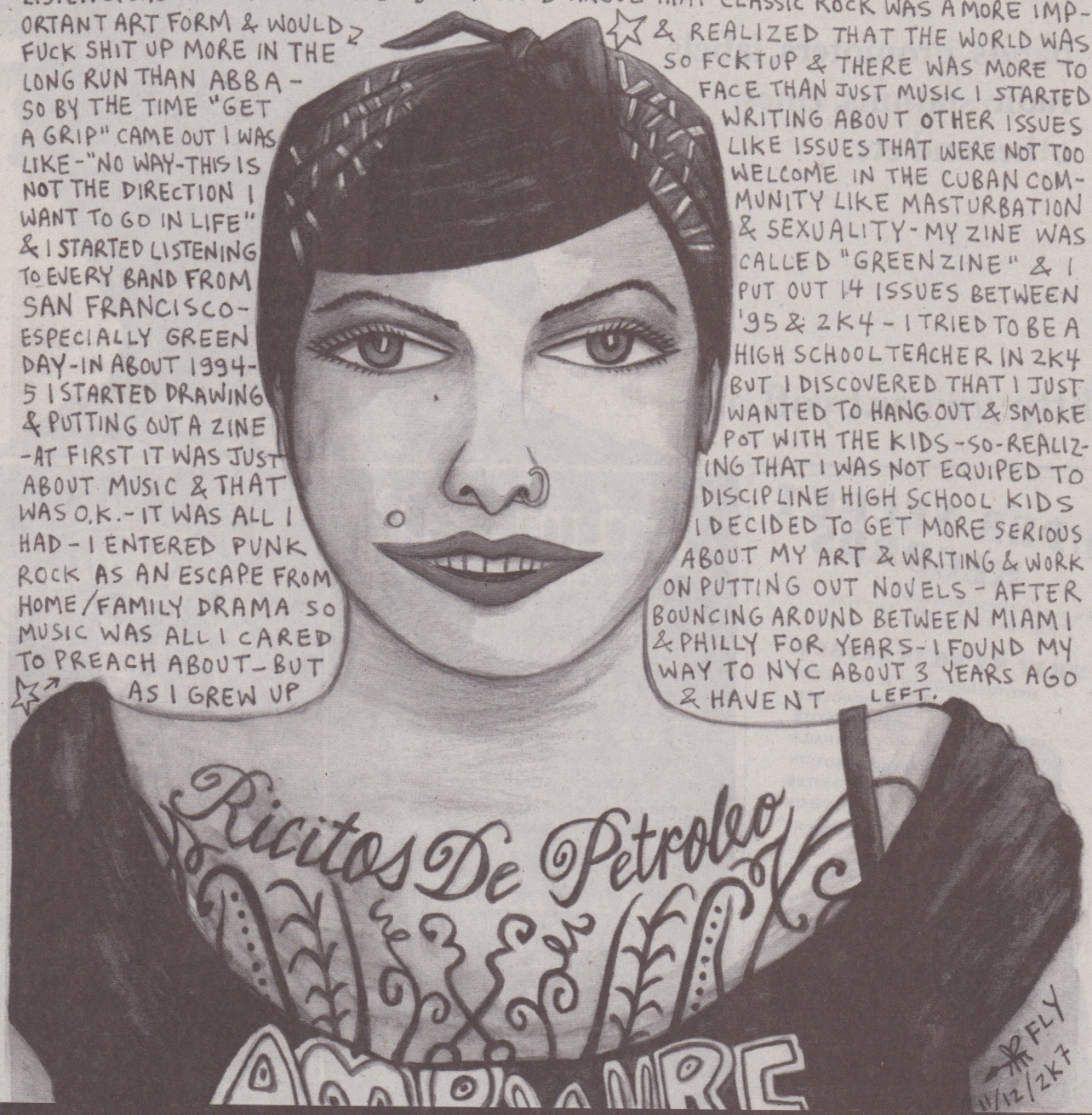
PEOPS

I WAS BORN IN MIAMI IN 1982 - I LIVED IN ALL DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOODS - EVERY FCKN NEIGHBORHOOD IN MIAMI - WE WERE ALL PRETTY HAPPY AS A FAMILY - THE ONLY PROBLEMS WERE MONEY & MEN - EXCEPT FOR SOME OF MY COUSINS I HAD SHITTY EXPERIENCES WITH MEN IN MY FAMILY - I WAS RAISED WITH STRONG VALUES IN REGARDS TO BEING A GIRL & A REALLY STRONG WORK ETHIC BUT I DIDNT REALIZE THAT UNTIL I WAS 14 & STARTED RAGING - EVERY CUBAN GIRL IS SUPPOSED TO EXPERIENCE THE QUINCEAÑERA - ITS LIKE THE SWEET 16 BUT WHEN YOURE 15 - BUT ALL OF THE MONEY SAVED FOR THE PARTY WAS SPENT ON A GUITAR & I SPENT SOME OF IT ON PORN - IT WAS A SONIC BLUE FENDER STRATOCASTER - BEFORE EVEN HAVING A GUITAR THE FIRST ALBUMS THAT MADE ME REALLY LOVE MUSIC WERE TOYS IN THE ATTIC BY AEOROSMITH & PYROMANIA BY DEF LEPPARD - I HAD GROWN UP AROUND SALSA MUSIC & I DISCOVERED ROCK MUSIC ON CLASSIC ROCK RADIO - ME & MY SISTER WOULD LISTEN & SHE REALLY LIKED ABBA BUT I WOULD ARGUE THAT CLASSIC ROCK WAS A MORE IMPORTANT ART FORM & WOULD FUCK SHIT UP MORE IN THE LONG RUN THAN ABBA - SO BY THE TIME "GET A GRIP" CAME OUT I WAS LIKE - "NO WAY - THIS IS NOT THE DIRECTION I WANT TO GO IN LIFE" & I STARTED LISTENING TO EVERY BAND FROM SAN FRANCISCO - ESPECIALLY GREEN DAY - IN ABOUT 1994-5 I STARTED DRAWING & PUTTING OUT A ZINE - AT FIRST IT WAS JUST ABOUT MUSIC & THAT WAS O.K. - IT WAS ALL I HAD - I ENTERED PUNK ROCK AS AN ESCAPE FROM HOME/FAMILY DRAMA SO MUSIC WAS ALL I CARED TO PREACH ABOUT - BUT AS I GREW UP & REALIZED THAT THE WORLD WAS SO FCKTUP & THERE WAS MORE TO FACE THAN JUST MUSIC I STARTED WRITING ABOUT OTHER ISSUES LIKE ISSUES THAT WERE NOT TOO WELCOME IN THE CUBAN COMMUNITY LIKE MASTURBATION & SEXUALITY - MY ZINE WAS CALLED "GREENZINE" & I PUT OUT 14 ISSUES BETWEEN '95 & 2K4 - I TRIED TO BE A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER IN 2K4 BUT I DISCOVERED THAT I JUST WANTED TO HANG OUT & SMOKE POT WITH THE KIDS - SO - REALIZING THAT I WAS NOT EQUIPED TO DISCIPLINE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS I DECIDED TO GET MORE SERIOUS ABOUT MY ART & WRITING & WORK ON PUTTING OUT NOVELS - AFTER BOUNCING AROUND BETWEEN MIAMI & PHILLY FOR YEARS - I FOUND MY WAY TO NYC ABOUT 3 YEARS AGO & HAVENT LEFT.



CRISTY ROAD - 11/12/2K7 - NYC

I CANNOT REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST STARTED SEEING CRISTY'S ARTWORK - I THINK IT WAS IN HER ZINE - GREENZINE - & I WAS IMMEDIATELY COMPLETELY IMPRESSED - SHE REALLY HAS A WAY OF CAPTURING THE ENERGY & EMOTIONS & DETAILS OF A SCENE - CRISTY IS ORIGINALLY FROM MIAMI & CURRENTLY WORKING THE BICOASTAL EXISTENCE BETWEEN BROOKLYN & SF - I DID A SHOW WITH CRISTY THIS PAST DECEMBER - A BENEFIT FOR ABC NORIO - THIS WAS A GREAT SHOW - IT WAS PACKED & REALLY FUN - IT WAS ALSO POURING RAIN OUTSIDE - I WAS PROJECTING EVERYTHING FROM MY COMPUTER & WHEN CRISTY STARTED DOING HER SHOW I WAS HOLDING THE LIGHT FOR HER & THE CEILING STARTED DRIPPING RIGHT ON MY LAPTOP! - OH CRAP! - WHAT COULD I DO!? - I WAS HOLDING A LIGHT UP FOR HER & I DID NOT WANT TO INTERRUPT HER SHOW - SO I JUST TRIED TO LEAN OVER THE LAPTOP - WHEN SHE WAS DONE I MANAGED TO GRAB MY UMBRELA & CONTINUE THE SHOW - I CANNOT SAY ENOUGH ABOUT THIS GIRL! - SHE IS AMAZINGLY TALENTED & SO FUN TO HANG OUT WITH!!! PLEASE GO TO CRISTY'S WEBSITE!! - WWW.CROADCORE.ORG

TO CONTACT FLY PLEASE EMAIL ME! - FLY@BWAY.NET - PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW IT'S NOT SPAM - DOG DAYZ #1 & #2 & PEOPS #3 ZINES ARE NOW AVAILABLE CHEAP FROM WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM - ALSO CHECK THE FLY WEBSITE - WWW.BWAY.NET/~FLY

MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #299 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE & JUSTIN BRIGGS

BLACKWATER'S OWNER HAS SPIES FOR HIRE

From an article by Dana Hedgpeth in the *Washington Post*

First it became a brand name in security for its work in Iraq and Afghanistan, now it's taking on intelligence. The Prince Group, the holding company that owns Blackwater Worldwide, has been building an operation that will sniff out intelligence about natural disasters, business-friendly governments, overseas regulations and global political developments for clients in industry and government. The operation, Total Intelligence Solutions, has assembled a roster of former spooks—high-ranking figures from agencies such as the CIA and defense intelligence—that mirrors the slate of former military officials who run Blackwater. Its chairman is Cofer Black, the former head of counterterrorism at CIA known for his leading role in many of the agency's more controversial programs, including the rendition and interrogation of al-Qaeda suspects and the detention of some of them in secret prisons overseas. Its chief executive is Robert Richer, a former CIA associate deputy director of operations who was heavily involved in running the agency's role in the Iraq war.

Total Intelligence Solutions is one of a growing number of companies that offer intelligence services, such as risk analysis, to companies and governments. Because of its roster and its ties to owner Erik Prince, the multimillionaire former Navy SEAL, the company's thrust into this world highlights the blurring of lines between government, industry and activities formerly reserved for agents operating in the shadows. Richer, for instance, once served as the chief of the CIA's Near East division and is said to have ties to King Abdullah of Jordan. The CIA had spent millions helping train Jordan's intelligence service in exchange for information. Now Jordan has hired Blackwater to train its special forces. "Cofer can open doors," said Richer, who served 22 years at the CIA. "I can open doors. We can generally get in to see who we need to see. We don't help pay bribes. We do everything within the law, but we can deal with the right minister or person."

Total Intel, as the company is known, is bringing "the skills traditionally honed by CIA operatives directly to the board room," Black said. Black had a 28-year career with the CIA. "They have the skills and background to do anything anyone wants," said RJ Hillhouse, who writes a national security blog called *The Spy Who Billed Me*. "There's no oversight. They're an independent company offering freelance espionage services. They're rent-a-spies." The heart of Total Intel operations is a suite on the ninth floor of an office tower in Ballston, patterned after the CIA counterterrorist center Black once ran, with analysts sitting at cubicles in the center of the room and glass offices of senior executives on the perimeter. A handful of analysts in their 20s and 30s sit hunched over Macintosh computers, scanning Web sites, databases, newspapers and chat rooms. The lights are dimmed. Three large-screen TVs play in the background, one tuned to al-Jazeera. The room, called the Global Fusion Center, is staffed around the clock, as analysts search for warnings on everything from terrorist plots on radical Islamic web sites to possible political upheavals in Asia, labor strikes in South America and Europe, and economic upheavals that could affect a company's business. "We're not a private detective," Black said. "We provide intelligence to our clients. It's not about taking pictures. It's business intelligence. We collect all information that's publicly available. This is a completely legal enterprise. We break no laws. We don't go anywhere near breaking laws. We don't have to."

Total Intel was launched in February by Prince, who a decade ago opened a law enforcement training center in Moyock, NC, that has since grown into a half-billion-dollar business called Blackwater Worldwide. Prince has nine other companies and subsidiaries in his Prince Group empire, offering a broad range of security and training services. (One, Blackwater Security Consulting, is under scrutiny because of a Sept. 16 shooting incident in Iraq that involved some of its armed guards and in which 17 Iraqi civilians were killed.) Prince built Total Intel by buying two companies owned by Matt Devost, the Terrorism Research Center and Technical Defense, and merging them with Black's consulting group, the Black Group. Devost, a cyber security and risk management expert, is now president of Total Intel. Devost runs day-to-day operations, overseeing 65 full-time employees. At the Global Fusion Center, young analysts monitor activities in more than 60 countries. They include a 25-year-old Fulbright scholar fluent in Arabic and another person with a master's degree in international affairs, focused on the Middle East, who tracks the oil industry and security in Saudi Arabia. Black and Richer spend much of their time traveling. They won't say where. It's a CIA thing. Black called at midnight recently to talk about Total Intel from "somewhere in the Middle East. "I don't spend a lot of time telling people where I am as part of my business," he said. "I am discreet in where I go and who I see. I spend most of my time dealing with senior people in governments, making connections." Black, who also serves as vice chairman of Blackwater Worldwide, said he also does "a lot more mundane things like go to conferences and trade shows," looking for business opportunities. "I'm going to have to go," he said. "My guy is motioning for me. I have to go meet people."

The company won't reveal its financial information, the names of its customers or other details of its business. Even looking at an analyst's screen at its Global Fusion Center wasn't allowed. "No, no," Richer said, putting his hands up. "There may be customers' names on there. We don't want you to see." In their conference room overlooking the Global Fusion Center, Total Intel executives fired off a list of some of their work. Are some recent bombings at major cities in India isolated incidents or should you pull your personnel out? What are the political developments in Pakistan going to mean for your business? Is your company popping up on jihadist Web sites? There's been crime recently in the ports of Mexico, possibly by rogue police officers. Is the government going to be able to ensure safety? Since 2000, the Terrorism Research Center portion of the company has done $1.5 million worth of contracts with the government, mainly from agencies like the Army, Navy, Air Force, Customs and the U.S. Special Operations Command buying its data subscription or other services.

To Black and Richer, one of the most surprising things about being in the private sector is finding that much of the information they once considered top secret is publicly available. The trick, Richer said, is knowing where to look. "In a classified area, there's an assumption that if it is open, it can't be as good as if you stole it," Richer said. "I'm seeing that at least 80 percent of what we stole was open." As he's no longer with the CIA, Richer said he's found that people are more willing to share information. He said a military general in a country he would not name told him of the country's plan to build its next strike fighter. "I listened," Richer said. "We talked business and where we could help him understand markets and things like that." At the end of the conversation, Richer said, he asked the man, "Isn't that classified? Why are you telling me this?" Richer said the man answered, "If I tell it to an embassy official I've created espionage. You're a business partner."

BERKELEY WILL NOT SEND MARINES "UNWELCOME INTRUDERS" LETTER

SF Chronicle

After a day of enraged confrontation outside Berkeley City Hall between anti-war and pro-military demonstrators, the City Council backed down early Wednesday from its controversial decision to tell the US Marines they are "unwelcome intruders" for operating a downtown recruiting center. Council members conceded that they had erred in passing a resolution Jan. 29 that condemned the Marines, rather than the war in Iraq, and some council members added that they felt they owed US troops an apology as well as the many Berkeley residents who were ashamed and offended by their position. "To err is human but to really screw up it takes the Berkeley City Council," said council member Gordon Wozniak. "We failed our city. We embarrassed our city."

At 1:30 a.m., after nearly four hours of public comment and debate, the council voted 7-2 to rescind its action two weeks ago directing the city clerk to send a letter to the Marines that they weren't welcome in the city. In a separate vote, the council decided not to issue a public apology for its action last month. But some council members said they strongly believe the Bush administration has used lies and deceit to lead the nation into a war in which nearly 4,000 American troops have been killed. They also criticized the government for what they said was hiding the horrors of the war behind a "support our troops" mantra. "We do not want to ostracize our troops," said council member Linda Maio. "They are our sons and our daughters. We care about them. We love them and we want to bring them home." But Maio added, the war in Iraq is "badly thought out" and she does not support the government's recruiting efforts for this war.

The backdown became apparent late Tuesday night when Mayor Tom Bates and three council members aligned themselves with the two who called on the council last week to rethink its position. The January decision created a firestorm of criticism across the nation from people who called the council's position on the Marines harsh and inappropriate. Others cheered the council as courageous. Berkeley's critics included six Republican US senators who have vowed to cut federal funding for several Berkeley programs, such as the Chez Panisse Foundation, which provides school lunches at Berkeley's public schools, and the Robert Matsui Center for Politics and Public Service at UC Berkeley. Council members maintained that they were not caving in to pressure from right-wing bloggers or radio-show hosts in backing away from their January vote.

Protesters began gathering as early as Monday night outside City Hall in anticipation of the Tuesday night meeting. By Tuesday morning, some confrontations had become physical, and police in riot gear moved in to separate the groups. At its peak, 2,000 protesters had gathered outside City Hall, police said. Three protesters were arrested for minor scuffles with other demonstrators, and a fourth for allegedly slapping a police officer, in what was one of the largest demonstrations in the city in years.

Many demonstrators squeezed into the council chambers—some telling the council to stand firm, others urging the council to apologize for insulting the military and the men and women who are serving their country. The council allowed public testimony to continue into the early morning Wednesday before making a decision. "Berkeley doesn't speak for America," said Eve Tidwell of Columbus, GA, who flew into the Bay Area on Tuesday after watching news accounts of the uproar over the Marines in Berkeley. "If terror came to Berkeley, the Marines would come to protect the people here." Tidwell, whose son-in-law is in the Navy, wanted the council to rescind its objection to the Marines and the recruiting office they opened on Shattuck Square a year ago. She encouraged others to boycott Berkeley businesses until the council backed down. But Susan Killebrew, a Berkeley mother who brought her twin 7-year-old daughters, Aria and Sophia, to the demonstration, said she wanted the city to stand firm against the war and the recruiting center. "We might have to suffer (negative publicity) as a result of it," she said before the meeting Tuesday, "but not as much as the children in Iraq who are traumatized by the constant military presence there. My heart is broken by this war. I marched against it before the invasion. It makes me sad that so many have died."

Council members Betty Olds and Laurie Capitelli called last week for the council to retreat from its position on the Marines and instead make clear that while the city opposes the war, it supports the troops. Olds and Capitelli opposed the council's resolution, passed by a 6-3 vote, to send the objection letter to the Marines. The city manager had not yet prepared the letter and was awaiting the results of Tuesday's council meeting. As the meeting got under way, three other council members, Max Anderson, Linda Maio and Darrell Moore, and the mayor offered yet another resolution that was similar to the Olds-Capitelli one, rescinding the letter and supporting the troops.

During the meeting, protesters could still be heard shouting outside Maudelle Shirek City Hall. They had spent the day yelling, singing, chanting and flag-waving along Martin Luther King Jr. Way. At times, the arguments grew intense, as protesters stood face-to-face screaming obscenities at one another. A 49-year-old man from Rocklin (Placer County) and two Berkeley teenagers were arrested in separate scuffles, police said. About 1 p.m., a man supporting the Marines ventured into an encampment by the anti-war group Code Pink and drew a knife. Police arrested Keith Donald Salvatore for brandishing the weapon. He told police he had taken out the knife in self-defense after war protesters wrapped him in a pink banner, said Sgt. Mary Kusmiss, a police spokeswoman. Police arrested the teenagers, boys ages 13 and 15, for scuffling with Marines supporters. At around 4 p.m., police arrested Luisa Romero De Los Angeles, an 18-year-old Berkeley resident who they say slapped a police officer who told her to back away as she demanded they release the two boys who had been arrested earlier.

Code Pink activists said that even with the council backing off, they intend to place a resolution on the local ballot to oust the recruiters. "We want voters to be able to decide... just like they have a say whether a liquor store or porn shop opens near a school," said Jodie Evans, a Berkeley yoga studio owner who co-founded Code Pink. Evans, wearing a pink crown that said "I Miss America," sat on a lawn chair outside of City Hall in the chilly night air listening to testimony from the meeting inside, which was being broadcast to the hundreds who couldn't fit inside the building. Iraq war veteran Javier Tenorio of Berkeley was also listening outside of City Hall. The former Army infantryman who served two tours of duty called the ballot proposal "ridiculous." "Even if they achieve it, it's going to be voted down," Tenorio said. "There are enough people in Berkeley who support the military, including university Republicans. We're going to beat this."

OBSCURE COP ASSASINATED

From Indymedia.org

On the morning of January 30th, Alejandro Barrita Ortiz, director of the Auxiliary, Industrial, Banking and Commercial Police, was assassinated in Oaxaca City at "El Tequio" sports-park near the international airport. Two versions of the assassination have surfaced, one which claims the assassins used a .380 and 9mm handguns, and another which claims AK-47s were the weapons of choice. The second version further states that the assassins fled the scene in a red pickup and a black Dodge Stratus.

Unofficial reports have surfaced indicating that a phone call was made to the local emergency services hotline by someone claiming to represent the Popular Revolutionary Army, and that the caller clarified that there were "two more left to go." Barrita, director of the obscure police agency, had been identified as a key player in police operations during and immediately after the 2006 Oaxacan popular uprising. He was accused of illegal detentions of activists, as well as coordinating extra judicial operations against the popular social movement.

At the very least, his assassination represents serious ideological provocation against members of the peaceful popular social movement of the Oaxacan People's Popular Assembly. Police operations are underway throughout the city, and the military has cordoned off the area of the assassination.

RIP YEGOR LETOV—RUSSIAN PUNK PIONEER

Legendary Siberian punk rocker Yegor Letov (Grazhdanskaya Oborona, Yegor I Opizdenevshiye etc.) died in his sleep from heart failure on February 19 at his home in Omsk. He was 43. Yegor has been an enormous influence on the Russian punk scene, and his old songs are some of the most important anarchist propaganda ever produced in the Russian language. The rage and desperation of the band's music—which was, at its best, mindblowingly innovative yet raw—did reflect the times he lived in. Letov's poetry, strongly influenced by early 20th century Russian futurists, has often been more important than even his music. The youthful punk rock nihilism, anarchist and antifascist politics, existential horror, and breaking through to the other side were all expressed equally thrillingly. Letov's legacy is without a doubt controversial (in part due to his political activities in the 1990s, and the morbid, suicidal shadows he cast over some fans and friends) but nevertheless great.

Yegor's actual name and patronymic is Igor Fyodorovich. He's the younger brother of famous avantgarde jazz saxophone player Sergei Letov (Tri-O, DK, Gosplan Trio etc.) Yegor's first bands started to form circa 1982 or 1983, which makes him one of the pioneers of punk rock in the Soviet Union. Posev (named after a dissident emigre publishing house) left some homemade recordings and gave way to Grazhdanskaya Oborona (civil defense) in late 1984. The band, led by Letov and guitarist Konstantin "Kuzya Uo" Ryabinov, was also initially orientated towards making home recordings in Letov's "studio" GrOb Records. "We've staked mostly on making and distributing tape albums as we had reasons to think that live performances aren't likely to come our way very soon, and at that particular moment, they weren't likely at all." (Letov writing in Kontr Kult UR'a zine #3, 1991). In late Autumn 1985, after an intervention by one of the band member's mother who was a Communist party apparatchik, G.O. was forcibly dissolved. After a series of interrogations at the local KGB, Letov was sent to a mental hospital (which was a favoured tactic of silencing dissidents at the time). He had gone blind for a while from the drugs that he was given there. Uo, despite a heart condition, was drafted to the army and sent to serve at the space rocket launch site in Baikonur, Kazakhstan. Letov was let out of the mental hospital in March 1986 and started to record on his own. He also took part in the activities of the Omsk-based band Pik I Klaxon, also known as Adolf Gitler.

In May - June 1987 Letov had recorded five half-hour albums which covered the material that Grazhdanskaya Oborona had written by then (a selection of this stuff was compiled on *Pops* 2LP). Soon thereafter, he had to run away from Omsk following a scandalous gig with Adolf Gitler in Novosibirsk—there was further persecution from the authorities who tried to put him into a mental hospital again. He had hitch-hiked all over Soviet Union with his then-partner Yana "Yanka" Dyagileva (a very strong and important performer in her own righ—Letov had produced and played on most of her recordings—she'd died in 1991, apparently a suicide). In January 1988, upon return to Omsk, Letov had recorded three more albums (the material was issued on *Vsyo Idyot Po Planu* 2xLP), doing overdubs on crappy Soviet equipment. Uo, though demobbed by then, was unfit to play. GrOb Records had also recorded projects featuring Posev's Zhenya"Dabl" Deyev (P.O.G.O.), Vadim Kuzmin (Spinki Menta, Chorniy Lukich), Yanka, as well as Letov, Uo and Oleg "Managher" Sudakov's long-running experimental outfit Kommunizm.

In 1988 Grazhdanskaya Oborona started to play gigs, touring all over the country. The lineup remained unstable, but G.O. was recording prolifically, as were Kommunizm, Yanka, Managher, Uo and Letov (as a solo performer). In Spring 1990 G.O. recorded an album of covers by another Siberian punk band Instruktsuya Po Vyzhivaniyu, and played its last gig on April 13 in Tallinn (now Estonia). Letov then broke up the band.

Yegor I Opizdenevshiye (Yegor & the Cunted-Up) has recorded what is perhaps Letov's biggest artistic achievement, the *Pryg-Skok* LP, in 1990—it combines garage punk, psychedelia and Russian folk into an enormously potent mixture, and Letov's extreme, near-death experiences of the time (related to encephalitis he got hiking through the Ural mountains, and experiments with drugs and shamanism) have produced songs that are among the most incredible in Russian rock. It was followed by *Sto Let Odinochestva* 2xLP, which is nearly as great.

In the mid-1990s Letov had come out of semi-retirement, reformed Grazhdanskaya Oborona and started touring under the aegis of various opposition groups, mostly of the Stalinist and Nationalist variety. Letov joined the National Bolshevik Party (NBP), and was among its most famous members for a while, along with writer Eduard Limonov, philosopher Alexander Dugin, and pianist Sergei Kuryokhin. Letov, however, quit the NBP in 1998. He had later denounced the political games he played. In a 2007 Rolling Stone interview he claimed that he remains an anarchist, but is more interested in the environmental aspects of anarchism.

G.O. continued to record (though arguably never reaching the former heights) and tour internationally (Europe, USA, Israel, mostly playing to emigre audiences). They eventually reached a stadium rock band status. In the last few years Letov had been busy reissuing the back catalogue in expanded and redone versions. He had also gotten involved in Russia's underground garage scene. He produced and mixed a forthcoming full-length CD by St. Petersburg's The King Kongs, as well as an EP by Moscow's cavestompers. Grazhdanskaya oborona's last full-length album, *Zachem Snyatsya Sny?*, was co-credited to Yegor I Opizdenevshiye. Letov himself has considered it his greatest achievement.

He is survived by his wife, G.O. bassist Natalya Chumakova. On February 21 Yegor Letov was buried at Staro-Vostochnoye cemetery in Omsk, next to his mother's grave.

WOULD YOU LIKE LOX WITH THAT PAD THAI?

BangkokPost.com

Israel will kick out every Asian restaurant worker by the end of the year. "We feel an Israeli can hold a wok as well as a Thai or a Chinese person," says a Trade Ministry official in charge of work permits.

According to a story from Jerusalem, the Israeli government will send foreign restaurant workers packing by next January. Industry leaders warn they won't be able to provide the food Israelis want and their business will be hurt.

Thai, Chinese, Japanese and Indian restaurants have grown into a $280 million-a-year business, accounting for 10 percent of the local dining landscape, according to the Israeli Ethnic Restaurant Association. Asian restaurants employ 900 foreign-born chefs and kitchen workers. But now, that Trade Ministry says Israelis should do those jobs. The statement by Shoshana Strauss, a lawyer at the Trade Ministry, which regulates work permits for foreign workers, is worth repeating: "We feel an Israeli can hold a wok as well as a Thai or a Chinese person." In the minds of Thai chefs, at least, "hold" might be the operative word. "If we don't have cooks, we don't have food. If we don't have food, we don't have customers," said Steven Lobel, who owns two Asian restaurants employing 14 Asian kitchen workers in the Tel Aviv area. No kidding. But beginning next year, there will be no work visas for foreigners in the business, only tourist visas permitting brief consulting opportunities for experts in Asian cuisine, the Trade Ministry says.

The ministry has begun offering Asian cooking classes to Israelis, but few have shown interest, generating skepticism enough Israelis will step forward to fill the void. "I doubt this will succeed," said Arnon Volosky, chief executive of the Ethnic Restaurant Association.

US EMBASSY IN BELGRADE ATTACKED BY PROTESTERS

From New York Times

BELGRADE—Demonstrators attacked the United States Embassy and set part of it ablaze Thursday as tens of thousands of angry Serbs took to the streets of Belgrade to protest Kosovo's declaration of independence. Witnesses said that at least 100 people broke into the Embassy and torched some of its rooms. One protester was able to rip the American flag from the facade of the building. An estimated 1,000 demonstrators cheered as the vandals, some wearing masks to conceal their faces, jumped onto the building's balcony waving a Serbian flag and chanting 'Serbia, Serbia!" the witnesses said. A convoy of police firing tear gas was able to disperse the crowd. The Associated Press reported that the small fires at the Embassy were quickly extinguished by firefighters.

The United States recognized Kosovo on Monday, one day after Kosovo declared its independence.

Serbian television reported that the Croatian Embassy had also been attacked and the state news agency said the Bosnian and Turkish Embassies were also targeted. Emergency services said that at least 30 people had been injured in the incidents, half of them police. Security sources estimated that 150,000 people joined the protests. Witnesses said that a McDonald's restaurant near the center of Belgrade was ransacked by protesters.

The United States Embassy had been closed since Sunday after it was targeted by demonstrators and employees had been told to stay home. A State Department spokesman, Sean McCormack, on Thursday urged the Serbian government to protect the Embassy, the Associated Press reported. He said the ambassador was at his home and was in contact with American officials. The violence fueled growing fears in Washington and Brussels that Serbia was turning to the virulent nationalism of the past. But Serbian analysts predicted the country would ultimately embrace the West as it came to terms with losing its medieval heartland. In recent days, Western leaders have looked on with growing alarm as Serbia's hard-line Prime Minister Vojislav Kostunica, who helped lead the revolution that overthrew Slobodan Milosevic in 2000, has replicated the nationalist rhetoric of the late dictator, who used Serbs' outrage that their ancestral heartland was dominated by Muslim Albanians to come to power in Serbia. "As long as we live, Kosovo is Serbia," Mr. Kostunica told the crowd in Belgrade, who thronged next to the old Yugoslav Parliament building chanting patriotic songs. "We're not alone in our fight. President Putin is with us." In a sign of the divisions within Serbia's government, the pro-Western President Boris Tadic was conspicuously absent from the rally, on a state visit to Romania. Yet for all the hostility in a country seeming to turn inward on itself, Serbian political observers and Balkan experts predicted that the despair over the loss of Kosovo would eventually subside. They said economics would overcome emotions as a majority of Serbs came to realize that mooring Serbia to the European Union was the only way the country could prosper.

"The protests will allow Serbian nationalism and anger over the loss of Kosovo to vent itself," said Misha Glenny, a prominent London-based Balkan expert. "Kosovo's independence has made Serbia's European path more difficult, but life will go on, and attaching Serbia to the European Union will remain the dominant opinion inside the country." Western diplomats said their hope for a moderate, outward-looking Serbia had been buttressed by the recent re-election of Mr. Tadic, who campaigned on the argument that holding on to Kosovo did not justify sacrificing Serbia's future in Europe. Their optimism, however, was tempered by the strong election showing for Mr. Tadic's opponent, Tomislav Nikolic, a far-right nationalist who has exploited Serbs' discontent over Kosovo by arguing that Serbia should reject Europe and look to Moscow and China instead. But while Moscow has gained in popularity in Serbia by blocking Kosovo's integration into the international community, leading Serbian intellectuals said most Serbs realized that the Kremlin's willingness to fight for their cause was limited and driven by self-interest. "Russia wasn't there to help Serbs during the disintegration of the former Yugoslavia, it wasn't there to help Serbs in 1999 during the NATO bombing and most people realize it will not go that far now," said Zoran Dogramadziev, a leading Serbian writer. In the short term, analysts said an anti-European Union backlash would gain force following the West's support for an independent Kosovo. But Marko Blagojevic, an analyst with the Center for Democracy and Free Elections in Belgrade and a leading pollster, stressed that recent polls showed that 65 percent of Serbs saw their future in the European Union. Mr. Blagojevic said he did not believe this had drastically changed. He noted that only about 10 percent of Serbs supported going to war over Kosovo, and many were pensioners and housewives. Serbian analysts said that rather than reflecting a resurgence of dangerous nationalism, the protests over Kosovo reflected disenchantment by the "losers of the transition"—those Serbs who have not benefited from the country's democratic transformation during the eight years since Mr. Milosevic fell.

Unemployment hovers at about 21 percent, while the country's annual per capita gross domestic product of about $7,400 has made Serbia one of Europe's poorest countries. Without European Union membership, Serbs do not enjoy the open borders of their neighbors. Many Serbs say they feel isolated and closed in. Yet many of the younger generation, hungry for flashy cars and for the European Union visas that would help them see the world, say they would happily trade poor, landlocked Kosovo for better jobs and economic security. "For my generation, the opportunity to have a good life is far more important than this piece of land," said Aleksandar Obradovic, a 23-year-old political scientist from Belgrade who did not protest on Thursday and, like many Serbs, has never set foot in Kosovo.

Sociologists and historians say the difficulty for Serbs in coming to terms with Kosovo's independence also reflected the need for Serbia to engage in a historical reckoning about the past. During the 1998-1999 conflict, when Mr. Milosevic's repression of ethnic Albanians prompted NATO to intervene, an estimated 10,000 people were killed, many of them Albanians. Nearly 1,500 Serbs were killed in revenge killings that followed. Svetlana Ivanovic, a 29-year-old student from Belgrade, said that until lately the events of the war had been largely glossed over in history lessons and in the media. But when she recently saw a documentary about the Balkan wars of the 1990s on Serbian television, she added, it reinforced her feelings that the Albanians had a right to self-determination. "When I saw what we had done to the Albanians, I began to cry and was very sad," she said. "I believe that we should let Kosovo go."

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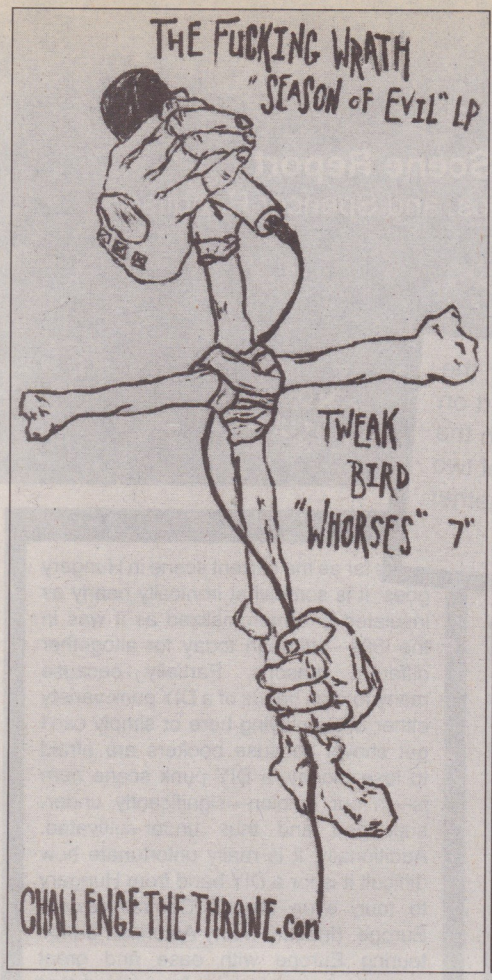

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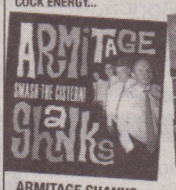

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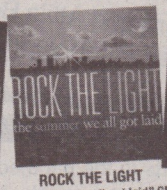

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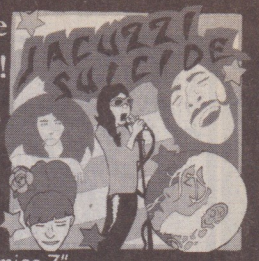

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Hungarian Punk Rock Scene Report

By Gábor Kobera, Attila Borics, and Spencer Rangitsch

Being an *MRR* shitworker and going to school in Hungary off-and-on over the past few years, I have wanted to pull together a comprehensive scene report on the Hungarian punk scene for a long time, fusing some accurate history with the current state of affairs here. For this project though, I had to enlist the help of two active Hun-Punks, my good friends Gábor Kobera and Attila Borics, who together compiled and wrote most of the content collected in this report.

NO FUTURE?

Unfortunately, though punk in Hungary has a rich history—as will be briefly described below—this history has never truly been properly chronicled, archived or documented. Many of the most seminal groups' completed works from the '80s have survived only on fifth generation tapes—some of which even had to be taken apart and different components mailed separately (e.g., plastic case, sprocket wheels, and the mini reel of tape itself) just to do tape trades with punks in foreign countries!

Though Hungarian punk bands of the '80s don't seem to hold nearly the same stature as their Yugoslav or Polish counterparts in the pantheon of Central/Eastern European punk, particularly in the eyes of a record trading elite in the West, they certainly were prolific, and the scene converging around punk in Hungary during this period was highly energized and contributed directly to the emergence of a dynamic and diverse DIY sub-culture.

Above: CPG

Debates often arise whether the marginality of Hungarian punk—and thus its lack of recognition today—can be attributed to the general level of state censorship in Hungary at the time being arguably more severe (or of a different stripe) than in other Soviet satellite states, or whether Hungarian punks in this period were simply more insulated, and thus to some extent even content with a subculture that utilized more alternative, basic mediums for communication and documenting a history in the making. For example, perhaps Hungarian punks weren't just being *prevented* from access to the vinyl medium, but also conscientiously *rejected* it as well.

Though an ultimate answer would surely acknowledge both sides of this coin, it was indeed impossible in Hungary to press a record or even record a demo in a real studio without it first being explicitly sanctioned by the state. By contrast, in the aforementioned countries and others, such restrictions were noticeably more relaxed. Even shows in Hungary were very sketchy endeavors. And because a state-run monopoly controlled the entire record pressing industry—with one label, Hungaroton, controlling the entire musical landscape—the only few vinyl artifacts from this period in Hungarian punk were pressed outside the country, usually in Yugoslavia or Western Europe.

As far as the current scene in Hungary goes, it is somewhat ironically nearly as insulated and marginalized as it was in the '80s—although today for altogether different reasons. Partially because many foreign bands of a DIY punk variety either avoid playing here or simply can't get shows because bookers are afraid to lose money, a DIY punk scene here is—in our opinion—significantly under-supported and thus under-cultivated. Additionally, it is really unfortunate how difficult it is for a DIY band from Hungary to tour, even around Central/Western Europe. (Indeed, many American bands touring Europe with ease and great enjoyment tend to take for granted that this is a luxury not as easily obtained for bands from Central/Eastern European countries, of which Hungary is a clear example.) What this has unfortunately meant for the Hungarian DIY scene is a steadily growing, regrettable tendency towards safe and commercially viable music (e.g., veering towards metal-core) in order for bands to be relevant, even within a supposed underground music scene.

It is our hope that this scene report may be a sort of rhetorical spark of sorts, not just for generating some interest within the global DIY punk community towards the Hungarian scene, but also for Hungarian punk bands to be able to situate themselves in what is happening globally on a DIY level. For foreign bands or traveling punks thinking about visiting or playing in Hungary, we would highly recommend it. Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and its punk scene—as is true for the Hungary as a whole—is truly unique, eclectic, and well worth the extra miles (or kilometers) from nearby cities like Vienna, Prague, Brno, or Ljubljana.

ONE FINAL, IMPORTANT

Above (both): Spions

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: Instead of littering this scene report with all the necessary contact info and addresses, we have created a website (hunkpunkres.extra.hu/) where all this information is readily accessible, with links as well as all other means of contact for all bands and projects described below. Additionally, there you will find some MP3 samples of most of the bands mentioned in this report.

Hungarian Punk History—A Quick Review

As legend has it, Hungarian punk rock began at the end of '77 with a band called SPIONS. As was usual in countries behind the iron curtain, everything that criticized the political system or questioned authority was explicitly forbidden. In Hungary, the clamp-down was especially harsh. Obviously, punk was an undesirable genre in the state-socialist art palette, which could be no more clearly illustrated by the fact that in 1978, after only a few gigs, the SPIONS were forced to flee the country. They later recorded two EPs in France, which, for obvious reasons, could not have been produced in Hungary.

Since the only existing record company and recording studios were state property, punk bands—many of which had an anti-government message—were prevented from recording their material, and shows were often shut down by police. Because of this, the most vibrant and interesting era of Hungarian punk rock is documented only by poor quality tapes, recorded mostly live or in rehearsal spaces, and distributed from person to person. However, a few bands were in fact able to find a *hole on the fence* and managed to record in good quality relative to their opportunities, either outside the country or by more subversive means. According to another legend, the band QSS (a funny, alternative way of writing *shut up*) recorded a demo in the late-night hours of a public radio station studio illegally with the help of a friend working there. This would later lead to serious police investigations of the station and its employees by state authorities.

The persecution of what is often referred to as the filth-wave of Hungarian underground bands culminated in spectacular witch trials. In 1983 the members of CPG—a punk band with openly anti-regime, anti-Communist, and anarchist lyrics, and whose very name stood initially as an acronym for *Come on Punks Group*"—were sentenced to somewhere between one-and-one-half to two years in prison for their song "Erdős Péter Kurva Anyád," which even in the song's title managed to unapologetically call the head of the only Hungarian record company a "son of a bitch."

By this time however, punk in Hungary was already on the move. A true subculture was in bloom on the margins of between what was socially tolerated and politically forbidden. The early '80s marked a nascent era in Hungarian punk from which many excellent groups emerged: URH, ETA, MODELLS, MARINA REVUE, TIZEDES MEG A TÖBBIEK ("Corporal and the Others," named for a famous Hungarian TV series from the '60s) KIZÁRT DOLOG ("Out of Question"), AURORA CIRKÁLÓ ("Aurora Battle Cruiser"), the aforementioned CPG, QSS and numerous others. The only official documentation of this period is a compilation titled *Világ Lázadói Harcra Fel!* ("Rebels of the World, Up to Battle!"), which was released by Primitive Cosak, a French record label, and featured one song each from KRETENS, ETA, CPG and FEGYELEM ("Discipline"). Shortly thereafter, a French band picked a CPG song-title for their name, which demonstrates the influence of this compilation. (Interestingly, there are more representative facts of this French-Hungarian connection: In 1988, a French woman whose name escapes us traveled Eastern Europe to make documentary movies about local punk scenes. As the story goes, she was most impressed in Hungary, which culminated in a short movie about the Hungarian scene, titled *T35*.

There was only one Hungarian punk band that managed to legally release vinyl in the '80s. This was NAGY FERÓ ÉS A BIKINI. They had two important LPs: *Hova Lett* ("Where Has it Gone?", 1983) and *"XX. Századi Híradó"* ("20th Century Report," 1984), after which they had a few line-up changes and (under the shortened name of BIKINI) became a boring generic rock band. It should be said also that Nagy Feró and BIKINI gradually became more and more overtly nationalist and even very right-wing in terms of their posturing and associations, and even today Feró remains a minor-league celebrity in more nationalist rock circles. Nevertheless, despite still being referred to endearingly as "the cockroach of the nation," Feró remains notable in the evolution of Hungarian punk for hosting a weekly one-hour radio show beginning in the late '80s called Garázs ("Garage"), which was essentially the only available source of hard rock music at that time. He played mainly metal, but many foreign and most importantly Hungarian punk and alternative rock bands got their music played too.

VÁGTÁZÓ HALOTTKÉMEK ("Galloping Coroners") was another significant band of this initial period. Despite the fact that that they formed in 1978 and together with SPIONS were one of Hungary's first punk bands, their first record could only be released in 1988. Later, Alternative Tentacles would release several of their albums.

In the end of the '80s, the political climate became milder and a few bands could leave the country legally to make recordings in foreign studios with much better sound quality than what was available in Hungary. First, the rough melodic band AURORA recorded six songs in Germany which was then released under the title *1988*, and later, the female-fronted TROTTEL recorded *Borderline Syndrome* in France. (Both of these bands are still active today, though AURORA plays boring, out-of-

breath *pensioner punk*, and TROTTEL left behind its raw punk edge to become more like a world/experimental project led by its original member and kingpin, Tamás Rupaszov.) Three other bands emerged around this time, BANDANAS, LEUKÉMIA and AMD, who together became the most significant Hungarian bands of the late-'80s and early-'90s, playing original, complex and constantly evolving hardcore punk. LEUKÉMIA and AMD split up in the early-'90s (Sotár, lead singer of AMD died of a heroin overdose), but AMD *and* LEUKÉMIA reformed recently, though to less-than-stellar reviews. BANDANAS is still active, though they are more influenced by SLAYER these days and play ultra-brutal music and with a punk edge.

In 1989, when the political system changed and the Soviet satellite Communist regime came to an end, cultural change all around Eastern Europe was very much in the air. This change resulted in the boom of an underground club scene in Hungary, which provided the opportunity for many foreign bands (DOA, FUGAZI, ROLLINS BAND, NOMEANSNO, MDC to name a few) to finally reach the country. While this was certainly a positive development, this change also led to the demise of many Hungarian punk bands, which did not really find their voice again after the fall of the main target of their rage. Sadly, the newcomers in the Hungarian punk scene could not fully seem to fill the space left behind by their predecessors. In light of this, you had bands like PICSA ("Cunt") with an explicitly pro-Communist-era attitude and nostalgia—which they later explained was designed merely to piss people off—and the charmingly infantile PROSECTURA ("Morgue") playing the simple and melodic punk rock 'n' roll in the vein of the RAMONES and the TOY DOLLS. Both of these bands are also still active.

Around the middle of the '90s, a brand new generation of hardcore punk emerged which distanced itself from the often-nihilistic punk scene of years past. The pivotal band of that hardcore wave was SEDATIVE BANG, who defined themselves as straight-edge skinheads. The Budapest hardcore scene evolved following their path, with bands like BURNING INSIDE, OTHERSIDE, and the short-lived ALL FOR NOTHING. DAWNCORE also came from this community and achieved some international recognition with their foreign label releases including a split with the American band DARKEST HOUR in the mid-'90s. There is also no way to exclude NEWBORN here, who also acquired international fame during this period and did a split release with CATHARSIS from the USA, their music being powerful, heavy emotional hardcore with overtly political/personal lyrics.

The city of Szombathely nurtured a strong old school hardcore scene, which they self-fashioned as *Savaria Colonia* Hardcore, or just simply SCHC. Their most important bands were UNITED SIDE, the still-functioning SOCIAL FREE FACE, and the recently reformed LIBERAL YOUTH. It is important to mention the hardcore scene of Eastern Hungary with bands like RESOURCES, STILL STRONG, the awesome SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, and FALCONGATE (the latter two both started out as classic straight edge hardcore, but later FALCONGATE morphed into an extremely melodic pop-punk band).

Above: Hold X True

Four notable punk bands existed in the late-'90s and early-'00s who should be mentioned here because of on their large impact on the Hungarian punk scene as a whole. HATÓSÁGILAG TILOS ("Forbidden by the Authorities") played fast melody-core in the vein of NOFX and BAD RELIGION boosted with strongly anarchistic lyrics, while RED LINE OFFSIDE played tight, fast, complex, markedly melodic, and thoughtful hardcore punk. HÁTSÓ SZÁNDÉK ("Strings Attached") touched many people who are keen to clever melodic punk rock with extremely thoughtful, well-crafted lyrics that could easily be converted to poetry, expressing sentiments and experiences easily understood by most Hungarians. Their farewell show in January 2004 brought together a massive crowd from almost every tribe of punk rock enthusiasts. Lastly, KEVÉS from the city of Győr took on the legacy of AMD and LEUKÉMIA while developing their own distinctive sound. Some of the members play now in PANNONIA ALLSTARS SKA ORCHESTRA, and Csiszi, their former lead singer, now fronts the reformed AMD.

Current Bands

There are many punk bands in Hungary these days, and basically all sub-genres of punk are represented. It would be impossible to introduce all of these bands; therefore, the following part of this report will be somewhat selective. Bands who flirt with the mainstream media and major labels or make their deals similar to major label bands have been deliberately excluded. Most of the bands listed below can be found on the

Below: Sotár and Tizi

Above: Something Against You
Below: Motivation

internet by utilizing your preferred search engine. In addition, sample songs from each band, and links to record labels, booking agencies, and fanzines can again be found here: hunpunkres.extra.hu/

Oi!/streetpunk is quite popular in Hungary these days, as it also appears to be a worldwide trend. BÖILER may be the best and most authentic representative of this style. Their music, that they simply call street-rock, is like COCK SPARRER meets MOTÖRHEAD. They did a few European tours together with DERKOVBOIS, who play similar, but maybe a bit more anthemic street punk. At the time of this scene report's completion however, BÖILER now is inactive, as their singer/guitar player Jani has moved to Los Angeles, CA. (So, LA punks, if you meet a slightly old, and very drunk Hungarian skinhead please be nice!) Also, LINX, an Oi! band from Tiszafüred, should be mentioned here, as well as the highly popular FEGYELMEZŐ RÉSZLEG ("Penitentiary Ward"), BELFEGOI, and ISZONYAT ("Abhorrence") from the Transdanubium region, who play blasting street punk in the vein of the CASUALTIES.

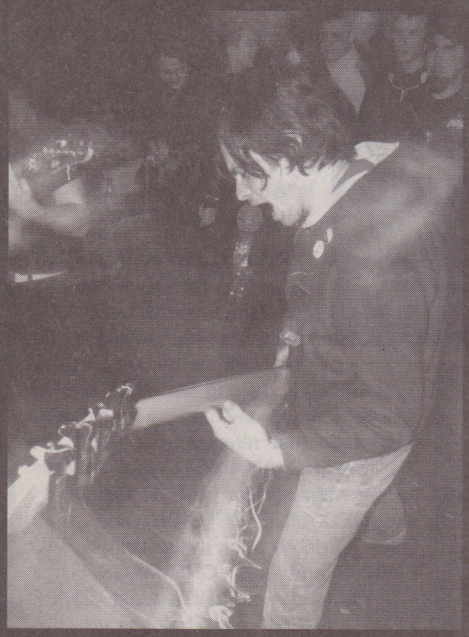
The most popular old school hardcore band is undeniably the youth crew stalwarts HOLD X TRUE, whose music is often described as a weird mixture of ATARI and IRON MAIDEN. The bass player and a former guitar player of HOLD X TRUE have also formed a side project called MOTIVATION, more classic and articulate straight edge hardcore in the vein of FLOORPUNCH or YOUTH OF TODAY. HOLD X TRUE was the actual only *full-edge* band in Hungary during the '90s. Their undeniable impact is proven by such young bands as KARATEKID, THE STRENGTH INSIDE, and THINK AGAIN from the Southern Balaton territory, all composing quite a lively straight edge/youth crew scene in Hungary. NOT THIS TIME from the ugly city of Salgótarján should also be mentioned here, though they are more influenced by early-'80s US hardcore bands like the CIRCLE JERKS or BLACK FLAG. SÄW is from Salgótarján as well, and includes the bass player of NOT THIS TIME as the frontman. They play emotioanal hardcore punk which is at times akin to CHARLES BRONSON and other times more like RITES OF SPRING. KICKIN' IT DOWN is composed of a bunch of older scenesters and plays tight, but more melodic, old school hardcore. Their singer left the band recently and now sings for MOTIVATION, but the band survives after recruiting two new singers.

Two significant bands from the Savaria Colonia area are SOCIAL FREE FACE and the recently reunited LIBERAL YOUTH, both of which have a strong following. There are two notable bands from the city of Eger worth talking about as well: TANGO UNDERGROUND mixes traditional Hungarian AMD- and LEUKEMIA-style punk with the classic New York Hardcore sound, while TISZTÁN A CÉL FELÉ ("Clearly Towards the Goal") is a Krishna-conscious, old-school hardcore band.

Back in the capital, DON'T SAY A WORD is a very promising hardcore band reminding many of us of the good moments of BLOOD FOR BLOOD. At long last, their line-up problems have seemed to settle and they have just released their first LP. SOMETHING AGAINST YOU features former members of HÁTSÓ SZÁNDÉK and RED LINE OFFSIDE, and plays fierce hardcore punk in the vein of BAD BRAINS and early CRO-MAGS. Their live shows are always a blast. CHIEF REBEL ANGEL also belongs on this list, although their music is more like some kind of dirty death-rock 'n' roll rather than classic hardcore punk. They have also recently released a new full-length. Finally, two cool new bands from Budapest: FOR MY FRIENDS plays raw punk rock with cool Hungarian lyrics. They sound like early CIRCLE JERKS, or early-'80s Hungarian punk bands, like QSS. Meanwhile, NOTHING plays clanky hardcore punk in the vein of early BLACK FLAG and NEGATIVE APPROACH. The singer is the same guy who sings in FOR MY FRIENDS. Both FOR MY FRIENDS and NOTHING feature really young (16-to-18-year-old) members—boys and girls too!

KERNEL PANIC plays emotional punk rock similar to early-'90s emo bands mixed with some DISCOUNT. THE BUTTHOLES from Veszprém play horn-driven melodic hardcore punk. LECSA-PUNK evokes the sound of second wave of British punk bands such as DISCHARGE and GBH. Unfortunately, they do not play too much since now both the drummer and the singer/bass player live abroad.

All photos in this corner: Another Way



The most active and widely known Hungarian crust punk band is HUMAN ERROR. After a few demos and splits, and having been around for quite a number of years, they just released their first LP on Profane Existence. Their sound is heavy, fast, and outright furious—an excellent live band, owing much to the stage theatrics of their enigmatic bass player, Dr. Slayer. Another well-known crust band is JACK, which started as a generic punk rock band but later they incorporated more and more crust and grind elements in their music. ANOTHER WAY is another delegate of the Hungarian crust/grind/fast-core scene, who, besides following the regular D-beat/blast-beat recipe, manage to throw in some classic heavy metal-influenced guitar licks into their mix as well. Besides that, they are one of the hardest working bands in Hungary nowadays. They tour and play extensively and organize shows for bands from surrounding countries. Similarly, STEP ON IT has developed a unique sound by mixing several diverse styles, coalescing into what they describe as an "All-School Monster." They are now in the process of preparing for their second UK tour. A relatively new and ambitious crust band, GYALÁZAT, from Győr, is about to release two split records with Sweden's DEMOLITION SQUAD and GLORYHÖLE.

For better or for worse, what can be loosely called metalcore is very much the dominant trend *de rigeur* in Hungary nowadays as far as what is still considered underground music. Basically most bands that fall under this banner—in our estimation—play fast, metallic hardcore with a heavy emphasis on metal infuences, but still retain significant punk and hardcore sensibilities—both musical and otherwise, and to varying degrees. Hungary's most prominent band in this sub-scene is the widely-recognized and internationally-acclaimed BRIDGE TO SOLACE, who includes former members of NEWBORN, SOKAN MÁSOK ("Many Others"), and HÁTSÓ SZÁNDÉK. They have released three records internationally, and have completed numerous European tours with notable foreign bands of the genre. The prolific scene-veterans FALLEN INTO ASHES fall into this list too. They have been around for about nine or ten years and have always played a more melodic mixture of hardcore and metal. One should mention here that the American band IGNITE is widely popular in Hungary as a result of their singer being part Hungarian and (literally) wearing his Hungarian identity on his shoulder, even covering several traditional Hungarian folk songs live and on their records. As an obvious result, they have appealed to some quite unsavory, nationalist, and dodgy right-wing elements within the Hungarian punk scene, quite the opposite from the *lefty* politics they tend to espouse at home in California. In any case though, apart from politics, their music has had some considerable influence on younger Hungarian bands who attempt to emulate similar vocal stylings and a similar overall sound.

Another thread within the Hungarian hardcore scene is a growing movement of thug-core bands which seem to have a large and growing audience among the usual suspects, and tend to make *musical room* for, shall we say, physical expressions anger or violence, whether healthy or otherwise. The two best bands of this description are PENALTY KICK and ZERO TOLERANCE. Both play heavy hardcore mixed with metallic elements, but PENALTY KICK is a bit closer to classic hardcore, while the music of ZERO TOLERANCE has a more articulate metal influence—both bands though have a clear affinity for mosh-parts. A final band to mention, THE LAST CHARGE, got serious publicity recently

Below: Something Against You

Above: Step On It

in the quasi-mainstream *alternative press*; however, not many people in the scene find their attitude and tough guy image credible. In any case, they play typical mosh-metal.

In terms of more straightforward classic melodic punk bands, NESZE from Budapest plays melodic punk rock with some hardcore influences and smart guitar riffs. SEMMI KOMOLY plays similar melodic punk in the vein (maybe a bit excessively so) of ANTI-FLAG. The clear veterans among this group of bands are BARACKCA, who have been around for over ten years. They started out as a pretty much worthless gutter-punk group, but later they started to play faster music and began incorporating some more meaningful, well-articulate anarchistic sentiments into their lyrics. They toured Europe a few times and Asia once, which is really something significant for a Hungarian band. THE SNOBS are also a solid anarcho-punk band with simple, direct lyrics set to dynamic, NOMEANSNO-esque bass guitar-driven music with angry female vocals.

Additionally, there also exists an interesting, strong scene of reductionist art-punk bands meaning to carry on the legacy of the traditional Hungarian punk bands from the '80s mentioned previously. They usually tend to purposely push the envelope of *the controversial* with their often shocking, absurd message or presentation. It is not much of a surprise, then, that opinions are split regarding the credibility and legitimacy of these bands. CSERMANEK LAKÓTELEP ("Csermanek Housing Project," named after János Csermanek, who later changed his name to János Kádár and became the chief secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party and ruled Hungary from 1956 to 1988), BÜDÖSÖK ("Stinkies"), and KÖRZETI MEGBÍZOTT (meaning something close to "Sheriff") are good representatives of this group, just to name a few. DIGÉP (acronym for the "Diósgyör Steel Mill and Machinery Factory"), whose members use industrial tools (e.g., hammer drills, angle grinders, etc.) for musical instruments, and are musically more complex and interesting. CSÓK ÉS KÖNNY ("Kiss and Tears") should also be mentioned here as another active band of this variety.

Not too long ago, the band BANKRUPT made the resentful pronouncement that it is worthless to play in Hungary, so they decided to play only in foreign countries to much more grateful audiences. Despite the fact that BANKRUPT played tons of gigs in Hungary previously, no one has really cried, or even noticed, their absence. In any case, it seems like their BUZZCOCKS-influenced mediocre pop punk did not really sell abroad, so after a while their name started to re-appear on the bills in Hungary.

Although psychobilly is a different genre, THE SILVER SHINE is still closely attached to the punk scene. The band was formed by three straight edge kids, including former members of HOLD X TRUE. Because of this, they are a kind of anomaly among other, more typical psychobilly bands in Hungary. Similarly, it's not that easy to categorize the music of THE YELLOW SPOTS: they mix elements of traditional rock 'n' roll, punk rock, swing and psychobilly complemented with a grotesque, *horroristic* image and intense live shows.

Lastly, there are a few bands around who play melodic skate-punk following a sound established by earlier Epitaph, Fat Wreck, Tooth & Nail, etc. bands. As a personal opinion, our Hungarian skate-punk bands are not too original and on the top of that, they usually do not really have much to say. At the same time, they are quite popular and a part of our scene. These bands include MACSKANADRÁG, NEMMIND1, BRIGÁD, GRAVEYARD AT MAXIMUM, and REFLECTED, to name a few. In addition, there is a massive influx of younger bands in this style like KRUMPLICZUKOR, LEFT, DANCE OR DIE!, and DUNA. In sum, there are way too many of these bands to list here, but in our opinion the aforementioned are the ones to keep your eye on and those making a significant contribution to the underground punk scene in Hungary.

Record Labels

In Hungary, most punk bands release their material by themselves, in DIY fashion. There are a few record labels around, but most of these are just run by bands to release their own and maybe friends' stuff. In most cases, *releasing* means only to cover the expenses of record and cover pressing, whereas the cost of recording is paid by the bands. Music is usually pressed on CDs and CD-Rs. If someone wants his/her music to be released on vinyl, he/she has to contact foreign pressing plants. There are a few record labels who are not really active anymore, or just don't really deal with punk rock anymore (like Trottel Records). The following list includes still functioning DIY labels:

Diehard X Collective Records is run by present and former members of HOLD X TRUE and MOTIVATION and specializes in straight edge hardcore. They have

Below: The Snobs

released records from HOLD X TRUE, THE STRENGTH INSIDE, MOTIVATION and the first CD-EP from THE SILVER SHINE. They have worked with foreign bands, such as VALUES INTACT from Italy or YOUTH DIVERSION from Canada. Moreover, they put out an international straight edge compilation CD called *Keep It Clear*. Unfortunately, the recent departure of Attila Illes (former drummer) from HOLD X TRUE to focus on THE SILVER SHINE led to the demise of Diehard X Collective Records. Nem-Art Records is a label run by members of BARACKCA and THE SNOBS and have released records from those bands as well as SALAD DAYS, HATÓSÁGILAG TILOS, JACK, and SPEAK UP. They have released CDs of foreign bands as well, such as INERDZIA, SLAIN, WÄRTERS SCHLECHTE, MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, and even MDC.

X-Art Records is a fairly new label, mainly formed around THE SNOBS after they left Nem-Art Records. Besides releasing records from THE SNOBS, HATÓSÁGILAG TILOS, HOLTPONT, and NEW HORIZON, they organize shows and print t-shirts too. Honest For Truth Records is the label formed and operated by KisG, the lead singer of MOTIVATION (ex-KICKIN' IT DOWN, ALL FOR NOTHING, and more) and specializes in traditional hardcore punk. The mission of Honest For Truth is to properly document the earlier years of Hungarian hardcore by putting out unreleased material from early-'90s Hungarian hardcore bands, such as ALL FOR NOTHING, KOALA TRACE, REACTION FOR ALL, SIDE STEP, etc. Besides this, they release material from active bands like KICKIN' IT DOWN, KARATE KID, SOMETHING AGAINST YOU, FINISH HIM from the USA, as well as several other foreign bands.

PiaRR Records is run by the guitar player of BANKRUPT and releases mostly Hungarian skate-punk like BANKRUPT, NEMMIND1, GRAVEYARD AT MAXIMUM, and REFLECTED. Non Stop Records was established by the bass player of SEMMI KOMOLY with the intent of only doing split-releases. However, only their first release was a split (with SEMMI KOMOLY and DR. GREEN from Lithuania). More recently, they released an acoustic album by Tes, a vegan Dutch girl, and an album from a Hungarian ska/reggae band (ESCAPE). Lastly, Kids Like Us Records is a new label run by Gábor Rádi from SÄW, NOT THIS TIME, and Small Moscow AntiBooking System (he is a very active guy!) whose first release was the debut CD of DANCE OR DIE (a Hungarian fastcore/screamo band). He's also put out a three-way split with ANOTHER WAY, KERNEL PANIC, and NOT THIS TIME, and is currently working on a debut album from SÄW.

Booking

Several of these record labels organize shows as well. This is the third year of the Free Fest, Hungary's biggest punk festival which is organized by X-Art. Nem-aArt brought us several shows as well, featuring bands like EXTREME NOISE TERROR, DOA, LEFTOVER CRACK, TOTAL CHAOS, LA FRACTION, and many more. Diehard X Collective takes part in organizing shows as well; however, to our knowledge, they separated their booking activity from record release and set up shows for mostly old school youth crew bands. The have also organized concerts for such bands as TRUE COLOURS (Belgium), JUSTICE (Belgium), FUMBLES IN LIFE (Italy), VALUES INTACT (Italy), POINTING FINGER (Portugal), and so on, and have regularly organized a one-day mini-festival series they call *One and the Same*.

Besides these small DIY labels, the biggest association specializing on show bookings is BPRPR, BudapestRockNRoll. They are not so closely attached to the underground/DIY scene, although some of their promoters do come from the underground hardcore scene and were in some notable bands mentioned above. They organize mostly hard rock and metal shows but, at the same time, they are pretty much the only bookers who bring us foreign bands booked through bigger international booking agencies. Therefore, besides BLEEDING THROUGH and similar pseudo-mainstream bands, they've recently booked shows for CRO-MAGS, ZEKE, VERSE, ANOTHER BREATH, INSTED, and COLISEUM, to name a few.

On a more DIY level, Balázs Pándi, a big enthusiast of progressive underground music of all stripes, operates Fucktothemusic Booking from Budapest. He has set up shows for bands like MDC, PROPAGANDHI, AGAINST ME! (who played in front of a *massive* crowd of around 60 people, two to three years ago), PG. 99, and CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION. More recently he also began organizing rough electronic parties (DRUMCORPS, OTTO VON SCHIRACH, etc.) and booking bands not easily appreciated by your average punk (for example the German band BOHREN UND DER CLUB OF GORE).

Packaged Poison Booking, also a one-person agency done by Dóri *Mansiz* Radics from Budapest. She deals with obscure but interesting, provocative foreign bands and has organized gigs for HARAM, SPACEHORSE, and SMACKDOWN, to name a few. In addition, she has organized European tours for several notable Hungarian bands as well.

Shows in Szombathely are mainly organized by Lemonwater Booking & Cooking. Earlier, in the days when SCHC was most active, many foreign bands in this genre (i.e., CAUSE FOR ALARM, BETTER THAN A 1000) turned up in Szombathely for what were by all accounts large, raging shows with a really positive atmosphere. The people of Lemonwater try revive this tradition. A few names they brought to their city recently: GO IT ALONE, ALLEGIANCE, SATURA LANX, JAKUZI'S ATTEMPT.

Under the name of Gagarin-core, Zsoleszka, the singer of ISZONYAT, does many underground shows around the Transdanubium region, mostly in his hometown Ajka. He has organized shows for many Hungarian, Eastern, and Western European bands, and has set up gigs for several bands from overseas such as THE OBSERVERS, CLOROX GIRLS, I OBJECT, and ANS. During the few past years Zsoleszka has found a great collaborator in his neighborhood, Mátyás Simon, also known as *Matyipotter*, the guitarist of THINK AGAIN. Matyi puts up a lot of shows in the Southern Balaton area by himself as well as in collaboration with Zsoleszka. Two great dudes, to be sure.

Small Moscow Antibooking System refers mainly to the bass player of NOT THIS TIME, Gábor Rádi, who organizes shows in his hometown Salgótarján for mostly young Hungarian bands. Dream-Long-Dead Booking helps in organizing European tours for foreign/overseas bands and organizes DIY transportation as well. They worked with bands like THE TANGLED LINES, CONFRONTO, NEW WINDS, and NUEVA ETICA. The Streetwiseman Collective books shows in the cities of Csongrád and Szentes. They are interested in everything: classic punk, hardcore, psychobilly, crust, Oi!, and more. They set up gigs for both Hungarian and foreign bands. Together, Szentes and Csongrad have a small but very enthusiastic and devoted local scene.

Besides the above listed, there are many individuals or bands who set up shows once in a while—for example, the aforementioned ANOTHER WAY, or Dr. Slayer, the bass player of HUMAN ERROR, who has organized many crust/grindcore shows, including last year's PISSCHRIST gig.

Fanzines

During state socialism, making fanzines was categorized as a prohibited activity, because it was impossible to keep it under surveillance, and had the potential

for powerful agit-prop. Despite this restraint, there were attempts at punk zines in the '80s, but the real fanzine activity started only after the early-'90s, following the radical change in the political environment. Many zines surfaced in this era, including many uniquely well written ones, such as *Isten Malaca* ("Pig of God," mostly music coverage, but the best Hungarian zine ever!), *Második Látás* ("Second Sight," mostly music, still active but not solely focused on punk/HC), *Genyó Szívó Disztroly* ("Pus Sucker Destroy," satirical writing), and *Olvasnivaló* ("Something to Read," ironic zine about anarchism and music).

Unfortunately, the initial zine surge weakened by the end of the '90s, and almost completely disappeared by the new millennium. In the early-'00s there were barely any printed fanzines left, mainly because of the boom of webzines. Blissfully, after a few years printed zines started to reappear again with full force. The list below contains the zines one can get in Hungary nowadays. Almost all of them are new:

Negativ deals with old school punk, and besides mainly musical topics, it has thought-provoking articles—for example, a recent feature on environmental protection. *Surface Detonation* from Szentes deals with all kinds of underground music, but mostly classic hardcore. In addition, it contains personal reflections on the scene and everyday life. Unfortunately, this zine is over, but the highly similar *Maniac Massmurder*, written by a former *Surface Detonation* contributor, can be considered its successor.

Reaction is a high quality hardcore fanzine with lots of interviews, reports and reviews. *I Drink Milk* is a straight edge hardcore zine which has been improving with every issue. *Sofa King* (Viktor from SOMETHING AGAINST YOU) deals with many personal and punk scene-related issues, adding a large dose of humor and with loads of sincerity infused into creative and unique features. *Total Addiction*, penned by Dr. Slayer from HUMAN ERROR, is maybe the oldest fanzine which still exists and focuses on crust punk and grindcore.

Elíz Csodaországban ("Alice in Wonderland") is a cool punk/hardcore zine that, besides the regular reviews, reports, interviews and thought-provoking articles, contains awesome comics. *Kaka Fanzine* is a personal zine with some music coverage; it appeared once, but no one knows if it will continue. *Lufikikötő* ("Balloon Port") is a great, inspiring personal zine whose author also does a separate zine in English called *Peristartic.*

Salak is another personal and scene-related zine with funny pictures and written in a funny Hungarian dialect. *Honest For Truth* is done by the same person who operated the record label of the same name, and specializes in documenting and reminiscing over the early years of Hungarian hardcore. *Hajtás* is a one-page zine with a couple of articles about the punk scene and other music from a biker's perspective in every issue.

Lastly, there are a few graphic artists in Hungary who associate themselves with or are heavily influenced by punk rock culture. They are Zoé Szilágyi, his late husband László *Lackó* Szilágyi, Tamás *Menyus* Menyhárt, and Gábor *Szati* Szatmári from Szeged, who also made record cover and T-shirt designs for several Hungarian punk rock bands. Links to their online galleries are found at hunpunkres.extra.hu/. They are definitely worth taking a look at.

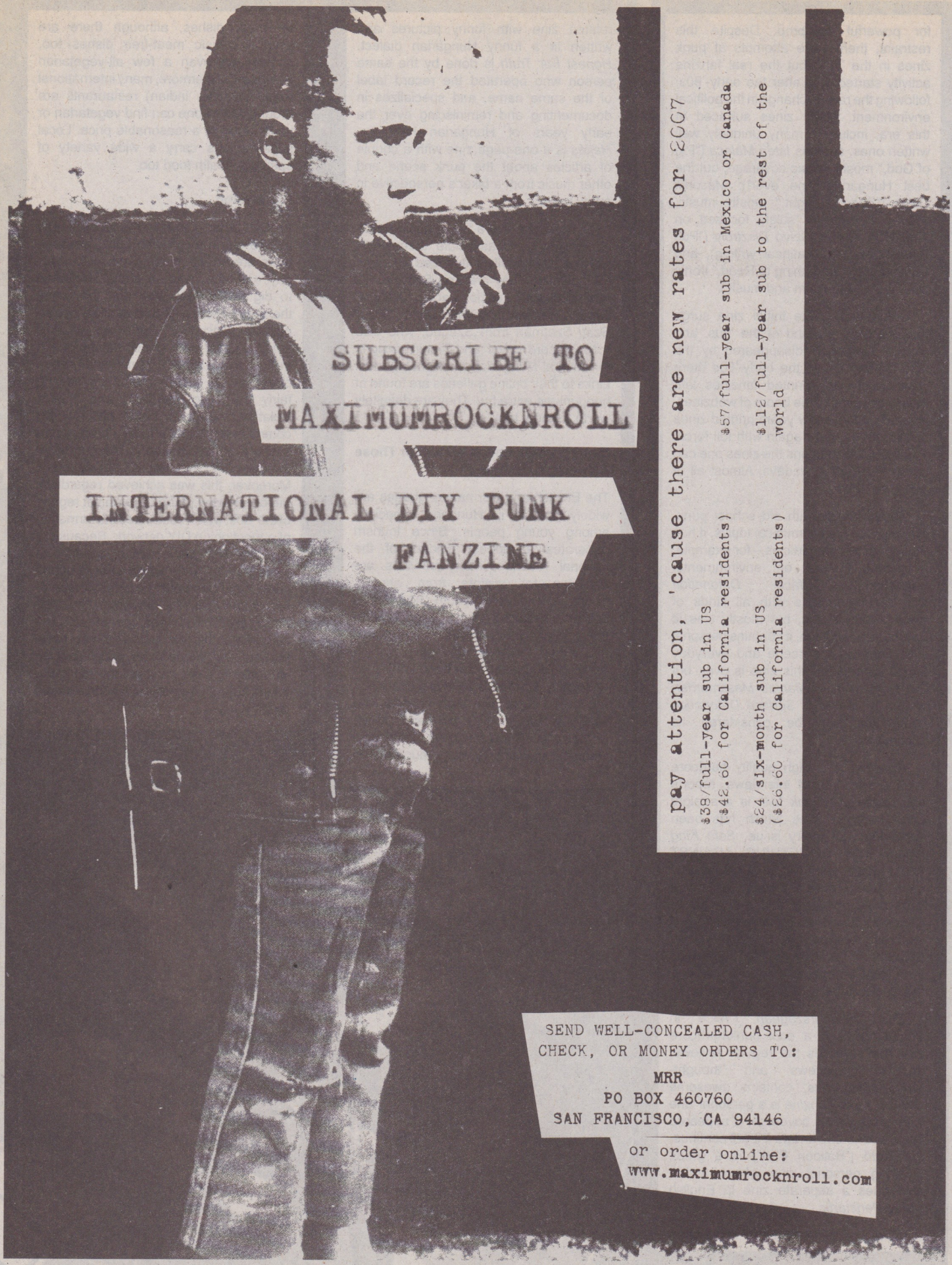
Some Miscellaneous Words for Those Traveling to Hungary

The English and German languages are widely spoken in Hungary, especially among young people. Since tourism generates a modest amount of the national revenue, many services are available for visitors from abroad. There are several youth hostel-type budget accommodations, especially in the capital, where traveling punks can find a bed for about $15 per night. In addition, Hungarians are famous for their hospitality, so there's always a chance to bump into some nice punk rockers who would let their foreign comrades crash at their place for a few days. Traditional Hungarian cuisine is pretty much based on meat dishes, although there are several classic meat-free dishes too, as well as even a few all-vegetarian eateries. Furthermore, many international (e.g., Chinese, Indian) restaurants are around where one can find vegetarian or vegan food at a reasonable price. Local supermarkets carry a wide variety of specialty/health food too.

Conclusion

As with other places in the world, many people get in touch with punk, although there are not so many, especially in this day and age, who take the challenge to dig really deep and find the roots, the true essence of this musical-social-political subculture. Speaking about a small country with a population of ten million, this means a really small group of people. On the other hand, despite the fairly low living standards and relative isolation, there's no better proof of our commitment than the lively underground scene that has existed in Hungary from the beginning and that still thrives today. Moreover, this was achieved regardless the oppression of the Communist regime of the '80s, which obstructed the formation of a functioning DIY network. Because of this, the Hungarian scene lacked that solid foundation on which today's scene could have been built on, and the sort of foundation that was present in the USA and Western European countries. At the same time, this also proves the principal phrase: *Our scene is as good as good we make it.* If we don't get up and make things happen ourselves, no one else will do it for us.

Below: Human Error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OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

I've got a confession to make. When I first got my copy of Hospitals *in July of 2006, I failed to give it a listen before throwing it into my stack of CDs, never to be seen again. I had booked Off With Their Heads pretty last minute onto this huge show that I was throwing, with a lot of bands that I was really excited about, so they sort of got lost in the crowd for me. I had been fighting a pretty wicked head cold and just wasn't feeling it that day. After the show, Justin from OWTH gave me their new* Hospitals *EP and I wished them a safe trip back to Minneapolis. I went home immediately, too exhausted to even hang out afterwards, and went to bed. I was in bed for the next three days, sicker than I had ever been before in my life. Fast forward two months later. I was digging through my closet and there it was; the missing* Hospitals *EP that I had been hearing so many great things about. I threw it into my CD player and rocked that shit five or six times straight. I was hooked. Not only was I hooked, I was born again to pop-punk. The next time I saw Off With Their Heads play was at The Fest V in Gainesville. I knew all of the*

words this time, and their performance just completely blew me away. I remember dancing next to Ryan when Toys That Kill played. That weekend was one of the best weekends of my life. I've been a huge fan of these guys ever since, collecting all of their records and telling all of my friends about them. If it were up to me, they would come to South Dakota and play a show for me every weekend. They re-introduced me to good, catchy-as-hell pop-punk, and I hope they're around for a long, long time. I had the pleasure of talking to Ryan and Justin about their new record, their Japanese tour, and about life in general. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.
Interview and intro by Taman Eggers.

MRR: Let's start off with what you do in the band.

Ryan: Sing, guitar, and write songs with Justin sometimes.

Justin: I play the drums.

MRR: When you were naming the band, what were some of the other names you considered?

Ryan: The Rivethead guys named us Frogtown. Erik really wanted to be called The Filter Kings. We stuck with Off With Their Heads.

MRR: Do you guys see a difference in shows since you've gotten so much recognition from your record *Hospitals*?

Ryan: The last tour we did was definitely more attended. Mind you that's still maybe six more people than the last time we played places. I don't think there is any "buzz" around us; I think people are sick of us.

Justin: The tours seem to be getting better and better each time, but it's not like night and day. We still have a lot of shows that are really small. I've noticed a lot more people singing along though.

MRR: You recorded your first full-length record *From the Bottom* over the summer and it's due out on No Idea early this year. Were you trying to accomplish anything special with the record? How would you describe it to someone unfamiliar with your sound?

Ryan: We were trying to accomplish actually writing a full length. That's about it. It sounds pretty much like all the other shit we've done with a couple weird spots. I think it's the best thing we have done yet.

Justin: I would tell them, "It kind of sounds like Green Day." People seem to understand that. If they were hesitant, I would tell them to steal it. I don't think we tried to do anything, but it came out a little more—it sounds weird to say it—"mature" than *Hospitals*, and a bit less blatantly poppy.

MRR: You've released a ton of split EPs in the past year or so. With the huge volume of releases, do you think your music gets reduced to a commodity, or makes it a sought-after collector's item for all of those vinyl collectors out there?

Ryan: The records we put out for some reason are being collected like crazy. We put out so many records because we like doing it. With a 7", you can do it in a day and have it out in a month. It's sort of our way to fuck around with people and do different-sounding shit. Almost everyone hates some of the stuff we do, and it's awesome. We like everything we do, with the exception of a couple songs.

MRR: Are you totally content making awesome pop-punk songs? If you had the resources and money to add different levels to your music—new instruments, maybe some orchestral parts—would you do so?

Ryan: When we go into the studio, we look around and see what we might be able to use outside of just the standard four instruments. If we had the resources, we would totally add stuff in. The problem with that is it takes a lot of planning, money, time, and know-how. When we record, we have one full day to get everything done. You can't really do orchestral shit with that amount of time. Hopefully, someday. We'll definitely become more diverse as time goes on, but I don't think the catchy punk will ever really go away.

Justin: I think we actually had an idea for concept album once. I don't remember what it was, but I have the suspicion it involved being either stupid or mean. I think both of us would totally do a high-budget concept album, but I'm pretty sure by the time we got done with it, it would be unlistenable.

MRR: Ryan, your lyrics are full of references to drugs, death, girls, and a lot of desperation. Is the pitch-black nature of your lyrics always sincere? Is having to sing those lyrics every night on tour something that helps you therapeutically or does it just dredge up old feelings?

Ryan: When *Hospitals* was written, I was doing my fair share of drugs. Since then, I have almost completely stopped. I started getting terrible anxiety from it. If I did so much as one line of anything right now, I would probably have a heart attack. Justin doesn't now and has never done drugs. We just like to drink and have fun. It's funny when we play to new people and they are super disappointed that we won't "go nuts on a bender" with them. Sometimes we will, but it's all relative to the company. If we don't want to hang out, it means that we are hung-over, tired, or just plain don't like your company. All of the lyrics are sincere. I try to add an element of comedy to it, but for the most part, everything is true. There are a few topics that I've written about that I don't feel I've completely finished, but I try to get it all taken care of at the time. Off With Their Heads has

definitely been the only outlet I've had to keep me from losing my mind completely, and so far it seems to work.

Justin: Come on, where's the question about me transferring my personal anguish into the same drumbeat I play for every song?

MRR: You've put records out on a lot of labels. Do you have a favorite that you've worked with? Would you ever consider working with a bigger label, perhaps even a major label, if there was interest on their part?

Ryan: I've loved everyone who we have done stuff with. Recess is great. Todd is re-pressing the *Hospitals* LP for us. I'd like to do something with him again in the future. Major labels? It's actually really fun to sit back and watch that entire industry crumble. They are wasteful and have been for years. Now shit's catching up with them. They had years to try and adapt to the times, but didn't try hard enough. I don't really see much of a reason for Off With Their Heads to try and do that. We don't have the same appeal that most of the bands do who go for it. We're negative loudmouth dicks, but somehow not goths? Yeah, I'm going with that. People often mistake us for "climbing the ladder" of labels. That's not true at all. We just like working with different people who do different things. We like to tour because we can't stand working. I like to be gone so I don't have to deal with all the bullshit of everyday life. It's not a work towards superstardom. I'd rather live my entire life on the road with my friends making five dollars a day than sit around waiting to die.

Justin: Every label we've worked with has been awesome. They're all made up of honest-to-goodness rad people that love music. As far as signing bigger, I don't know. It's hard to answer to a hypothetical situation. I've never even taken it into consideration for our band. Even if it were a consideration, there's always going to be critics, or people that get pissed at you because you get too big and don't feel so special to them anymore, like a hidden treasure or something. I'm sure there were a ton of people that got pissed because Springsteen or Poison signed to a major. I guess my general rule is that ultimately, what label a band is on doesn't matter. If I like the music, I like it, end of story. I'm not going to not listen to a band I like just because they're on a major. Just like I'm not going to like every band that's on a label I like.

MRR: You toured Japan this past summer. What were the highlights of that? How did the shows over there differ from the ones you play here in the US?

Ryan: This is the first and last time I'm going to tell my Japan story. People have drawn their own conclusions on what happened, even though they weren't there. That's bullshit. Let me start by saying, Yoichi, who runs Snuffy Smiles records, is the most childish 42-year-old person I have ever met. We were nothing but on our best behavior for most of that trip, and for some reason, he stopped riding in the van with us, talking to us, and letting us know what was going on. I later found out that he was pissed at us because we would crack jokes about gas station food that would look like a cheese danish, but would actually be fish paste on a roll. He was pissed because we would jokingly ask him to bring us to Taco Bell, while we know there isn't one in all of Japan. We would crack jokes about how we have to drink a ton of Japanese beer to get drunk. Mind you, we had smiles on our faces the whole time. How can you get through tours without having fun with the people you are on the road with? Another reason he was pissed was because of toll roads. If you don't take toll roads in Japan, you are looking at at least an eight-hour drive to get from one town to another. We were aware that Japanese tolls are expensive. We had no problem covering the cost so that nobody had to drive fifteen hours around them. We saved money to go on this trip. We bought that fuck a bottle of Jameson. We thanked him daily for all he was doing for us. We bought he and his friends food any chance we could. You know what this piece of shit did? He wrote us a letter that he gave to his little crony to give to us, just like little Suzie in the ninth grade would have. It said, "I'm sorry Japanese food sucks, I'm sorry our beer sucks, I'm sorry our country is not as good as yours. You only have one more day left, and then I will never bother your lives again. By the way, did you ever think about thanking the people who let you use their equipment?" Funny thing is that we did do that, every single day. That's just how he treated us. On to how he treats other people: If you aren't part of his immediate clique of bands, he will be a fucking asshole snob to you. I witnessed friends of mine trying to talk to him about records he put out, and because he was such a scenester fuck, he wouldn't give them the time of day. Snuffy Smiles, Yoichi, and his minions of little cronies are everything that went wrong with this kind of music—snobby, crotchety, old, sexist dickheads.

Justin: It was weird in that they don't do house shows. Every venue we played was a bar of sorts that had a stage, lights, and a house backline. The shows themselves weren't that different. People sang along, or tried to, and had fun. I guess the weirdest thing was that we had to get to every show three hours early because every band from Japan sound checks half their set. They probably thought we were dicks for going to video arcades all the time and never doing a sound check. I drunkenly wrestled the national lightweight sumo champion in a bar parking lot. I won, but I'm pretty sure he threw the fight to make me feel good. Shyboy rules.

MRR: Do outrageous gas prices affect your touring schedule? If gas prices hit something like six dollars a gallon, would you continue to tour?

Ryan: We lost a lot of money back in the day, but it's finally starting to even out. We still don't make any money, but at least we don't come home over a grand in the hole. Touring would be really hard if gas hit six dollars a gallon, but I'm sure we would figure something out.

Justin: We don't tend to sweat the money issues, though we don't tend to tour in the summer, because we need to make money and it's hotter everywhere else. And gas prices kill in the summer.

MRR: Where are some of your favorite places to play shows? Ever had any really bad shows? Do you have any favorite places to eat on tour?

Ryan: I always liked playing at the Alamo in Minneapolis. As far as other favorite shows, St. Augustine, Florida, and Seattle with Snuggle. Both have been house shows and great times. We never really have bad shows. If we can tell it is going to suck, we just leave. We don't leave if there is someone there super into seeing us. We leave if people are shitheads about things, or if neighbors are throwing rocks and shit at you.

Justin: I'm pretty sure the FBK house in Seattle has hosted the best and craziest two shows we've ever played. The bad ones? There's so many to choose from. It could be the one in Portland where Josh blacked out before we even played and ended up punching his bass more than playing it. Our set ended with one person clapping and saying, "Hey, how about a bass solo?" Or maybe the one in Minneapolis where I got so drunk I couldn't hold my sticks and ended up tackling Ryan mid-song. He broke a borrowed guitar and we made it through two and half songs. I think that could be it. Yeah. I love you Josh. As for food, Dogners in Tucson are the most incredible thing known to man. Let's see, the Crow's Nest in Kalamazoo, because hippies are good at making breakfast, any Pita Pit, Cosmic Burritos in Durham, NC, Humberto's in Phoenix, the Tampa Taco Bus, and any place that has big, cheap breakfast. Oh, and if you've never eaten at a Jersey Mike's, you haven't lived. I like food.

MRR: Have you ever booked any shows to show up and find something totally different than what you were expecting?

Ryan: A kid set us up a show in Vegas once. We were pretty stoked because it was an all-ages place. That's pretty rare in a town like that. When we showed up, it was this coffee shop that sold Christian books and bibles. We had the classic band discussion by the van, and decided to bail. If there's one person I'm not doing this for, it's Jesus. The kid got super pissed at us and called us dicks and all that. He said that the people that let them have punk shows there were really cool and didn't care if you swore or talked about drugs. I tried explaining to him that that's how they work. They make you think that they are cool so that you might listen to what they have to say. I didn't sway him. He's probably out of punk and into god by now. Worse yet, he's into god and still into punk.

MRR: Do line-up changes impact the way you guys write your songs? How does the writing process work and how long did it take you to write *Hospitals*?

Ryan: It doesn't change anything. Justin and I don't write songs with other people. Sometimes the people that tour with us can't play the bass parts Nate plays on the recordings, but that's about it. We write songs one of three ways. One, I write everything and tell everyone else what to play. Two, Justin comes up with an idea and we fuck with it until it's right. And three, we just make shit up on the spot and call it good. We've done that a lot. It's funny to see which songs people like more. They are usually the ones that don't take any time to work out. *Hospitals* was mostly written in the studio or a couple weeks prior. I know most of the lyrics were written while Nate was doing bass tracks. We honestly didn't think it would turn out as good as it did. We seem to work best on the fly. A good example would be that song, "For The Four." We have had about three different

versions of it, but in the studio I switched the key and took a chorus from one of Justin's other songs. My sister's husband had a serious accident that same day, and I sat down and wrote new lyrics for it. Shit isn't finished until it's released. Usually Nate or whoever else is playing bass in the studio learns the songs that day. We have a dumb system that seems to work out fine.

Justin: Depending on who and how many people are on the road with us, it may sound a little different. The biggest pain is that it seems like instead of writing new stuff, we're constantly having to practice the old stuff to teach to the rotating lineup.

MRR: Why do you think it's so hard for you guys to stick to a regular lineup?

Ryan: I guess its just because I get ideas of what I want to do and if someone can't do it, then we find someone who will. You can wait around for people, but who knows how long you are going to have to wait? There isn't really a shortage of people willing to travel and party across the country/world.

Justin: I don't think it's necessarily that hard. We've just never tried. At first we did, but a few years ago we just decided that as long as it remained the two of us, we could always recruit people to play with us. Since we never made anyone a "member," we didn't have to kick them out. For the last two or three years, though, we actually have had a pretty solid touring and home lineup.

MRR: Minneapolis has always produced a lot of really great bands. Do you think the city has had any impact on your sound? Would you sound any differently if you had come out of somewhere like Gainesville?

Ryan: Lately, not really. Minneapolis is much more of a hardcore town. A ton of great hardcore punk bands popped up in the last couple of years. Not to say that there always hasn't been a good hardcore scene, but there really has been an abundance of good shit by younger kids recently. Pandamonium, Question, the Formaldehyde Junkies, and shit like that. Outside of Dillinger Four being one of my favorite bands since I was in high school, I don't think there has been too much of a local influence on what we do.

Justin: I'm sure Minneapolis has shaped our sound in some way or another. I kind of wish we sounded more like Less Than Jake or Bowling for Soup.

MRR: You're not known as a political band, but I'm wondering—are you yourselves political people in your personal lives? If you could pick anyone in the world to be the next president, who would it be?

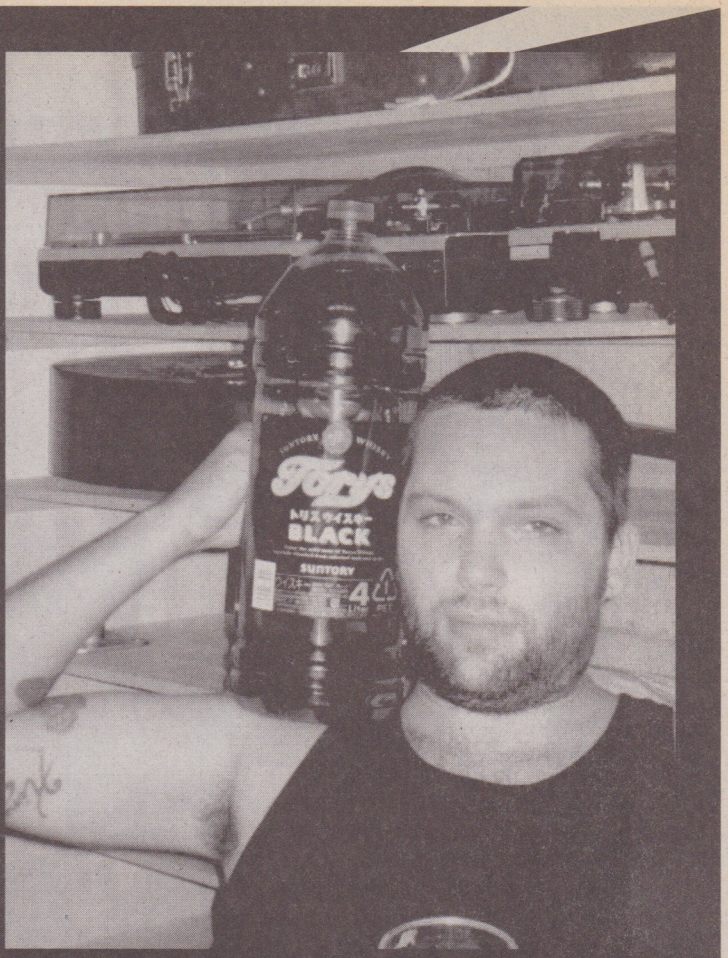
Ryan: I stay out of that shit as much as possible. I have enough personal problems to deal with. If I could pick anyone, I'd pick Billy Morisette. You wanna fuck with the USA, fine. He'll put you in a headlock and make you drink Jager shots until you change your mind. I'd love to see it.

Justin: I totally don't understand politics, and I'm not a very political person. However, I'd just like to say that I think it's everyone's right to not be scared of getting sick or feel like they have to tough out an illness because they're poor. So I'll probably back whoever is for public health care, so long as they're not an Evangelical Christian.

MRR: What are your feelings about being political in the punk rock community?

Ryan: It's bullshit. Don't be a racist or sexist or a homophobe. That's really all I care about. I, for the most part, hate people in the punk scene that preach positivity. That sounds like some Jesus shit to me. I have very few things in life that I'm positive about, and I know other people feel the same. The only semi-positive thing about me is the fact that I deal with all my negativity and sometimes help other people know that they aren't alone.

Justin: Hopefully it's important to stay positive all the time with life in general. But, that's just kind of unrealistic.



MRR: A lot of independent performers have been getting some recognition in major music publications recently. For instance, Japanther was reviewed recently in *Rolling Stone* and Paul Baribeau (Plan-It-X) in *AP Magazine*. How would you feel about gaining recognition from a magazine like that? Do you keep up with reviews of your releases?

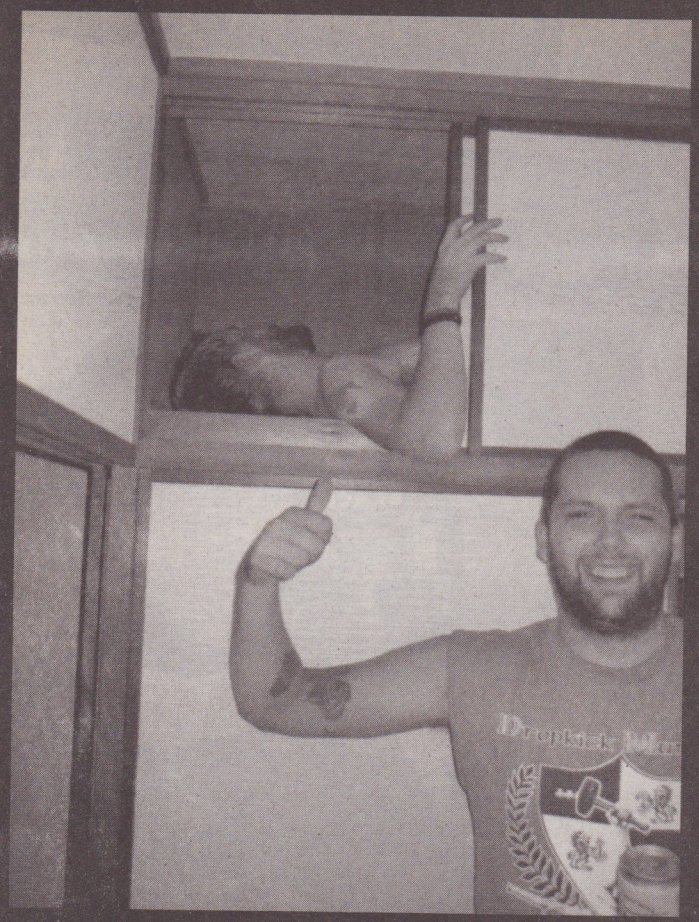
Ryan: Most of the time. The only publication that really had it out for us was that shitty mall punk magazine, *Punk Planet*. That didn't really chap me too much. I think it would be funny to actually gain attention from dumb magazines like that. Trust me, if it ever happens, we will take full advantage of our dickhead-dom. We get just as much of a kick out of people going out of their way to hate us as we do when people like us.

Justin: All that matters to me is that I like what we're doing. I don't care if anyone likes us. And I'm sorry, but just because you write for *Rolling Stone* doesn't mean you have better ears than anyone else. A review is just one person's opinion, no matter where it's printed. Even if we got reviewed in *Popular Mechanics*, I'd still appreciate it, even if that person thought we sucked balls.

MRR: Do you have any interest in going down in history as people, or as a band? What do you want to be remembered for 30 years from now?

Ryan: Not really. I just want to make sure I'm not pissed at myself for the choices I make. I don't really think anyone will remember us 30 years down the road. I hope not. That would be sad.

Justin: I'm not too concerned about it. I remember playing a show in Minneapolis once where I got black-out drunk and we couldn't play because I couldn't hold onto my sticks. Someone from a band we've played with made the comment of, "Man, their new drummer sucks." Yeah, I'm not worried about being famous. Hopefully the people that love me won't forget about me. I'd like to be remembered for inventing something ridiculous, like the new thumbtack or paper clip,



or saving a school bus full of drowning children by wrestling a giant octopus.

MRR: Do you have the support of your family when it comes to playing in a punk rock band?

Ryan: I don't think my family knows what punk rock is. As far as they know, they think we go out and tour and make a ton of money and sell thousands of records and shirts. I let them believe it and they don't bother me about my lifestyle.

Justin: Yes. They came and watched us at the Dinkytowner in Minneapolis and my mom said it was "really cool." She may have been exaggerating a little, but she refused to wear the earplugs I brought for her. I thought that was pretty cool.

MRR: What have you been listening to lately? Anything that's really been blowing you away?

Ryan: I really like this EP by this band the Re-Volts. It's a couple guys from Swingin Utters doing power-pop. They put it out themselves. Good stuff. The only other thing that really sticks out is a band from Philly called he Low Budgets. It's like FYP all over again, but almost dumber. Pick up their new record, *Leave Is a Loan*. Good shit.

Justin: The last tour that we were on we listened to the Re-Volts pretty much daily. I can't seem to get enough of Andrew Jackson Jihad, and the Arrivals' *The Marvels of Industry* is one of best records I've heard in ages. Front to back, solid hits.

MRR: Five records you can't live without?

Ryan: I can certainly live without anything, but I love these records: Samiam – *Astray*, The Low Budgets – *Leave Us a Loan*, Tiltwheel – *Hair Brained Scheme Addicts*, Dillinger Four – *Midwestern Songs*, and Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds – *Murder Ballads*.

Justin: Not counting stuff I'm really into, or just discovered recently, I can think of a few records where I would be seriously bummed if I couldn't hear them again. In no real order: Avail – *Over the James*. Front to back awesome. Against Me! – *Reinventing Axl Rose*. Jack Palance Band – *Get this Shit Underway*. Get the fuck out of here, this record rules. Any D4 or Toys That Kill, and Suicide Machines – *Destruction by Definition*. I have my reasons. Don't judge me, you fuckin' asshole.

MRR: If you could pick three of your favorite bands to take out on a huge cross-country tour with you, who would they be, and in what order would you play every night?

Ryan: The Arrivals, Off With Their Heads, Tiltwheel, and Re-Volts. Tiltwheel would headline because it's always funny to watch them when they have to play last.

Justin: I think Neil Diamond, The Flaming Lips, and the Mountain Goats would be hilarious. But I would have to refuse to play last. My second choice? I think the Arrivals, Toys That Kill, and Blotto would be awesome. D4 could come along, too, if they ask nicely. And they have to carry my drums.

MRR: Aside from the new full-length, what does 2008 hold for Off With Their Heads?

Ryan: We are thinking about touring Europe and the UK this summer. Hopefully we'll be doing more touring once the record comes out. It's the only time when I feel like things are rad. I'd like to do it all year long.

Justin: Maybe a split-LP. We'll see...

MRR: Is there any point in the future that you can see the band breaking up?

Ryan: From the time I started this band, I promised that this would be my thing. I don't see the point in starting over with another band when you have no rules for the current one. I'm not going to stop doing this. I love it. It's the most important thing in my life, and nothing can take that from me. I've met some of the best people in the world doing this shit, and I can't really ever see just bailing out. I might have less to do with it at some point, but I'll always be interested as to what's new and what's going on at the moment.

MRR: Thanks for doing this interview with me, guys. Have you got any last words to close this thing out?

Ryan: I miss my precious little meow.

Justin: You know what? I'm going to add all of our records to my top-five list. Sounds stupid, but you know what? Even if I had nothing to do with this band, I would listen to Off With Their Heads all the time, and I happen to think that's pretty cool.

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the daily void

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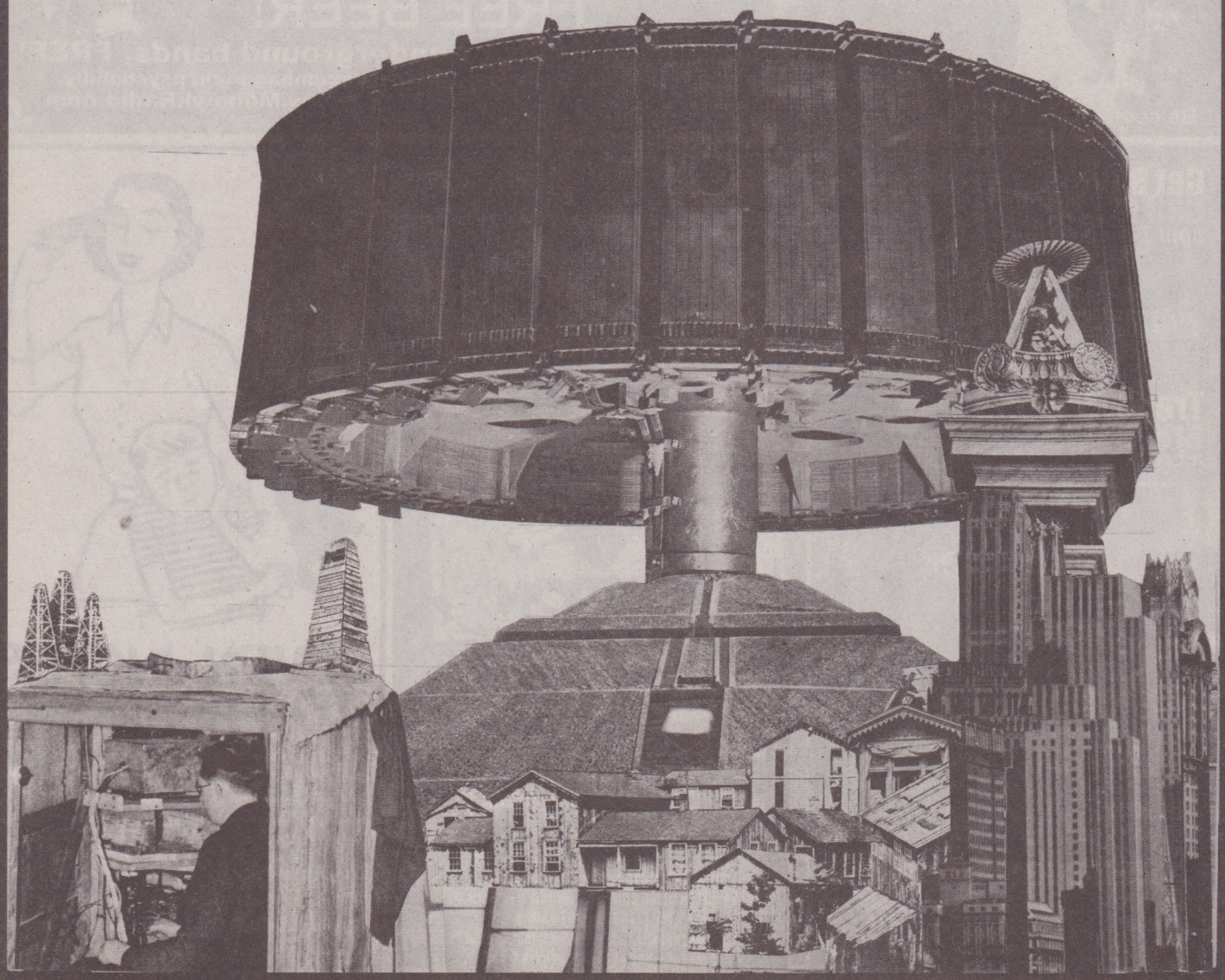
The Daily Void got it down right...sneering, cynical, dark, cold, raw nerves twitching, 4:00 A.M. conspiracy theories, more viral than the virus tape, et al. All this and more (paranoia) seeps thru the grooves as the sound churns forth like nausea induced by reading cut-ups of the news. Echoing the anguish of Rudimentary Peni without making you wait five or so years between dispatches, the Daily Void issues notes from the underground that spit the kind of discontent at the modern world that has been lacking for some time in most of what gets called punk. Sure, you can spout the latest slogans, but what's scarier to you? A string of chants, or stark naked reality in all its ugliness? I dug under a rock or two and unearthed them for your reading pleasure.
Interview done via email with Om, Ob, Ilth, and Ack.



the daily void

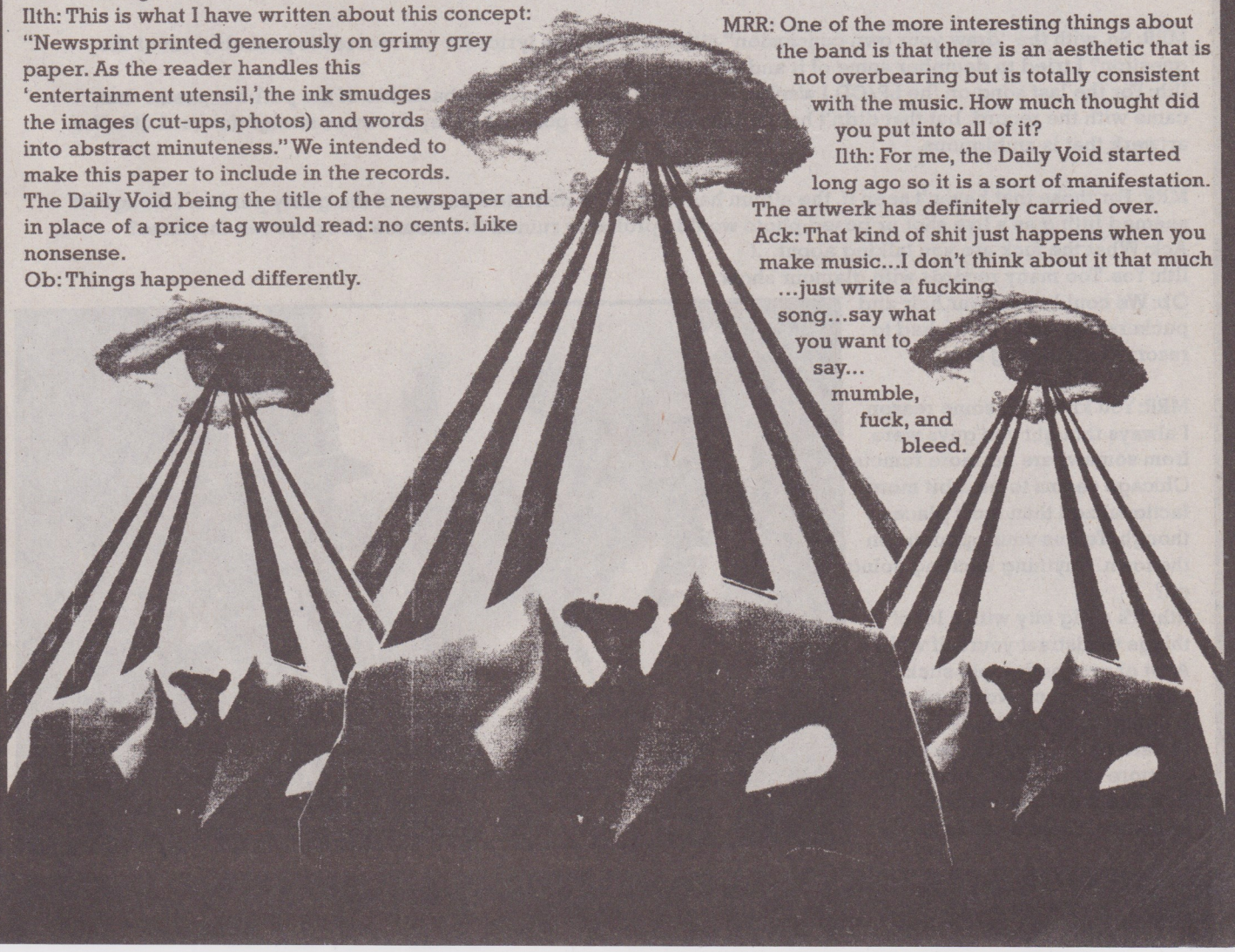
MRR: Starting out, what led to the demise of the Functional Blackouts—or did the Blackouts die out at all? Take us from there to the start of the Daily Void.
Ilth: Inner turmoil...Om joined us on drums...changed band name.
Ack: Cos and Dr. Filth couldn't get along, so now we got the Daily Void
...t he new band,
Tom from the Worst, Rob from the FBs and Worst, me and Dr. Filth of the FBs. That's the the Daily Void...a year old.
Ob: Functional Blackouts didn't die. We blew up during a show at the Mutiny and lost our drummer. There was blood everywhere! Tom and I played in another band that was coming to a close and he was the only person who could hang, so...

MRR: By the way, how do you guys stand on the whole use of "ex-members of..." to promote stuff? I assume you ran into it more than once while touring.
Ilth: Not too crazy about it. Rather start with a fresh slate instead being compared.
Ack: It's good...people will know who the fuck they're seeing...
Ob: Promoting Daily Void as "ex-Functional Blackouts" probably steers most folks away.

MRR: One thing that stuck in my mind when the ex-Functional Blackouts thing came up—I recall seeing you play in Detroit and someone (can't recall who) leaning over and puking all over your new records (they were set up on the side of the stage, seemed too perfect to be real). I've always wondered if that was planned or if it just happened. Fill us in.
Ilth: I tried to puke every show for that tour. Don't remember hitting the records though. But ah, I gave that up. Kinda nasty.

MRR: So, new band and you guys picked an interesting name. Explain, if you would.
Ack: It was gonna be the name a surrealist paper Dr. Filth was working on...we just used it...
Ilth: This is what I have written about this concept: "Newsprint printed generously on grimy grey paper. As the reader handles this 'entertainment utensil,' the ink smudges the images (cut-ups, photos) and words into abstract minuteness." We intended to make this paper to include in the records. The Daily Void being the title of the newspaper and in place of a price tag would read: no cents. Like nonsense.
Ob: Things happened differently.

MRR: One of the more interesting things about the band is that there is an aesthetic that is not overbearing but is totally consistent with the music. How much thought did you put into all of it?
Ilth: For me, the Daily Void started long ago so it is a sort of manifestation. The artwerk has definitely carried over.
Ack: That kind of shit just happens when you make music...I don't think about it that much ...just write a fucking song...say what you want to say... mumble, fuck, and bleed.



the daily void

MRR: Your explanation of the newspaper almost sounds Burroughs-ish. Not sure if you're familiar, but, if so was this a sort of influence on it?
Ilth: The cut-up method of Burroughs/Gysin has definitely served as an influence. I am a fan, yes.

MRR: Did you ever get any work done on it or was it strictly concept?
Ilth: It remains conceptual.

MRR: Tell us a bit about the ideas you are trying to get across with everything. Obviously, the imagery is stark, as is the music, but what's the story?
Ilth: It is a sort of maze...light shed on the dark corners. An exploration of the imagination. The images dealing with the buildings all cluttered together is a feeling of invasion...and the collage used for the first record is a sort of system of escape. But I'd rather not explain what I see. I would think it more interesting for the viewers' imagination to be provoked into making their own connections and conclusions. The music is another outlet only more immediate and now.
Ob: Barking hearts in the cold dark!
Ack: John took a liking to the cramped crippled Candice...fleet feet while getting there...someone struck a match and it was gone...like a fart.
Om: The story? It started in the year 21874 ADD...

MRR: A lot of the art and some of the themes in the songs that I can pick up seem to dwell in almost post-post-modernist-dystopian-future-shock. Would you say that's an accurate explanation, or how else would you put it across? Is humanity doomed?
Ilth: Yes. Speaking for myself, it has a lot to do with the one thing mankind has no cure for: death. But we (the band) do retain a sense of humor. We are not all gloom.

MRR: So, with the "draw your own conclusion" attitude, I assume lyrics for the records is probably out of the question? I tried to decipher some of it and gave up.
Ilth: For the last song on the LP/CD I wanted to include the lyrics on the backside of the pull-out poster that came with the record, but that didn't happen. As far as lyrics go, I think they are more straightforward. It is the artwerk that is ambiguous.

MRR: For those that haven't seen it, the album has only a few distorted images of the guilty parties. I thought it seemed fitting as a live shot or posed photo woulda probably ruined it. I assume you guys felt the same?
Ack: What the fuck are you talking about...!
Ilth: Yes. Too many records with glamour shots.
Ob: We couldn't get our hair and puckers just right, so we had to resort to something else.

MRR: You know, for some reason I always thought you guys were from somewhere far more remote. Chicago seems to be a bit more factionalized than most places though. Tell us your opinions on the town. Anything exciting going on?
Ilth: It's a big city with a lot of things to distract yourself with. A lot of groups/people stick with their comfort crowd/clique... but this might not really be true. We are being asked as to play on more interesting bills of late...
Ack: Yeahhhh...Chicago is awesome. There's bands like

the daily void

There's bands like MOTO still playing, Vee Dee, the Curtains, Lotto Ball Show, Cos's band, Johnny and the Limelights,Lotta Good Anoize, the Yolks, The Plastic Boner Band, Plastic Crimewave Sound—a lot of shit that ain't too plastic but says it is...
Ob: The Annual Pinball Expo is pretty exciting. World's largest! There's millions of people here so there's going to be large groups that only tune into one channel.
Om: Ha! I bet you could circulate a petition encouraging us to move somewhere more remote! I'm down. I think we should all move to Gary, Indiana for a year and see how that goes. I had no idea Chicago had a reputation for being factionalized. I feel like it's diverse and accessible as far as scenes go. There are tons of places big and small for anyone to do just about anything here as far as I see.

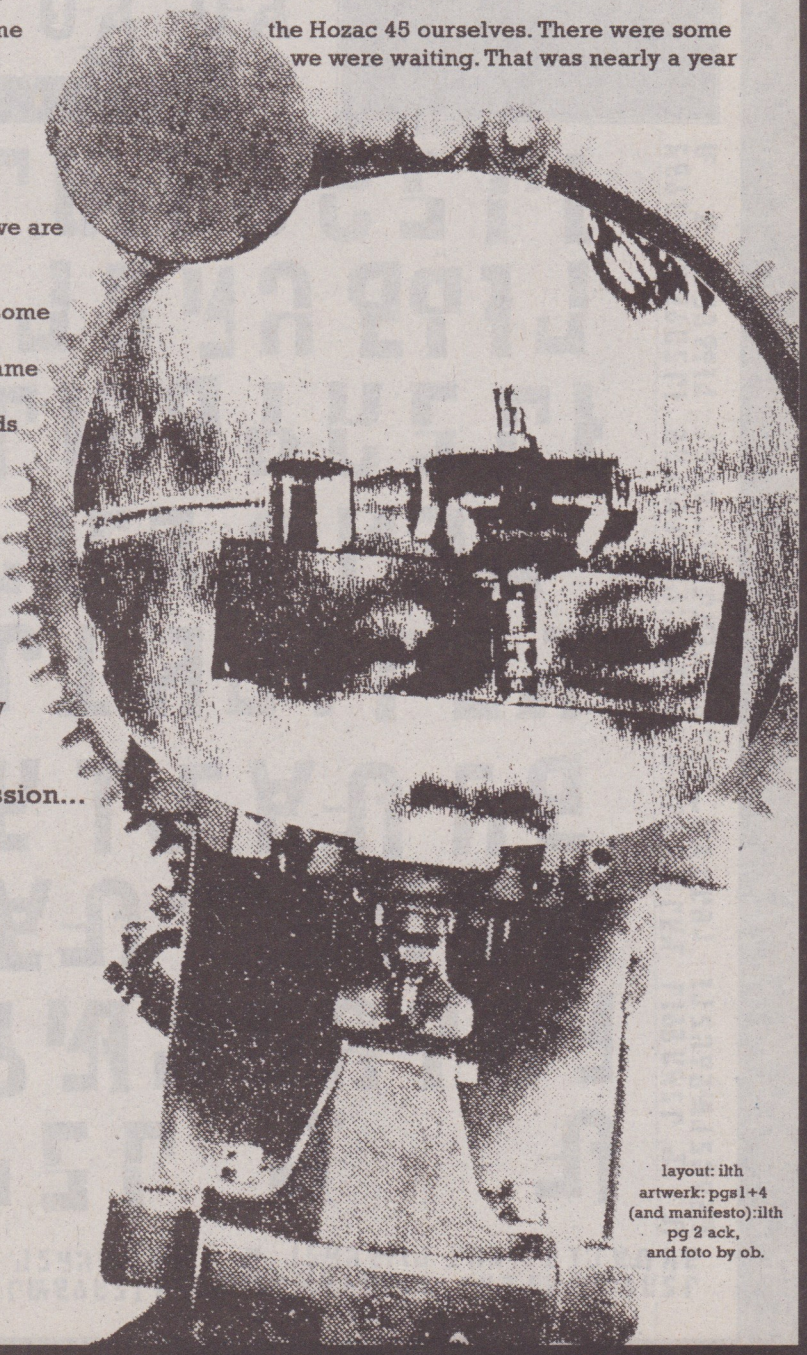
MRR: With the new LP and what looks like a slew of EPs on several labels, it seems like you guys are keeping busy or had this plan hatched for a while. Are you really prolific or have you been lying in wait to put it all out? Any of this stuff formerly designated to your previous band?
Ilth: A few songs were tossed about in the past. But yeah, we write a lot of songs...make a lot of art. We had to toss at least five songs by now.
Ob: We were originally going to put out what became the Hozac 45 ourselves. There were some delays and someone else offered to put it out while we were waiting. That was nearly a year ago.

MRR : What's coming out next?
Ilth: Label out of Memphis has a 45 of our earliest recordings taped on four-track. It's a split with the O Voids from Canada. We also have three-song EP we are recording soon for Florida's Dying.

MRR: Recently I heard someone blabbering about some sort of a "punk revival" meaning bands recreating the form again. It seems to me that it's a lot of the same faces and/or that people are maybe just digging deeper than the last five to ten years of punk records for inspiration.
Seems to happen every couple of years...your thoughts?
Ilth: No thoughts.
Ob: People should stop calling anything punk.

MRR: Free form, last words, recipes for world peace, etc.
Ilth: I want a label that will put out a gatefold LP. Anyone interested? The artwerk is ready to go. They can email me
at yourstupidface@hotmail.com.

...end transmission...



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AGE

Age hails from Niigata-City, Japan— a distinct city, for the fact that it is surrounded by water. The Shinano and Agano, two of the largest rivers in Japan, run through the heart of Niigata before spilling into the sea. I was first introduced to Age when I bought a copy of the Inside Darkness *EP, released on Dewa Records in 1997. Needless to say, Age has the power and the ability to create a new and distinct recording every time, making it hard to have a favorite record by them; they all rule!!! I am very excited to present an interview with Age, conducted through postal mail.*
Interview by Adam Drake with vocalist Asarhi. Translations by Ai Miura. Read on...
Photos By Martin Sorrondeguy and Adam Drake

MRR: When did you start; what line-up changes have there been?
Asarhi: It was in 1996 when Age first played a show, but by that time our first guitarist had decided to leave us. After a few months, Pyron, who played guitar on our first EP, joined us. He played with us for two years. After that, the present guitarist, Tsuzy, joined Age. Moge, our first bassist, left in 2002, when we finished recording *The Spider*. Milky joined; however, Age had taken a break for two years. We never imagined the break to be that long. It was because we were too busy and tried to keep the balance of Age and our private lives. Last year Milky left, and our ex-loader (assistant) Jungle has joined.

MRR: What is the current line-up?
Asarhi: Vocals – Asarhi, Guitar – Tsuzy, Bass – Jungle, Drums – Eijirow. In October, we toured the West Coast of the US with Hellshock, but our regular guitarist, Tsuzy, couldn't leave Japan for some reasons, so a man named Justice played on the tour as our substitute guitarist. Now Age performs with five members, including Justice who has officially joined us.

MRR: Before Age, some of the members were in Hakuchi. What did this band release and why did you break up?
Asarhi: We released two EPs, one compilation album, and several demo tapes. We broke up because we had different musical tastes.

MRR: Can you please tell me your entire discography including compilation tracks?
Asarhi: Split demo tape with D.O.H., *Inside Darkness* 7" EP, split 7" with Deride, *Exploding Insanity* LP and CD, V/A: *Chaos Of Destruction 2* double-LP, V/A: *Hyakkiyakou* CD, V/A: *Dewa Compilation* tape, V/A: *You Had Better Loosen The Belt* CD, *MetalKrusher* video, *Four Wings* LP and CD, V/A: *Crust Night 2001* CD, *The Spider* 7" and CD, *Blowing Wind* 7", V/A: *Amebix Japan* LP and CD, and *The Scar Of Lead* LP.

MRR: Is it hard in your city to find work if you look like a punk? What does everyone do to make money?
Asarhi: Many punks, including myself, are manual laborers in construction. We can have any hairstyle in this type of job and can easily take days off.

MRR: Japan seems to be very anti-bootleg in the punk community. What are your feelings on unofficial punk reissues? What about a bootleg of a band/record that is not possible to get in contact with or refuses a reissue?
Asarhi: I'm basically against bootlegs, though I have some bootleg albums. I'm sure first of all they should ask the opinions of the bands. If they can't get in contact with the bands it is wrong for them to make bootlegs without permission of the bands. They can't be allowed, even if they are enthusiastic freaks of the bands. It means crapping on the bands to earn money for their bootlegs.

MRR: You state that you are heavily influenced by early crust-core bands like Amebix and Antisect; what makes these types of bands stand out to you? Do you take any influences from any non-punk bands?
Asarhi: I love the great combination of the hard tones and tunes. I'm also influenced by the energies of MC5 or Stooges: the very earliest punk bands.

MRR: You had a tour of the West Coast in October of 2007, what were the dates for the tour and why did you decide to tour the US?
Asarhi: We have been offered tours in several countries including the US but we couldn't accept them because of my job, our timing, or the money. This time Keith from Hellshock took his time and accepted our situation. Thanks to him, our hopes to tour the West Coast were realized. We played in Portland (three times), Seattle, San Francisco, Bakersfield, Los Angeles (twice), Austin, San Diego, Berkeley, Reno, and Sacramento. One thing we are sorry is that our regular guitarist couldn't join the tour.

MRR: Have you toured in Japan? What is the turnout like in various cities? Do most punk shows across the country have a high turnout rate?
Asarhi: We've never done a long tour in Japan. In the big cities, there seems to be a large audience; however, it depends on the featured bands. Recently there are so

many punk shows that people usually pick and choose which one to go to. Not every punk show has a high attendance.

MRR: What have been some of your favorite bands you have played with and what bands would you like to play with in the future?

Asarhi: My favorite bands are Blowback in our town, and Vivisick and Anode in Tokyo. I'd like to play with any bands whose musical tastes are quite different from the ones that we've ever had shows with.

MRR: The *Inside Darkness* EP comes with two copies of the lyrics in Japanese and English, and a note suggesting to give a copy to friend. Do you consider your lyrics an important part of the music? Has your lyric or music style changed over the years in your opinion?

Asarhi: It was our label that got the idea of two copies of the lyrics. Of course I believe the lyrics are an important part of the music, but I don't want to push our lyrics. Our music style continues to change. It's getting an ideal sound more and more.

MRR: Which of your releases are you most pleased with?

Asarhi: This is a difficult question because we've never made any release that we are fully pleased with. We try to do our best each time, but after awhile we usually find some unsatisfying parts. If we make one that we are completely satisfied with, it might be time we break up.

MRR: Could you please tell me your top five Japanese punk records?

Asarhi: Though it's difficult for me to decide, my top five are: Lip Cream – *9 Shocks Terror* LP, Gauze – *Equalizing Distort* LP, Bastard – *Controlled In the Frame* EP, Death Side – *Satisfy The Instinct* LP, and Last Bomb – *s/t* LP.

MRR: Not very many bands in your country talk about animal rights; does anyone in your band believe in better rights for animals?

Asarhi: My members respect the opinions of better rights for animals, even if they don't do anything special.

MRR: Does any member of Age play in another band?

Asarhi: The drummer and I used to, but we are too busy to join any other bands.

MRR: Many punks seem to become less dedicated and even less interested in staying true to their once firm beliefs and lifestyle as time passes. What are your thoughts on this and are you positive for the future?

Asarhi: I sometimes use these kinds of negative phrases in our lyrics, but I believe if there is a minus side, its plus side will be also there. In my lyrics I also have a message to live positively. We have to accept the reality, but it's no fun to be just pessimistic about our future.

MRR: On all your releases I love the artwork, especially *The Spider* EP. Is the packaging of a record important to you?

Asarhi: Thanks! I'm so glad to hear that. The artwork is very important for us. It expresses our music and the band itself; it's the face of our work. Simply a fine artwork makes me feel good.

MRR: How do you feel about CD only releases? Do you prefer vinyl releases?

Asarhi: I prefer vinyl releases to CD releases, but I don't stick to them. Not many people in Japan have record players, so only some retrospective punk fans or freaks will buy vinyl in Japan. We'd like more people to listen to our music, and that's why CD releases are suitable for us in Japan.

MRR: Where do you see yourselves in a few years?

Asarhi: I don't imagine such a faraway future. I just say we'd like to keep progressing at the rate we are at now. Before our two-year break, it was hard for us to keep to ourselves, but with offers to play many shows and to release our albums we had to make our songs for them.

MRR: Any future plans? Any new records in the making?

Asarhi: I'd like to go to other countries, but we don't have any plans for now. It is difficult to coordinate the schedules of the members. Our new album has just been released on Black Water out of Portland.

MRR: It's a four-minute warning, what do you do?

Asarhi: Four minutes...too short. I'll close my eyes and wait for the moment.

MRR: Thank you for taking the time to answer my questions. Are there any additional comments you would like to make?

Asarhi: We are back in Japan with good memories of the tour; it was a success. It was also good that we played a show with Sanctum on our last day there. If you come to Japan again, please let me know. Please say hello your girlfriend, too. Thanks.

GOVERNMENT WARNING

A lot could be said about Government Warning as a band and as individuals. The group, along with Brandon and his cohort Lauren's record label, No Way, and Alex's label, Grave Mistake, has spearheaded an early-'80s-influenced battalion of brats all across the US. As individuals, they are like a screaming baby that you wanna smack, not out of hate but out of love, 'cause it won't shut up and you just wanna get some sleep. They will outlast you at any party. They will smack the vegan cookie from your hand.
Interview by Justin Briggs and Cissie Scurlock, introduction by Scott Moore.
Photo on this page by icki, other photos by Nick Goode and Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR: State your names and what you do.

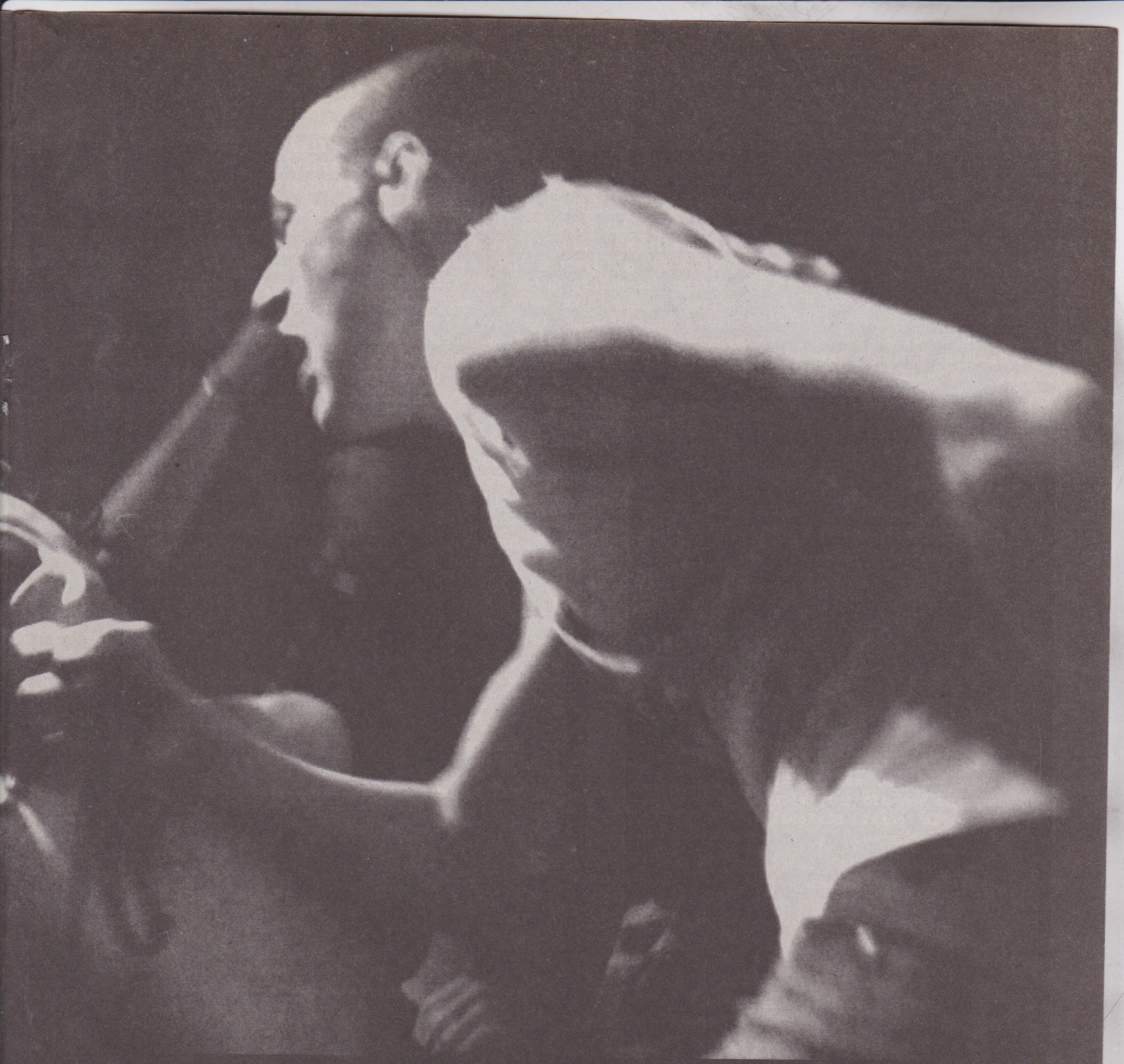
Brandon: I'm Brandon and I play drums.

Alex: I'm Alex and I play bass. Kenny sings and Eric plays guitar.

MRR: How did you all get into punk? Did you feel shunned by "normal" society?

Brandon: Well, me and Eric got into punk together from my sister's tapes that she left in her room. She'd leave to go out and we weren't really old enough to do anything except stay at each other's houses. So we'd go through all her shit, bein' the assholes that we are. We found stuff like Dead Kennedys' *Bedtime for Democracy*, Black Flag's *The First Four Years*, Bad Religion *Live in Yugoslavia* (some bootleg shit), and Anthrax's *Attack of the Killer B*-I guess that ain't punk though, depends on who you ask. We made fun of it at first 'cause we were idiots listening to bullshit, but I guess maybe it took a year and that's all we listened to. The first real thing that changed the way it made me feel was the Misfits, for sure. Eric and I couldn't even hang out with each other for a while because our parents thought we were "devil worshippers" and they threatened us with shit all the time. They get it now though, I guess. As for being "shunned," of course. Fuckin' assholes don't get it! "You freak," "Why you dress that way?" "Oh my God Amber, look at that!" Fuck 'em all!

Kenny: I don't understand how kids raised around rednecks don't get into punk. I always felt the need to



check that white-trash mentality. Chock it up to adolescent rage I guess.

Brandon: Exactly, that's what I mean. It's either punk or NASCAR!

Alex: I think I've always been drawn to whatever music I'm not supposed to be listening to. I didn't really get into it until I was a teenager, but thinking back I guess it was a natural fit. When I was about eight years old, I just wanted to skate and hang out with the skaters. That would have been a cool time to get into punk rock, but even though I read *Thrasher* religiously, it never really caught on. After that I started listening to shit like Guns and Roses, Skid Row, and Motley Crüe, because those bands just seemed like fuckin' bad-asses. A year later I was listening to NWA and Public Enemy because what's more rebellious to a suburban white kid than a bunch of black dudes with guns swearing a lot and talking about getting fucked up, fucking, and engaging in criminal activity? Then from that came yet another metal phase. I got into punk probably around age fifteen or so. Figure I was about a year and a half into high school, and I was definitely *not* fitting in. I always thought the jocks, preps, and hippies that I was forced to interact with on a daily basis (in private Catholic school I may add) were full of shit. To say the least, they were "uninteresting." I wasn't really some freaky, trying to be different, kind of kid. I just tried my best to blend in, even though I always hated doing

that as well. Punk had always been the epitome of "cool" to me, even before I finally started listening to it. So once it became more accessible to me (via Epitaph, Lookout!, Fat Wreck, etc.), I dove right in and kept digging deeper and deeper. I'd try and track down the "classic" punk and hardcore bands, and everything that I thought was "punk." It just seemed more of a natural fit, the more I got into it. I think when I finally purchased a copy of *Out of Step*, it all clicked. I didn't have to be "normal," and really didn't have to give a shit or feel bad about it either. I'm sure I'm one of about a million punk kids with this story, but that cover pretty much summed up how I'd been feeling my whole adolescent life, and here was an entire culture of people just like me who were giving a big middle finger to the rest of the world, and what's more punk than giving someone the finger? Needless to say, here I sit at age 28, still playing hardcore, touring, putting out records, running a distro and label, doing what I enjoy doing, and I really don't think a lot of people outside of our "scene" can grasp that concept. Shit, what was the question again?

MRR: Brandon and Eric are cousins, right? Which of you was the bad influence, and how did this affect your future in punk? Basically, tell some good stories.

Brandon: Eric got me into smoking cigarettes, which sucks, but we're equal idiots. If we're around each other now for more than a couple hours, something's bound to get fucked up.

Alex: You can't really describe it with words, you just sort of have to experience it for yourself. I guess it's sort of like *Beavis and Butthead* if they were punk instead of metal.

Eric: Yeah, we're both just idiots.

MRR: Did you just pick up instruments one day, out of the blue, and start playing in bands?

Brandon: Yeah, pretty much. It's in our family blood for me and Eric. Both of our dads play music. My dad taught me how to play shit when I was like three, so I guess it stuck. Never had a lesson or anything like that. I don't think I'd get it.

Kenny: I remember trying, but it didn't really work out that easily.

Brandon: Kenny, that's bullshit, you're an awesome bass player.

Alex: Right when I started getting more into metal, grunge, punk, etc., in high school, a friend of mine was learning how to play and I just thought it would be cool. I had always listened to music, but it never really occurred to me that I could fucking play it. So I just picked it up, learned the basics, started learning Green Day and Nirvana songs, and here I am. I have been playing for over ten years now and I still kinda suck. I wouldn't consider myself a musician at all, but I can get by enough to play in a hardcore band, that's for sure.

MRR: When Government Warning started, was it intended to just be a Direct Control side-project or was the intention to be a full time band?

Brandon: I guess it wasn't really *supposed* to be anything. We just started it and just felt it out, you know? I guess in the beginning of every band you just kinda see where it goes. Of course everybody said it was just a side-project for sure. Like Direct Control was a Municipal Waste side project.

Kenny: I hate the term "side project."

Brandon: Me too.

MRR: After the *No Way Out* EP there were some lineup changes. What were the reasons behind that?

Kenny: Mikey had some personal differences, or maybe just a different musical agenda, but you'd have to ask him.

Brandon: Yeah, who knows about that little fucker? All I gotta say is he's wasted a lot of fucking killer talent. One of the best drummers in hardcore before he stopped playing. So yeah, Mikey, the old drummer, quit or got kicked out, one of the two. I moved to drums and we got Alex on bass. That's the lineup we'll keep.

Alex: I remember seeing Government Warning before I joined. It was their first show in a while, I think the first 7" had just come out. About halfway through their set, their drummer curled into a ball behind the drum set and started puking. If my memory serves correct, I'm pretty sure they finished off the set with no bassist, Eric on guitar, and Brandon on drums. A week or so later Brandon asked me to play bass and I almost said no because I didn't think I could even play the stuff they were playing, but I gave it a shot. It worked out and here we are.

MRR: What is the songwriting process like for you? Does everyone contribute parts or is there a main "songwriter"?

Brandon: Mikey and I wrote a few on the first EP. Other than that, I wrote the songs on that and a few for the LP. Everything else, we all do at practice, which is rad. That really shows how a band is supposed to sound.

Alex: Yeah, from what I can tell, Eric and Brandon do most of the songwriting. I just kinda go with the flow. Kenny writes pretty much all of the lyrics. So I guess I'm the replaceable member. I drive a lot though.

MRR: Do all of you live in Richmond? How do you find time to play in two to four bands, run two record labels, and have jobs?

Kenny: Adderall?

Brandon: Ha ha, that helps sometimes if you can get it. I live in Richmond, deliver pizza from 10:00 to 5:00, and do the label packing and stuffing and shit at night. Lauren and I do all that shit together, and we can cover each other's asses while one of us is at the post office during work. Pretty sweet. She'll be gone for a couple hours and I'll be like "She's on delivery" or vice versa. Works really well.

Alex: Lot's of caffeine for me, that's for sure. I get on average, maybe less than six hours of sleep a night. I work the 9-5 during the week, do most of the label stuff at night, then rest and do more label stuff on the weekends. Government Warning actually takes up the least amount of time, since we aren't really a "full-time" band. We practice and play shows maybe a couple of times a month. Occasionally we will do a weekend or one week tour. If anything, the label suffers the most from not having enough time because there is always stuff I can be doing with it, or want to do with it, but a lot of it gets put off, even though I only have, on average, about three releases a year. The distro and mail order provides me with consistent work, and I've got a bunch of stuff coming up for early 2008: Unseen Force CD, new Deep Sleep 7", Cloak/Dagger single, Nightstick Justice 7", and some other shit, so it's going to get pretty fuckin' busy.

Eric: I don't work so I have time to do whatever. It makes being in

bands a lot easier as far as touring and stuff. I don't ever have to ask for time off or anything.

MRR: What is the scene like in that area? To me it seems like a hotbed of good punk bands right now. Do people travel there for shows from other regions? How does it compare or interact with the scenes in, say, Virginia Beach or Raleigh/Durham?

Brandon: Only for bigger shows do people come from out of town. The scene here pretty much rules right now. When I first moved here it kinda sucked. Having to pay touring bands out of your pocket sucks, I'm sure all of you motherfuckers can relate. We have like 100 people at every show and most people donate. The ones who don't can fuck off, ya know? Be part of the scene, not the scenery. We have a few bars where we do shows, like Nara Sushi, Ramakins, and I guess Alleykatz-where we did No Way Fest. Nara and Ramakins are the best though. Nara gives free sushi to the bands and takes no money. So far I've managed to give bands a lot of money there. Ramakins, we haven't done too many shows there but it's pretty fuckin' awesome too. Hopefully those places last a while. As for a comparison, ours is probably the biggest of the three but Raleigh/Durham is really good now. Hank Williams Jr. is responsible for all that. If he didn't start putting on shows, there'd be nothing.

Kenny: There're a lot of new faces lately.

Alex: Richmond is awesome. The cool thing is that there is really a lot of different stuff going on. Every different scene or offshoot of punk/hardcore/indie rock/etc. sort of has its own scene of dedicated kids. On occasion things will mix up but you can probably have two or three different shows going on in one night and each show will have an awesome turnout. Kids travel occasionally, definitely more so for the bigger, higher profile shows. A lot of kids came to Richmond in 2007 for the fests (United Blood, No Way, Best Friends Day), so we definitely can attract a lot of out-of-towners but I guess it depends on the show or event that is going down. Even an all-local show will draw a good amount of kids out for a good time, and there are plenty of locals that come out, that's for sure. Like I said though, each scene in Richmond is sort of different. Each has the good and the bad, ups and downs I guess. Being so close to places like Raleigh, Virginia Beach, Washington DC, Harrisonburg, etc., you see a lot of familiar out-of-town faces. Plus a lot of people from these surrounding areas migrate to Richmond, so everything is pretty connected because of it. Virginia has a pretty tight-knit thing going on, I think. I've noticed it's like that in other places too though.

MRR: Tell us about No Way Fest-how did you go about organizing it? What were the highlights? How would you compare it to other recent hardcore fests?

Brandon: It was a lot of hard work and I was stressed out the entire time, but it was worth it. We'll do another one next year with a lot of different new bands. It should be rad. Highlights were pretty much everyone who played. At the after-party, there was a lot more freedom. Everyone was drunk, Inmates fuckin' ripped it up, and shit got fucked up. No more shows at that place since, which blows. I'd say the lineup pretty much spoke for itself, compared to other fests where I barely watch any band. Although Timmy Hefner's Chaos in Tejas fests are awesome, that's for sure.

Alex: I definitely wasn't drunk at the after party. I must say that as far as fests go, this one had the most bands I wanted to see. Not only that, but most of the bands had my jaw to the floor. Highlights were Cardiac Arrest, Deep Sleep, Socialcide, Life Trap, Double Negative, and of course Wasted Time and Direct Control. A lot of people like to run their mouths and talk shit on the whole '80s-influenced fast hardcore scene of bands (which is mostly what the fest consisted of), but the bottom line is that the majority of those bands know how to fucking play. They write awesome hardcore; if you want to write it off as "retro" or "rehash," then fine, you are missing out. Personally, I've always liked fast hardcore and anyone else who has been paying attention over the past ten or so years knows that there have always been great bands playing it. The reason it's being noticed more nowadays is because these bands are some of the best that have come around in the past decade when it comes to playing this shit. As far as the fest, the one thing I did notice was that at times it seemed there were just as many kids outside as there were inside when the bands were playing,

especially on the second day. Every band that played the fest deserved the attention of everyone there, but what can you do? That's just me though. Next year I'd love to see more kids focused on the bands and less on the partying. There will be plenty of time to do that when the show is over. Either way, Brandon, Lauren, all of the bands, and everyone else involved made it one of the best bunch of shows I've seen in a long time.

MRR: You also just got back from your first West Coast tour. How was that? What were some highlights?

Brandon: It was pretty awesome. We played with a lot of good bands, met some cool people, and had a good time. Thanks to Yannick, Scott, and Lauren for making it more enjoyable. Highlights were The Clinic, Thee Parkside-actually, all of it was fun! Gilman was kind of a letdown, but I guess if you do a matinee you can't expect too much, right?

Alex: We met and hung out with so many awesome people and saw so many great bands, I don't even know where to begin. Highlights included hanging around Seattle with our host with the most, Chris Cable, playing Portland with Tragedy and Criminal Damage, getting to see Wasted Time every night, record shopping like crazy (well, at least for the ones with cash to spend), watching Brandon spend what may have been four months worth of paychecks at the TKO store alone, hanging out at the *MRR* house, heckling teen panhandlers with the Warkrimers (actually anything involving Brace was a highlight), chilling with Scotty Karate at Tankcrimes headquarters, playing in San Fran, the Clinic, hangin' with the Bad Antics and Tipper's Gore dudes, Isle Vista (where life is a never-ending Cali brah MTV reality show college frat party), watching Eric GW and Warkrime almost get killed by Cali bro thugs and frat boys after pulling out weapons at a party. I think the worst thing that happened was Eric knocked a cookie out of my hand after I called him a bum for digging through a free clothes bin, but looking back, if that is the worst thing, then we are pretty lucky. And as Brandon said, our roadies/bodyguards Lauren, Yannick, and Scott made the tour happen as smoothly as it did, so many thanks to them for being there. I think they conned us with a set of loaded dice the whole tour though.

Eric: That was probably the most fun tour that I've ever been on. Playing in a boxing ring in Bakersfield was definitely a highlight for me. I've never really done anything like that before. Just getting to hang out with our friends and partying with Scott and Yannick every night was awesome. Oh yeah, and seeing Attitude Adjustment on that kid's back porch was kinda crazy too.

MRR: In previous generations of punk, people had to really dig deep to discover some of the more obscure bands from the past to take on in influencing a band's sound, but with the rise of the internet anyone with a computer can steal a riff from something like the Mecht Mensch/Tar Babies split tape or some other impossible-to-find recording. Do you feel that this has cheapened things? Or do you think it's a benefit to the music?

Kenny: If you really dig something, then I don't see why it matters how you're exposed to things. In my mind, it's more a question of how well the attitude takes root in people. Not everyone has the means to procure incredibly rare hardcore in its original format, so how much the convenience of the internet cheapens things is relative to every different person.

Brandon: Yeah, I don't really care too much. I think there're a lot more fans and it's sparked a lot of really, truly "into it" people. I don't think the internet's cheapened things, though there sure are a lot more shitty fuckin' bands and MySpace spam and bullshit crap, but all in all, I think it's helped. I definitely won't defend the internet though. I got into most of the obscure stuff from making tapes at Chris and Michael Hardy from Velted Regnub's house or Mike from Direct Control, and went from there. If they liked it, I was like, "tape it, I want it!" Those motherfuckers have the best taste, so I knew I'd like it too.

Eric: I don't know if it has cheapened it or not. I just know that for me, in the town that I grew up in, there was no punk at all. Ever. It would have been impossible for me to find out about any of the shit that's so important to me now with out computers.

MRR: To switch gears a bit, there was recently a letter printed in *MRR* about Kenny's use of the word "fag" on stage. Care to explain? How does the rest of the band feel about it?

Kenny: Words are cheap. Folks ought not be so sensitive about things.

Brandon: I don't know, I care about it but I don't think it's that big of a deal either. I don't want to come across as a homophobic band or whatever, but I think if you actually look at our lyrics and shit you can already tell we're not. I'm not homophobic, and neither are any of my bandmates. I hate talking about this shit 'cause no matter what, someone's gonna twist it another way.

Alex: Yeah, he said it, and has said it and other obnoxious stuff on other occasions. We've actually talked about it as a band. On one hand, it's obviously not something we can "justify." It's a dumb offensive word and there is no way to with argue that. I can see and understand why people might get offended. But on the other hand, if people want to write us off as some shock-rock homophobes, then we aren't losing any sleep over it. I'm aware of how powerful language can be, how it can reflect and even reinforce certain attitudes and injustices in our society, but I also think that a lot of times you need to look deeper into the context of how language is used before you decide to pass judgment.

The thing that really got to me about the letter was that the person who wrote the letter didn't dare say a word to us directly about any of this (Kenny's language, our choice of cover songs, etc.) either at the fest, or at the show we played with his band the next night. If he actually thinks he stands for something, he is fooling himself. Personally, I think he's a coward for not giving us shit right then and there, and waiting to get home to write his tattle-tale letter from the safety of his own home. I will give anyone credit for speaking their mind, even if it seems to be going against the popular opinion of the moment. I encourage it. It just seemed that said person was more concerned with being some punk scene informant then actually trying to talk to us to see what we were about or trying to accomplish anything through direct communication or dialogue with us. Well, the punk world now knows we cover Vile and that Kenny called Brace a "fag." I'm sure the author of that letter feels like he's "done his part." Congratulations. His band still sucks. That was a cheap shot, I know-but it's true. Sorry.

I will say, for what it's worth, that we definitely aren't a bunch of homophobes, we definitely aren't out to "shock" anyone with controversial language. If you don't agree with some of our behavior or language at times, like I said, it's understandable. If you don't like us, or don't care to waste your time trying to see what we are actually about, that's fine. If you read in a magazine or on the internet that our singer called his friend a "fag" at a show, and want to base your opinion of us as a band and as individuals on that alone, then knock yourself out. If anyone wants to talk directly to us or have a discussion or argument about it with us, they are more than welcome to. However, gossip, rumors, and hearsay are always more entertaining so it's no wonder that very few people have approached us about this directly. This happened about a year ago-I think most people have forgotten so maybe this interview will stir the pot once more.

MRR: The general "attitude" of many hardcore bands today seems to be from the "no rules-no one tells me what I can and cannot say or do" school. Where do you draw the line on what should or what shouldn't be acceptable in punk, as far as words and actions go?

Kenny: Without that attitude, we're no better than anyone who censors music based on selling records. It's the age-old question of "do people have a right to not be offended, or do people have a right to be offensive?" I've always felt like there were enough people telling me what to say and do and what not to.

Brandon: Yeah, totally. Anybody can say whatever they want to me, and I think I can say anything to anybody who's my friend or someone I can at least relate to. Other than that, I probably wouldn't talk to the fuckers anyway. I believe in no rules. Makes me want to listen to fuckin' GG Allin. If there's stuff that needs to be "acceptable" in punk, it ain't fuckin' goddamn punk!

Alex: I think it's all relative. People take different things from punk and in turn they set different standards and definitions of what is and isn't "punk," or what should and shouldn't be "punk." Some people feel like punk has sort of "matured" or has come to actually stand for something or be used as a tool for social change. Other people feel like punk is just an outlet for fucked up and/or outcast kids to go do whatever the fuck they want and just be themselves. Personally, I don't give two shits either way. I think how people interpret "punk" has a lot to do with how they are as individuals. Be yourself, do what you want. If you want to be PC and socially and politically active and outspoken, do it. If you want to be a drunk or glue-sniffer, and not give a shit about anything or anyone, then do it. If you want to be a reclusive straight edge kid who just sits in his room and listens to records, well, then I can relate. There are more important things than trying to figure out what is "acceptable" in punk rock. Everyone is different, everyone has a different attitude; we can embrace it or we can argue about it. Either way, I don't think anyone needs to be setting standards and guidelines. It sort of defeats the purpose if you ask me.

MRR: What's next for Government Warning?

Brandon: We're working on a new LP. We're three songs in, and don't know how many will be on there. It'll probably be on No Way or Grave Mistake, or a combination or both. More touring, more crap, more complaints. Who knows? Maybe we'll break up. Who's to tell?

Alex: In theory, a new full-length and a European tour at some point in 2008, but in reality we will probably just play Richmond, maybe somewhere else on the East Coast once or twice, and call it a year. Who knows?

MRR: Any closing comments?

Kenny: Nope.

Brandon: Not really. I'd like to thank you guys for the interview. This will be the first of all my bands to actually have one in *MRR*! Woo hoo!

Alex: There are two types of people in this world, and the ones I care about are the ones that can recognize and recite any one liner from *Fear of a Black Hat*. Thanks for the interview, sorry it took so long but maybe if you had prepared your questions for after the Gilman show as planned, you wouldn't have had to wait for so long. Just kidding. Thanks for giving us the time.

Eric: Yeah, thanks.

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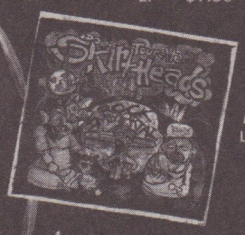

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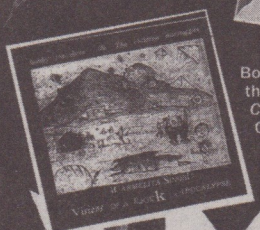

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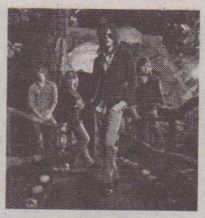

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Fy Fan is an almost-two-year-old punk band from Malmö, Sweden. Hitting the punks with fast, sincere D-beat, not totally unlike Totalitär or Meanwhile, they just released their debut EP on Feral Ward and will be crossing the Atlantic Ocean for an upcoming US tour. The MRR interview is mandatory. Interview by Andy Instigate.

MRR: Hello Fy Fan. Are you punk?

Ian: Yes, more so than the Casualties. Even though we may look status quo.

AD: Is 'Cimex punk? What do you think?

Peter: No, this is just something we picked up after having grown tired of playing white reggae.

MRR: I've found it hard growing up, 'cause sooner or later you're expected to become an adult instead of a punk. Have you ever been scared of "losing the punk"?

Ian: Fuck no, why bother growing up? What does that involve anyways? Getting a real job? Wearing proper clothes? Being responsible? Going to fancy clubs? Shit, that stuff would never work for me. Far too boring. Me and Dis-Peter actually tried to visit a fancy club one Saturday. I couldn't even stand it for one night. I pepper-sprayed somebody. Whoops! Shit happens when you party naked, I guess.

AD: I can't even say that becoming an adult has ever been in my schedule. Sure, I fear that one day I will have to work for real, but I know that I will stay punk and probably work on my own terms anyways, since I already had my own business once.

Peter: I'm 30 years old and an engineer. I have what you would call a real job. Still, I don't have any leather-bound books, and my apartment certainly doesn't smell of rich mahogany. I've been listening to punk half my life, but still I started my first punk band and learned how to play the drums only two years ago. I'm getting more punk by the minute. Simple answer is no, I've never been scared of "losing the punk," maybe because punk isn't something you do or have, but rather something you are. It's not a fashion item, like a Chihuahua.

MRR: You are on your third line-up now. In the beginning you had Böttinger (a.k.a. Buttfinger) on bass. Tell us about him.

AD: Well, Buttfinger was and still is a pure Östgota-original. When we found

him, shit really came together for us, or as he would have said, "*Sott ju som en pinne I skit, du*," but even though he was born to play, life had different plans for him.

Peter: He was scared of meeting the same death-inducing fate as all great bass players, so he pulled a Dave Mustaine on us. I guess he'll be back to feel sorry for himself later on in life. Maybe in some documentary, who knows. Seriously though, he just didn't have the time to play in a band, and so he left us. Sad but true (pun intended).

MRR: After Buttfinger's departure, Ian entered. Did his English mother-tongue affect the band, communication-wise, at rehearsal, etc.?

Peter: Nah, we tend to play punk rather than debate linguistic incompatibilities.

AD: I can't say that my English has improved much. Especially since Ian has lived amongst the Danish for such a long time and understands *almost* everything we say. The fact that he also speaks a lovely hillbilly-esque, southern Swedish slang, gives him the nerve to criticize my accent, is not so appreciated though.

MRR: Not too long ago Jonas (a.k.a. Pungen) left the band. Were you sad about this?

Ian: Of course. Pungen ("scrotum" in English) is a great musician and an even better man on stage. But he's got another band called Concrete SS. People should check that out. He writes a lot of the music for that.

Peter: Yes and no. I think he'd thought of the band more as a burden than anything else for quite a while before he quit, and so I was happy for him, that he finally told us to get bent.

MRR: I've heard that Jåna (new singer) is handling the duties very well. Is he Bon Scott or Brian Johnson?

Peter: Naturally, I would have to say that our new singer Jåna is Brian Johnson, and that ex-singer Jonas is Bon Scott. Sorry Jonas, but look at it from the bright side—at least you're not dead. Not that Jonas is, but you get the picture.

MRR: So besides Jåna and Ian we have Dis-Peter on drums and Adrian on guitar. Are you guys making all the music?

Peter: We could be all Hives-esque and make up stories about legendary songwriters feeding us hit material, but the truth of the matter is that: yes, we're that good.

AD: Fuck no! Discharge, Mob 47 and Tottis did it all before us; we are just living off the scraps. Sure, we make all our own tunes, but no one says that you have to be original to play ripping hardcore. Look at Meanwhile.

Ian: Tottis is what nerds like Adrian call Totalitär.

MRR: For a while I thought you'd call it quits, then you play live and hit me like a friggin' cannonball of punk. Is Fy Fan an ambivalent band?

Peter: Yes. I mean, no. Uh, maybe? Stay gold Ponyboy. Stay gold.

AD: When we are up, we are up. What's punk on tape compared to punk on stage?

MRR: What do you do besides the band? Do you 'all have jobs? Other bands?

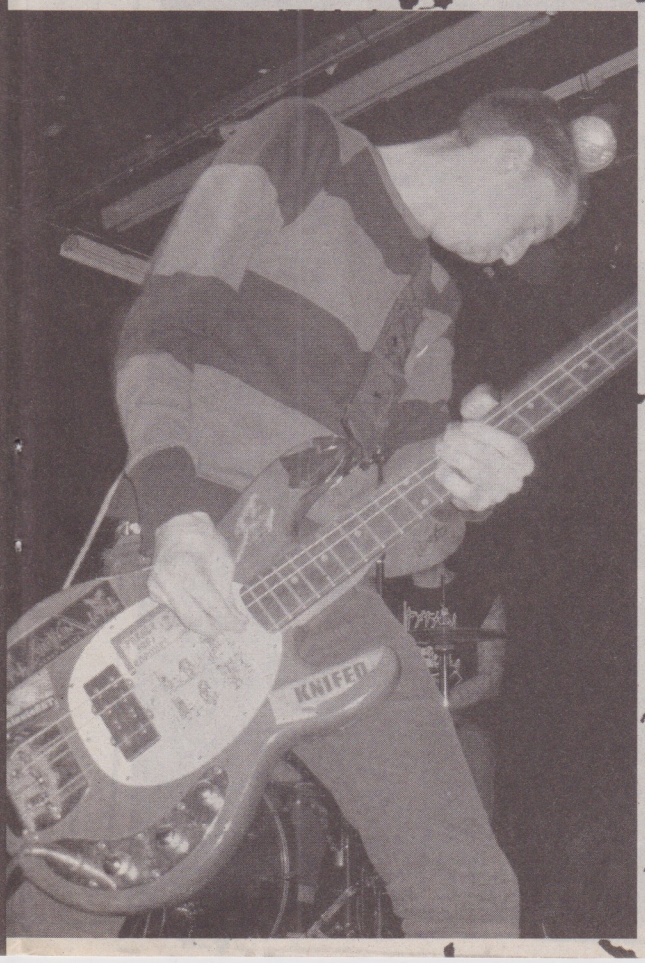
Ian: I work at a restaurant a couple of days a week. I have another band where I sing called Bomberegn, but we never play. Our bass player lives in Brazil now or something and we've got no drummer. I try to fit as much drinking in each week as possible.

AD: I play guitar in Reign Of Bombs, who haven't been all that active since I moved to Malmö, but we will be releasing a split-12" together with All Systems Fail sometime this year. So I guess that will all change depending on what time I have left after Fy Fan. Other than that I am a fulltime Japanese student. Which doesn't mean that I am Japanese myself, but that I study the Japanese language. *Mosugu nihon ni ikuyo*!!!

Peter: I'm a computer geek, and make my living being just that. I play the drums in a band called Bad Amputation, which delivers some sort of '80s US hardcore kind of music, and I also handle the drumming in this other sweet band called The Static.

MRR: You were recently on tour in Sweden and Finland and I heard that you played with a band called Nigger Russians in Tampere. What's up?! Any other fucked up things from that tour you'd like to share with us?

Ian: Yeah, the advert for the show was Fy Fan, The Fuckmes, Nigger Russians and DJ by Nazi Death Camp or something like that. We were all pretty confused what to expect. But when Nigger Russians got up to play, we saw that the bassist had a swastika sticker on his bass. It was pretty small, but still, what the hell? We were all talking amongst ourselves, asking what was up with it when one of our crew points out that the guitarist has a *huge* swastika taped on to the back of his guitar. One of our people begins to shout, "*What's up with the swastika*?" They laugh it off and begin to play the next song. As soon as they were finished with that, we all start to shout at them, asking: what's up, etc. They acted all proud at first until they realized some people were actually pissed off. Then I guess they got scared or something. The bass player told us that he didn't know that he had a swastika on his bass. Crap excuse, but not as crap as the guitar player's: "I put it there in '94



when it was cool." Shitheads. They were all "sorry, sorry, sorry, we'll take it off." It was dumb. Of course as soon as we got home, they were all over the internet calling us boring PC Swedes. I just don't think that shit is that funny, especially so close to Russia where several activists/punks have been killed by Nazis in the last few years. It's all a bit serious really. Peter should tell you about shitting in a cup on the Finland ferry and Tommy's out!

Peter: I did shit in not one, but two, plastic cups, yes. Enough said. Tommy has left the building.

AD: It really pissed me off that they thought they could get away with that shit. There is no room for Nazi tolerance in our scene.

MRR: Ian, how many bass amps have you blown up by now?

Ian: Only one so far. I haven't been able to afford one since. I usually use Peter's, even though it only goes up to nine for some strange reason. I should really buy a new one.

Peter: None. Only cabinets. Böttinger, on the other hand, managed to wreck at least three or four bass amps. It was kind of his trademark.

AD: Note that the one he blew up had two cabinets.

MRR: What do you think one has to listen to in order to make exciting punk music?

AD: Tottis. Enough said.

Ian: Cock Sparrer.

Peter: Anything. I like it when people get their influences from other genres. It helps to prevent stagnation. Or one could listen to Fy Fan. We just blatantly steal everything, so it's like listening to lots of bands at once.

MRR: Are you religious?

Ian: One time when we played in Jonköping, we stayed in a Scout's Hall after the show. There were children's drawings of God absolutely *everywhere*. It was a bit creepy actually. Somebody drew a big dick on one of the pictures and hung it back up. We laughed. *(Yeah, that was me drawing that dick on the Christian kid. Sorry/Andy)*

Peter: The only good religion is Bad Religion.

MRR: Could you tell us a little bit about the Swedish punk scene?

AD: Since we have a right-wing government right now in Sweden, the punk scene is really on the move. Bands are coming from everywhere and it feels more alive than ever. I think that there are actually two punk capitals in Sweden at the moment: Umeå in the north (with bands like Masshysteri, Kommunen, Regulations, Auktion, Painkiller, Amöba, Instängd, The Rats, etc.) and Malmö in the south (Sista Sekunden, Hårda Tider, Bad Amputation, Skitkids, Project Hopeless, etc.).

MRR: What are your expectations about the US tour?

AD: I expect to be treated to at least two traditional American smorgasbords and all the fucking vegan cheesecake they have to offer. I can't help myself around that shit. There is nothing better than just stuffing your face with all the excellent vegan foods they've got over there. Melted vegan cheese on pizza, whipped cream, mocha lattes. I expect to gain at least five kilos and I can't wait to go.

Ian: I expect I may not be allowed into the country but I'll keep my fingers crossed. Other than that I just want to have a blast. It's going to be my first time out of Europe. Oh, and I want to drink a Sparks.

Peter: I don't have any expectations, but I'm really looking forward to going. I was in the US as a roadie for E.T.A., but going over and playing with my own band will be a whole other ball game.

MRR: I've only read good reviews of your EP. Were you surprised about this? How did you record it?

Peter: I wouldn't play in a band if I didn't like the music. I was happy with the recording, so I was hoping, and kind of expecting that others would like it too. Apparently they did. Good times. We recorded it in this house out in the countryside. Nothing much to tell really. We put nine songs down on tape in one day and spent another day mixing it. Tommas and Hasse did the engineering and did a great job.

MRR: And what about upcoming releases?

Peter: We've been kind of busy with work, school, other bands, and of course playing and touring with Fy Fan, so we haven't really put much effort into writing new material. Sure, we have some new songs, and we will get to work now writing more of them, but we don't want to stress recording and releasing. When we feel we have enough great songs to put on another piece of plastic, it'll happen. Hopefully sometime this spring, but maybe a little bit later.

MRR: Thanks Fy Fan. *Rocka röven av högern,* now

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D.I.Y. DISTRO LABEL MAG

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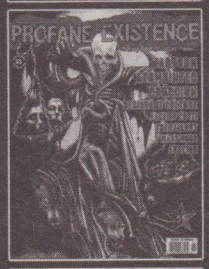

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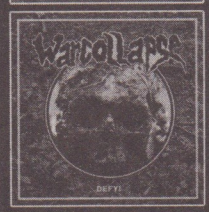

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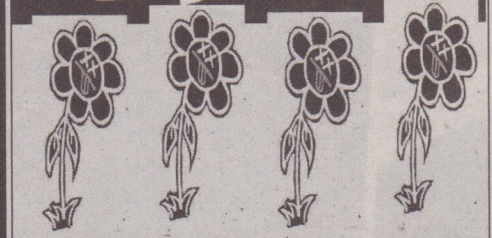

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GO IT ALONE GO IT ALONE
GO IT ALONE GO IT ALONE

Go It Alone began sometime in the spring of 2002 and came to an end on December 1st, 2007. What follows is their final interview, conducted with founding members Mark Palm and Lucas McFadden in the weeks prior to their last show.
Interview by Dave McKinnon.
Photos by: Todd Pollack, Cameron Richard Gardner, Eija, Kim Yount, and Steve Fallis,

MRR: When you started the band did you think it would turn out how it did? Did you think you would make it as far as you did?
Mark: When the band first started it was just a project between me and Lucas so, there was a different mindset at that time. But as soon as we put together a lineup and decided to actually function as a band, I had big plans for us. So, to be perfectly honest, I'm not at all surprised we made it as far as we did. We intended to make it this far. That was the plan and we just didn't give up until we reached our goals. There were a couple points where we considered calling it a day, but we stuck it out. It would have felt like a failure if we broke up before accomplishing what we set out to do. I never would have thought that we'd go through so many line-up changes, though, that's for sure.
Lucas: I certainly had hoped it would and I'm glad we did get that far. It doesn't come as a shock that we were able to get done what we got done as we tended to break our backs for it. In addition, we were pretty good.

MRR: Of everything you guys accomplished what are you most proud of?
Mark: More than anything, I'm proud of the effort we put into this. Don't get me wrong, I'm proud of the records we made and the shows we played and the lyrics I wrote, but those things are all subject to personal opinion. Some people think our records are great, some people think they're horrible. Same goes for all the shows we played, but the one thing that can't be debated is the effort we gave. We tried so hard, it's just a fact.
Lucas: I'm certainly proud of what Mark has mentioned above—the sacrifice and work we put in. I'm also extremely proud of the fact that we were one of the first bands in a good long while to get out of Vancouver and tour extensively. In addition, while we did this, we carried the Vancouver banner—sort of forcing a small but effective spotlight on what our city's hardcore scene had to offer.

MRR: What will you miss most about being in the band?
Mark: I'm going to miss the sense of brotherhood that I shared with the other members of the band. I don't mean that in the typical male-centric way, I just mean we were a group of friends who were all working together towards a common goal. Maybe camaraderie is a better way of putting it. I'm really going to miss the sense of camaraderie.
Lucas: The fact that we were Zen masters of touring. No bitching, no whining, just doing. For some reason, this band was built for long

Photo by Cameron Richard Gardner

stretches on the road sans confrontation and falling out. I don't think I'll ever have that again. I, like everyone else, will be doomed to an endless parade of petty squabbling when on the road. Going to Europe for free a lot was also very cool.

MRR: It seems like that idea of brotherhood is an important concept for your group of friends, what with the whole Legitimate Bros phenomena.

Mark: I'm not sure of the exact origins of Leg Bros, but I think it began as just kind of an inside joke between a few friends and it's really taken off in the past few years. I hope no one misunderstands what it's all about. I don't see it as some kind of exclusively male club, it's just a circle of friends from the Pacific Northwest who all play in bands. You're right; the camaraderie aspect is a big part of Legitimate Bros. We all play shows, tour, and hang out together. Whenever one of the Legitimate Bros bands releases a good record or goes out on tour I feel a sense of pride, even if I had no involvement. It raises the bar for all the other bands in the group.

Lucas: Our friends are good at hardcore. Check it out.

MRR: Go It Alone always had a very strong sense of place. Your hometown, Vancouver, was a central theme throughout much of your artwork, lyrics, and even sound. What was the significance of this local identity?

Mark: I always wanted to make music that was an expression of myself and where I was coming from, so, naturally, the city of Vancouver was a theme in Go It Alone. I have deep roots here, both in the hardcore/punk scene and the city itself, both of which have had a huge impact in shaping me as a person and musician. I want to contribute to Vancouver hardcore. That is one of, if not, the most important thing to me. I'm happy that people all over the world have felt a connection to Go It Alone, but more than anything I want to make some kind of impression here in Vancouver, on people with whom I share some common foundations. I grew up in this scene, I've participated in it for a long time and I want to put my two-cents into the history we've built here. I love the city of Vancouver, but I wouldn't say I'm proud to be from here. I didn't choose to be here, I just happened to be born here. How can I be proud of something that was just a lucky coincidence? On the other hand, I'm very proud of Vancouver hardcore because it's something that I've had a hand in creating.

Lucas: I really wanted us to represent Vancouver as I felt that no one before us had really made a legitimate go of it. There had been half assed stabs at it, but it always suffered from the Vancouver inferiority complex that some other place was better, that other people do hardcore better. The "grass is always greener" disease was, and is, completely rampant in the kids of this town.

When I was younger I noticed that it wasn't necessarily single bands that got recognized, but scenes or groups of friends. The fact that no one had ever worked at making Vancouver a viable and recognizable name and place in hardcore had always maddened me; as I felt we were a large city, with a good deal of potential, deserving of at least a modicum of appreciation. When Go It Alone started, I saw it as an opportunity to shed some light of what kids in this town had done, were doing and would do, so we waved the flag hard. It seems to have worked.

Photo by Kim Yount

MRR: In a number of songs your lyrics comment on the poverty and destitution that exist in parts of Vancouver. Do you see any discrepancy in the fact that you guys all come from fairly upper class backgrounds and yet you are commenting on issues that you do not necessarily have experience with and that do not necessarily affect you? How can you comment on a way of life that you have not lived yourself?

Mark: That's a good question, and I think that there does exist a certain discrepancy. It always concerns me when I read a book written by an author who is detached from the subject he/she is writing about. It's not always a bad thing, but it does make me a little wary. With that said, I was never trying to give the impression that I am something that I am not. I never wanted to present a fake image of my background and my life experiences, and I never wanted to try to be the spokesman for someone else's struggles. All I wanted to do was express my feelings about these aspects of life here in Vancouver. Admittedly, these are just my feelings and my perspectives, not a final word on the matter. I tried to write about what I see in my neighborhood every day and what I've seen friends of mine go through in their lives. I never wanted to exploit someone else's experiences for my own purposes, but I think that to a certain degree that is an

inevitability whenever someone writes about a subject beyond their own experience. My perspective is that of a witness rather than a participant. I tried to touch on that in the song "Ovaltine." "I'm just a witness to reality." But even that is a strange way to look at it because by considering myself simply a spectator it removes any responsibility from my shoulders. It affords me a very detached and uninvolved perspective when the fact is that some of my actions and decisions might actually be contributing to the situation that I'm observing. It's a perspective that makes it very easy to say "It's not my problem," and just pretend that it doesn't exist. I touch on this in the song "Evelyn" in which I include myself among the privileged segment of society that tries to ignore the problem while living in fear of the poor and addicted.

That's not to say we never made any crap recordings or played a poor set, but if we did, it was never for the lack of trying, that's for sure. When I was thirteen I read the book *Get In The Van* about Black Flag and I was so impressed by the sacrifices that those guys made for their band and how serious they took it and how hard they worked. That made a huge impression on me and I always tried to apply that ethic to Go It Alone. I'm not at all trying to compare my band to Black Flag, I'm just pointing out how influenced I was by their dedication and "seriousness." Towards the end of the band I mellowed out a little bit, but in the beginning I was pretty intense and was probably overly harsh towards some of my band mates. It was only because I wanted us to play as well as we could, but I was a little over the top at times. I can admit that now.

year because of Lucas' injury was a definite highlight. At the time it was by far the most intense show we had ever played and it was a real feeling of accomplishment to overcome such a massive setback. I think a lot of people, including some doctors, were surprised that we bounced back from that. All our old friends were at the show. There was a lot of anticipation building up to that show and it went off. Just a really memorable night.

MRR: Do you think you got the recognition that you deserved?
Mark: Totally, I think we got

Photo by Todd Pollock

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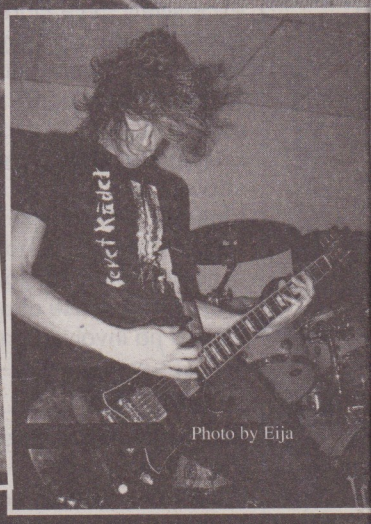


Photo by Eija

MRR: Go It Alone had somewhat of a reputation as a band that took itself very seriously, perhaps too much so. It's even been said that you "take the fun out of hardcore."
Mark: We definitely took our band very seriously, there's no question about that. From the very beginning the idea was for Go It Alone to be a serious project. It was never just a hobby or something to do for fun on the weekend. Don't get me wrong, we had a lot of fun, but at the same time we were very driven and very focused on accomplishing things and creating something serious.

Lucas: We were a serious band dedicated to generating a serious vibe. I make no apologies for that. I wouldn't want anything else. Apparently our perfectionism made us a fucking nightmare to work with, as those who did met opposition from Mark and I at every turn. This is something I'm proud of.

MRR: You played hundreds of shows, which ones stand out in your mind as highlights?
Mark: Our comeback show after being on hiatus for most of a

what we deserved, if not more. We had some help along the way, no doubt, but nothing was ever handed to us on a silver platter. We worked hard for whatever recognition we got. I do think there are plenty of underrated bands out there that deserve to be way more recognized than us, but for whatever reason are overlooked. It's a tricky question because there are probably countless great bands out there that are putting in a lot of effort, but are being overlooked because they are from part of the world that is not a hardcore "hot spot." I'm talking mostly about non-North American countries, but this is also true of a lot of small towns here in Canada and the United States. So there was a certain degree of the "right place, right time" factor for us, but still,

we had to make our own opportunities. It's not like we just sat around at home waiting for things to be dropped in our lap. I think we earned what we got. I don't feel short-changed, that's for sure.
Lucas: You know it, son.

MRR: Do you think that people understood exactly what you were trying to communicate through the band?
Mark: Lucas and I have talked about how we feel we were quite misunderstood by some people. He always says our lyrics are wrongly interpreted, as "miserablism" which I think is a good way of putting it. Maybe it's my fault for not communicating my ideas more clearly, or maybe I just wrote lyrics that were too "whiny." I think our band appealed to a lot of people because of the "emotional" or "sensitive" slant to the lyrics, which is fine, but at the same time, I'm not into self-pity. I'm not into being a victim. I never wanted to make music that spoke to melodramatic, self-pitying types. I think a lot of people who feel somewhat marginalized, even within the hardcore scene, felt some kind of connection to our band. That's great, but a lot of people seemed to just assume that we shared all the same ideas as them and just projected their worldview on to us because they saw us as allies, which sometimes was the furthest thing from reality. We had melodic songs and I tried to write lyrics that were emotional and intelligent, but I never wanted to project a weak, defeated, miserable, soft image. That's not us.

MRR: Well, then what were you trying to communicate?
Mark: There was never just one particular idea or concept that I was trying to convey, I just wrote about what was on my mind at the time. I always tried to comment on some of the darker aspects of life. I never wrote anything very happy or positive, but I did try to express a feeling of personal strength. I tried to write about some of the ugly things I saw in the world around me, but at the same time I'm not blind to all the beauty in the world. I tried to write in an honest way about the sadness and loss I've experienced in my own life, but at the same time I don't feel sorry for myself. Life is what it is, it has its ups and downs, but I don't consider myself an unhappy person. I'm psyched to be alive. Like anyone, my personality is made up of all types of different and sometimes contradictory sides. Go It Alone was just an expression of certain aspects of my personality.

MRR: But there was also an almost "political" side to some of your lyrics, was there not?
Mark: Yeah, there was and that is actually what I was getting at when I talked about people seeing us as political allies and just assuming that we shared all the same views as them. Sure, some of our songs touched on gender issues or homophobia or whatnot, but some people would make these bizarre assumptions that because of that we were pacifists, or political activists, or opposed to "macho dancing", or any number of other things.

Photo by Kim Yount

MRR: It's interesting that you mention gender issues because that was one thing that really set you apart from a lot of your peers. Your band members were all men and you existed within this very male space and yet a number of your lyrics addressed topics that are often considered women's issues.

Mark: A number of people have mentioned this to me over the years and I always take it as a compliment. I'll be the first to admit that hardcore is a very male dominated place, but I have female friends, not to mention a mother and a sister, so of course I am concerned with "women's issues." These issues may not affect me directly, but they affect a lot of people I care about so that makes them important to me too. I can't understand how most men can be so unconcerned with these types of things. I guess as men we have the luxury of being able to ignore these issues if we choose to. But again, I'm not trying to be the spokesman for some other group of people, I just wrote some songs about things that were on my mind.

MRR: Is there anything you regret or would have done differently?

Mark: One of the few things I regret is that we got a little too tangled up in the whole "business" or "professional" side of hardcore. The fact is, I care about music and art, not business. Unfortunately, that attitude actually ended up kind of shooting me in the foot because I just choose to concentrate on the musical side of the band and didn't pay enough attention or exert enough control over how we were being "marketed" or how our band was being sold. Overall, I'm very happy with how things worked out, but there were a few moments when I looked at what we were involved in and I though to myself "This is not right. This is not my vision of what hardcore should be." I think the natural inclination when you are starting a band and trying to go somewhere with it is to grab up every opportunity that is offered to you, and I was no different. But I've learned that it can be beneficial to be a little more picky about what you want to be involved in. It's nothing that keeps me up at night; just some lessons learned that I intend to apply in the future to any bands I play in.

Lucas: In the summer of 2005 we generated some fucking ugly shirts. If you see them don't buy them (they are the fucking ugly ones).

MRR: So Mark, are you talking about the way you guys were marketed by record labels?

Mark: I'm not suggesting that it was the fault of the label. As far as I could tell, Rivalry's top priority was always to help our band as much as possible and I appreciate that. It would be a copout to just pin the responsibility on someone else. I just think in recent years the business side of hardcore has become really sickening and in the future I'm going to take extra care to try not to contribute to some of these recent trends I've been observing.

MRR: After so many years of concentrating on one thing do you think you'll have difficulty adjusting to life without the band?

Mark: It's already proving to be a little hard to adjust. I've never been so focused on anything in my entire life as this, and now, all of a sudden, that sense of direction, that sense of purpose, is gone. In a strange way Go It Alone gave my life a certain worth. For the last five years I was an uneducated guy with a dead end job who also released records and toured all over the world. Now I'm just an uneducated guy with a dead end job. But with that said, I have a number of other projects in mind that I can begin working on now that GIA is completed. The focus and dedication that we gave to Go It Alone can now be directed into other things.

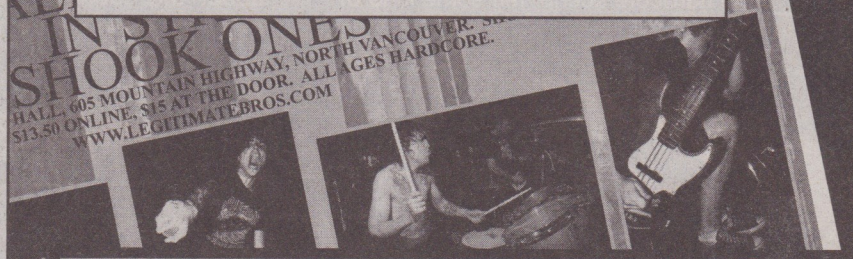
Lucas: I've been in a lot of bands and I think I'll be in a lot more. I plan on enjoying my temporary downtime and hope that it inspires minor greatness in me.

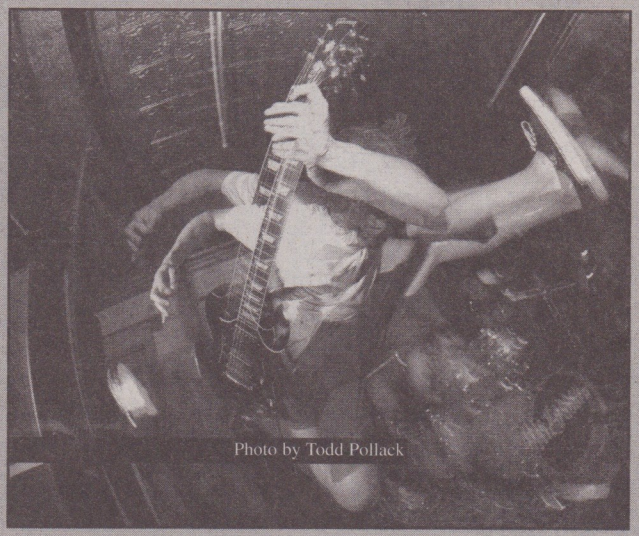
MRR: How would you like Go It Alone to be remembered?

Mark: I'd like to be remembered as a band that worked hard, was dedicated to realizing a vision, and gave 100% at every show.

Who is Matt Smith?

Mark: I don't know what you're talking about.





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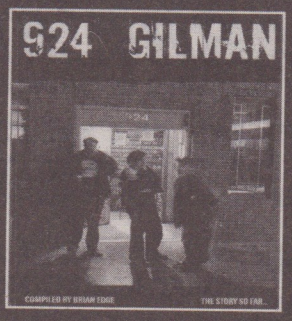

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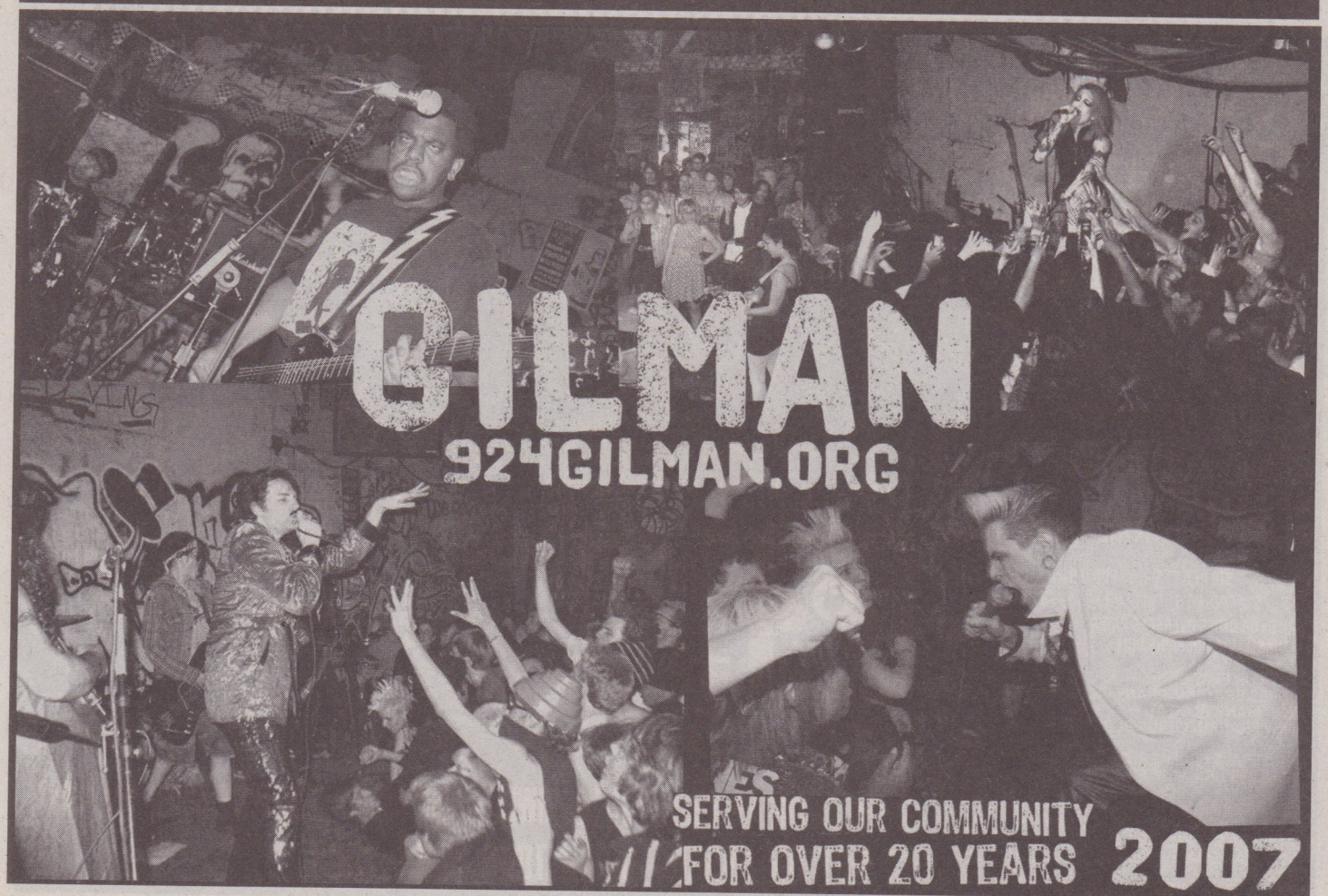

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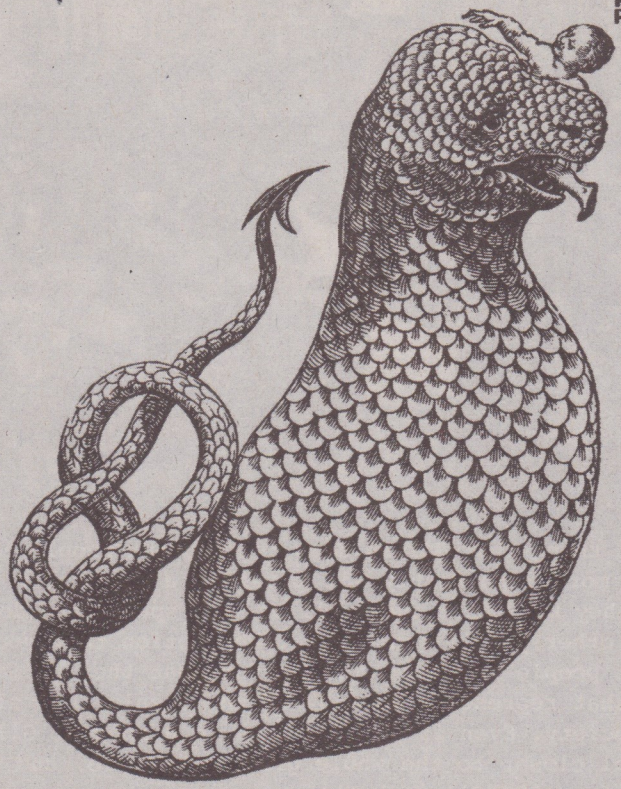

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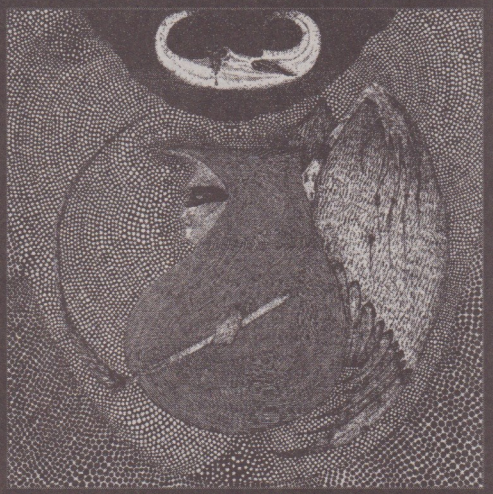

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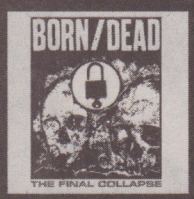

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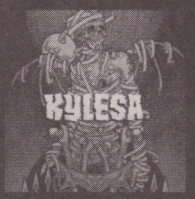

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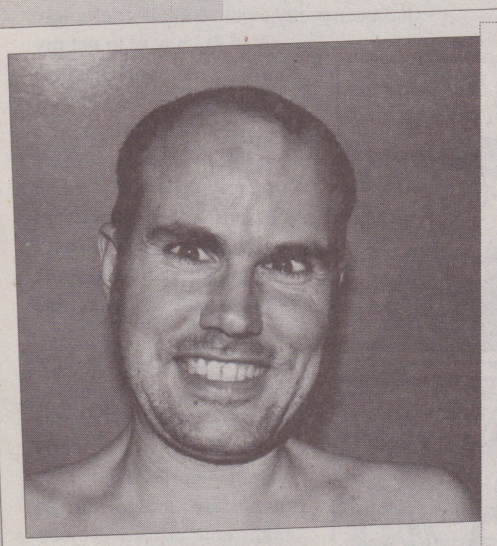
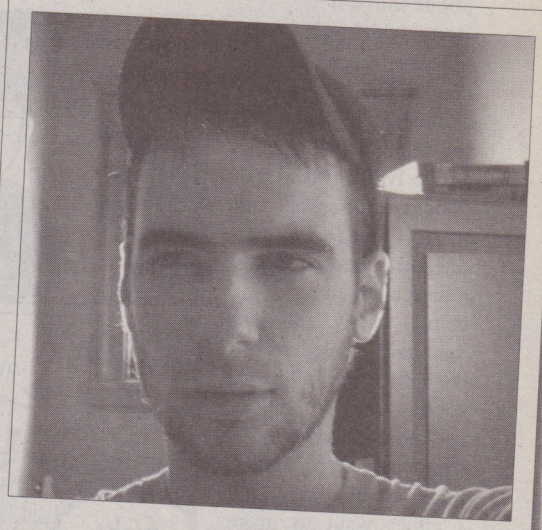
A NATE WITH DESTINY!

I've been working on steadily submitting my agenda (i.e. features and interviews with zine writers) to Maximum Rocknroll *for about two years and this segment left me stumped. Who would I interview? At first I thought I would just talk to my neighbor Nate Powell, but then Sparky Taylor had the brilliant idea to expand it to every zine-making Nate that I knew with a round table type of discussion. I truly believe that all three Nates who were willing to tell their stories (adding Nate Beaty [Shrike, Brainfag] and Nate Gangelhoff [Pick Your Poison, You Idiot] to the fold) have great things ahead of them and huge destinies! Sorry if you are a zine-making-Nate who was neglected as a contact. I employed Google's help and didn't find any with whom I was unfamiliar. Introduction and interview by Joe Biel.*



BEATY

POWELL



GANGELHOFF

MRR: Tell us about what your life was like when you started self-publishing. What brought you to making zines and self-publishing in the first place? How are your motivations different today?

Powell: I started drawing comics with my best friend Mike Lierly in 1990, and by late 1991 we realized that the most realistic means by which we could get our stories published was simply to do it ourselves. I was 13 at the time, and we were just getting into the world of DIY punk. The comic series we published, *DOA*, was lots of dystrophic guns-and-boobs action for sure, but carried with it an undercurrent of whatever vague political content our teenage brains could process. The punk scene in Little Rock at the time was extremely active and creative, with dozens of bands and zines existing simultaneously in 1992-'94. I started reading zines then, and eventually published my own in early 1994, but I didn't quite make the connection between my underground comics and these underground zines, though I'd still scam the copies, sell them at shows, etc. As for my life, I was in 8th and 9th grade at the time. I got all A's, skated, drew comics, and Soophie Nun Squad was starting up at the same time. My family was wholesome but quiet; by age 23 I came to believe that the Powells were all very repressed, but now I reject that. We're just a wholesome bunch. We play Risk together and don't eat spicy food. It's cute. I was a complete and total nerd—it was only through our Soophie bunch working hard at all these projects, building our numbers and our own lexicon and system of behavior, that adolescence was bearable. Otherwise, we'd all simply have been losers. Today, my motivations for drawing comics are the same—we had something important to say in 1992 and put it into superhero adventure. I primarily make comics because I have something to say that's unique to my perspective, and comics can illuminate my insides in a way that has never been matched. I love it. It's relatively immediate, and you don't have to wait around for years to see it published.

Beaty: 1995: I was a coffee-addled recent college dropout when I first stapled together eight pieces of unfolded 8.5" x 11" paper. After a whirlwind six months in Virginia Tech where I knew no one and was very excited to discover hallucinogens, I returned to my small coastal hometown, zombie-circles spinning for pupils, buzzing with excitement to express myself. I ended up shacked up in an overpriced townhouse on the beach with Keith Rosson, who had just finished *Avow* #1 with a mutual friend. Fascinated, I set out making my own zine of art and poetry, *White Space*, which ran for ten issues over the course of a year. It slowly evolved into a letter-digest zine, and even showed a little glimpse of what I'd eventually fall in love with, comics. I had one or two pages which were the equivalent of a single panel comic and mock advertisements. The rest of it was embarrassing poetry, rants, doodles and poorly executed X-copy and computer art. In 1999, I started making *Brainfag* while living in a van on Orcas Island in the San Juan Islands of Puget Sound. I was the Hot Tub Cop at a hippie resort, keeping things in order at the clothing-optional, heavily chlorinated and heated cold spring. Fueled by a potent mixture of whiskey, weed, beer, and heavily-brewed Long Life Three Ginseng tea (RIP), I sat in a retired outhouse zoinked out of my mind, doodling on budget X-copy paper. So began my life as a cartoonist. I was helplessly hooked at this point with both comics and the self-printed zine. My motivations today are no different. Drawing is my cheap therapy,

and I doubt I'll ever lose the intoxication of finishing a good drawing or holding a freshly printed comic in my hands. I believe this is what drives just about every zinester.

MRR: Zines often have a reputation for being selective windows into people's lives, only revealing what they want or feel is appropriate. Do you feel that your run of zines, as a whole, is truly reflective of yourself? Do you hold back in order to not expose things about yourself?

Beaty: I think I might be a little more negative in my comics than in real life, although I try not to go too far down that route. I love Ivan Brunetti, but goddamn, he's one dark mo-fo. I found a note in an old sketchbook recently after reading many of the comics in my collection that said something to the effect of: "all these comics are so mopey and morose. Do I want to make another depressing book of comics? *No*!" I either want to make someone laugh or think. But I don't want to drag them too far into misery in that process. (I think our world does a good job at offering this, ha-ha). I feel simultaneously conservative and outspoken. In comparison to a lot of cartoonists (Crumb, Johnny Ryan, Brunetti, etc.) they're quite tame. I do avoid getting into any detail regarding sex, but that could just be my inability to draw a penis for the life of me. Maybe it's an avenue I need to explore. Drawing more sex, that is.

Powell: I do feel that they are fairly reflective of myself, but, I don't think that I have, until recently, exposed more than about 60% of myself in comics form. Most friends and acquaintances consider me to be a positive person, but I perceive myself as being a real downer. It depends on the time of year—sometimes I just take the ups as a kind of mania, which isn't fair. In the last two years, I've tried to bring more of my negativity, insecurity, and doubt to the drawing table, and I feel I've grown much more as a person. I've also become more comfortable with those feelings and am considerably less depressed these days. But oh yes, I certainly hold back in my comics and zines. We've got to keep a little sacred.

Gangelhoff: Well, my zines are definitely selective but it's for the purpose of making the end result more entertaining. I mean, if something interesting happens to me on Monday and then I trudge through some boring bullshit on Tuesday through Sunday, I'm just going to write about Monday. In that sense, I think having a zine function as a selective window is a very good thing and the zines that don't tend to be ones I don't like. Like, being "personal" doesn't in and of itself make for good reading…

MRR: Are you happy with the things the zine community has provided for you over the years? Are you happy with the role that you've played in that community?

Powell: Yes, very much so. My relationship with the zine world has two stages. When I was 18-24 years old, I self-published, mailed them off to friends and heroes, sold them on tour, and was fortunate enough to have Tree of Knowledge distribution in Little Rock. It was very easy and immediate to see the vast world of zines physically before me—all I had to do was trek over to Mary's house. In 2001 or so, I started going to zine conventions like the Underground Publishing Conference in Ohio. This was pretty much like a cute field day with lots of scrappy acquaintances rolling around on a college campus, surrounded by zines. The sense of physical community was already established in the punk music world, so this was just kind of a reinforcer for my age-22 idealism. In 2003, other publishers started putting out my books, and I also started going to actual Comic Book conventions. This blew my mind. I had haughty punk rock prejudgments about what a lack of community there must be in the comic world, but I was a dumbass. What blew my mind was just how much sharing, solidarity, collaboration, trust, and genuine human interest there was in comics—I was surrounded by hundreds of other folks who threw months' worth of paychecks into their personal comic book babies. So if anything, I thank these communities for renewed faith in peoples' good intentions.

Gangelhoff: Yeah, I'm happy with what's been provided for me for sure. The community of distros/review mags/etc. has been pretty...well, cool. It's definitely provided me a way to get my writings read, and also to check out some good zines I wouldn't have come across otherwise. However, other than writing zines (which thousands and thousands of people have done) I don't really think I've played a role of any significance in that community.

Beaty: I don't know how much of a community person I am. I have contributed a lot of time to the early days of the Portland Zine Symposium and to various online and printed projects of the poor and zine-addled. But I don't do well in crowds. I relish time alone. And when it comes down to it, I'm a selfish guy who just wants to draw comics and watch movies and have sex. Wow, did I just say that?

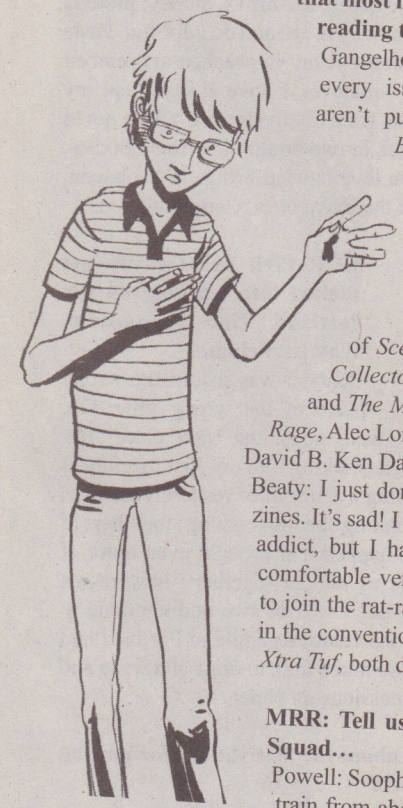
MRR: I hear a lot of people frustrated that the volume of books collecting zines is destroying the validity of the zine as a medium on their own. Obviously, this is not the point of compiling them, but it made me more conscious and I decided not to compile issues of my own zine, just keeping the back issues in print instead. As someone who has taken the plunge of compiling their zines, how do you feel about this with a few years of perspective?

Beaty: That's utterly ridiculous. Zines are an awesome form of expression because you can concoct, craft, and distribute them all by your lonesome. Zines have been ever since the mimeograph, and have become even more so as technology evolves. As far as I'm concerned, zines will continue to be a vibrant medium regardless of how many book compilations are made.

Besides, it's great having all the issues of your favorite hard-to-find mag in one handy volume.

Powell: I grew up used to the notion of collecting comics in trade paperback form, but I was surprised to see it applied to zines. As far as its impact on the zine world, I do think that the anthologizing movement does have the potential to play with our brains' assumptions of what makes some zines more valid than others. But that shit takes a lot of money and dedication to produce! In the vacuum of zines, it can seem like "book fever," but seriously, there are thousands of zines coming out every year, all over the world—and maybe 20 books of zines. Plus, people love zines for their immediacy. You can go from zero to publication in literally a day. And a 16-20-year-old kid is guaranteed to steer towards $1-$3 zines over $10-$20 books of zines. Maybe it's because the zine readers are often zine readers for life, and now there are finally enough who are old enough to provide the "consumer base" for books. Age has got to be an issue.

Gangelhoff: I love that stuff. I totally prefer the "bunch of zines in a book" to a single zine. There's something really satisfying about a bound book, and for some reason putting out a full book just feels more rewarding than releasing a zine. If it really was destroying zines in any sense, I might feel differently, but I don't think that's the case. The two formats seem to coexist just fine as far as I can tell. If anything is destroying zines, it's the "blogosphere," not books.



MRR: Who are the contemporary zinesters and artists that most impress you? What kinds of zines are you reading these days? What excites you?

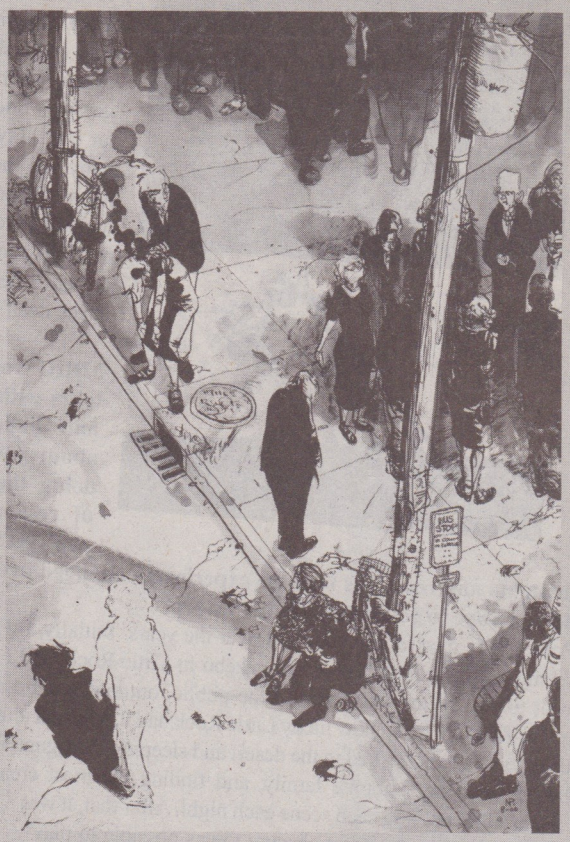
Gangelhoff: The ones that I'll make sure I have every issue of are mostly the older zines that aren't published that often anymore: *Cometbus*, *Burn Collector*, *Murder Can Be Fun*, *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck*, etc. I'm definitely forgetting some, but to be honest I haven't run across that many new zines lately.

Powell: Travis Fristoe of *America?*, Erin Tobey of *Here It Is*, Mike Taylor of *Scenery/Late Era Clash*, Al Burian of *Burn Collector*, Dash Shaw, creator of *Love Eats Brains* and *The Mother's Mouth*, Vanessa Davis of *Spaniel Rage*, Alec Longstreth of *Phase 7*, and French cartoonist David B. Ken Dahl of *Monsters*.

Beaty: I just don't have the time I used to for exploring zines. It's sad! I also have to admit, I'm more of a comics addict, but I have always loved the zines that offer a comfortable venue for kick-ass writers that don't want to join the rat-race of trying to get published as a writer in the conventional sense. I'm thinking *On Subbing* and *Xtra Tuf*, both destroyed as books.

MRR: Tell us about the breakup of Soophie Nun Squad…

Powell: Soophie started in 1992. We were really on the train from about 1997-2003, and had expanded from four to twelve members. We've almost always been spread across the country, with Little Rock or Kansas City as our home base. It just became more and more difficult for the core eight members to simultaneously devote the chunk of time to making these ideas happen. When we convened, it seems we failed to set aside enough time to work on new stuff, and only had enough time to practice old stuff before going on tour again. At the end of each tour, we'd swear, "we're not playing another show until we have these new ideas/songs worked out." This kept happening over and over. I saved all my best ideas for Soophie Nun Squad until I got tired of waiting, and realized that it was possible to try something new, by myself or with the help of my Soophie family. and it worked moderately well. Soophie had seventeen new songs in the works, but many of these have been absorbed by our splinter endeavors (Wait, Honeybeast, Humanola, Blood Sugar, The Insides, Lily Maude Horseman). We decided to play two final shows in May 2007, break up, and then immediately start a new band, even if it was all the same people. Unfortunately, Mark broke his wrists just before the shows, and so they were canceled. So it's over. The part that I hope will be taken as sincere instead of melodramatic is that it's very difficult for me to talk about the achy void I feel



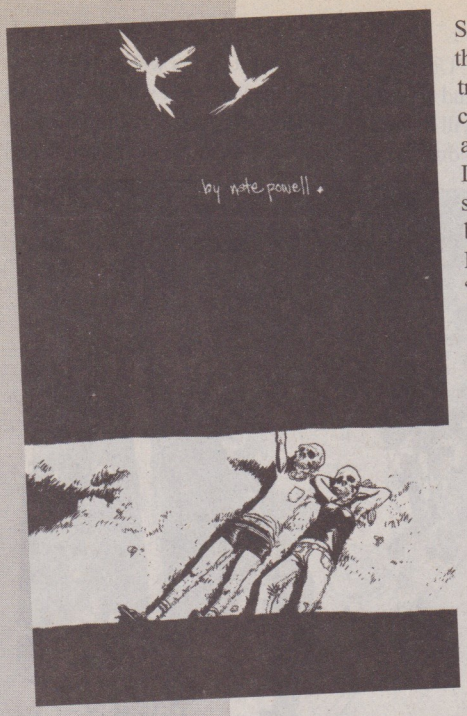
in Soophie's absence. I only speak about it to a few people outside of Soophie folks. That band was the most special thing in my life, and I want nothing more in the world than to be able to regularly create music with that family again. It physically hurts several times a week.

MRR: Tell us about what Mike Taylor calls "The Nate Powell Curse." Did your new book finally break it?

Powell: Nearly every comic I've had published in the last five years has been dead in the water; that is, it has some printing flaw or distribution flaw or it's overlooked by the publisher and it's immediately pulled out of print. *Please Release* by Top Shelf was the only exception. It came out perfectly. *Sounds of Your Name* actually took the curse to a whole new level—all 4,200 copies were horribly pixilated and non-returnable. They were sold at discount with an explanation and stuff, but the damage was done. When the correct printing came out, the larger comics market was completely unaware that these errors were fixed, and avoided the book like the plague. If I could do it all over again, those misprints would've gone to the recycling heap. But we're all learning, and surely another curse will head our way soon. Onward!

MRR: Can you talk about the dynamic differences you've experienced with your zines in the world of punk, as compared to those of a comparably popular band?

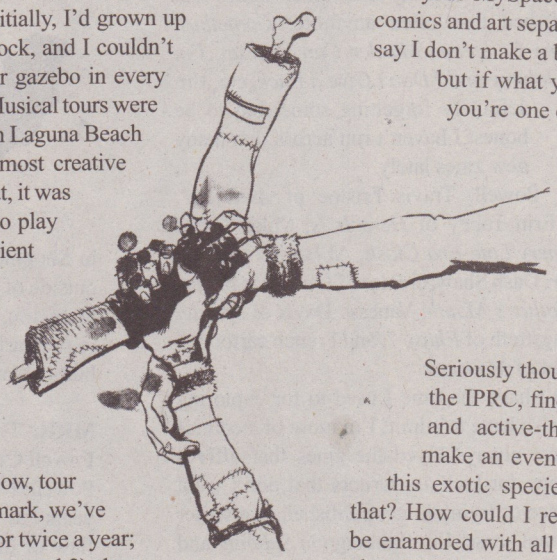
Powell: I think that people's responses to my comics are more consistent. They are generally personal, emotional responses that generate a more emotional discussion, but there are also plenty of people who just like the visual aspect. Similarly, Soophie had its share of people who "enjoyed" the music or the spectacle, but I'd even say that for the handful of people who have intense personal/emotional responses to Soophie Nun



Squad, the impact is much deeper than my comics' impact. Music transcends more language and cultural barriers and strikes one at a level beyond communication. I took this for granted until we started playing really, really buck wild shows in Spain or France, where people were still "getting" Soophie regardless of our inability to communicate many of the nuances. Humor wasn't the point, and neither was rocking hard or acting crazy or making people uncomfortable. It was the transformation of space itself.

MRR: You go on extensive tours with your zines, books, and bands; can you talk about your motivations for doing these and what kind of responses and reactions you get? How have your thoughts and reactions to these experiences changed over time? What do you hope to get out of it in the future?

Powell: My motivations changed over the years. Initially, I'd grown up seeing touring bands play at our gazebo in Little Rock, and I couldn't wait to play at the free, open-to-the-public, outdoor gazebo in every town. Then I realized how lucky Little Rock had it. Musical tours were then about getting naked in the desert and sleeping in Laguna Beach bushes with my Soophie family, and finding the most creative means of addressing each scene each night. After that, it was all about finding the most obscure towns possible to play shows. After that, it was about playing focused, efficient shows that as many people could see as possible, because Soophie Nun Squad only had ten days to tour each year. After that, I started going on book tours because it was such a nerve-wracking, uncomfortable experience to try to get a discussion going, or to try to do some silent comics narrative to a noise soundtrack, or to attempt rapping solo over the audience's beats. Now, tour really is about seeing my friends. At the thirty-year mark, we've gotten so used to only spending time together once or twice a year; touring gives me a means to 1) see the people I love, and 2) share some very special performance with them. I chuckle to myself that the last two Wait tours have been booked by mapping out which best friends to see, and then playing shows specifically for them. I always enjoy driving long distances by myself too, so that's great. But I really, really miss playing very loud music with a full band, and touring with a musical M.O. instead of a kinda busted one-person apparatus. If anyone in Bloomington loves Assfactor 4 and Moss Icon and wants to actually make music, please come to my house! Sadly, I've attempted this and it doesn't work—somehow, I can only be in bands with Soophies. We're in it with each other for life!



MRR: Most of your zines are about humor. Why is this? What motivates you to publish these things?

Gangelhoff: I guess on the one hand it's simply easier for me to write that way, and I think on the other hand it can be more effective. In *You Idiot* I try to point out and goof on various absurd things, and to take a dead-serious, non-humorous approach to that would be ill-fitting and make for a boring zine. If I wrote a serious, well-researched article about the ineffectiveness of anti-drug cartoons—talk about a snore-fest—much better to just hurl insults at the subject!

MRR: Will "the punks" ever understand "the art"? Why not work strictly in fine art? Why not find out where the mythical big bucks are? Why not just put your work all over the internet?

Gangelhoff: Yeah, it mixes a little bit. I still sell zines next to CDs and t-shirts at shows and they tend to do OK.

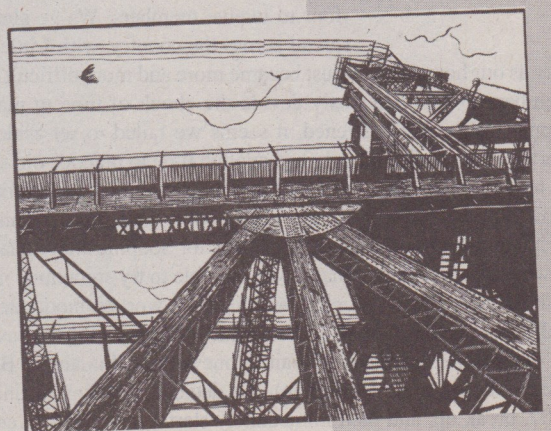
Powell: All people are a part of the process of creation. I do work strictly in fine art—I make comics. Only in America are comics considered an illegitimate form. There are no mythical big bucks. I can communicate things through comics that I absolutely can't communicate any other way. It's magical. I don't put my stuff all over the internet because I'm a very, very materialist art maker, and I really value the object state of my art. I don't even consider the original pages to be the art object. It's the mass-produced book form, the smell out of the box, the weight in your hands, the letters and conversations in return.

Beaty: Isn't punk just being unafraid to be yourself and not giving a damn what the norm is or what people think? I guess there's the element of "fucking up the system," making dents in this largely horrific world we're concocting. All in all, whether or not punks and art fags can sleep in the same bed seems like a silly question as the entire bed sinks into the ocean. Re: art vs. money: pretend (or realize) there is no money in art, and do it for fun. Paste it on the walls and doodle it on yr peechee and embed it in your MySpace—whatever. I have always kept my comics and art separate from my livelihood. That's not to say I don't make a buck or two on the side from doodles, but if what you love is what brings in the bacon, you're one of the lucky ones. Congratulations.

MRR: Tell us how you get sucked into working on the Portland Zine Symposium. Why participate?

Beaty: I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Oh, wait, oops, the *right* place! Ha. Seriously though, walking into my first meeting at the IPRC, finding a roomful of restlessly creative and active-thinking peops coming together to make an event happen that brought even more of this exotic species of human together—how rad is that? How could I resist? I was in awe and continue to be enamored with all the creative people in Portland and elsewhere that devote so much time to draw and write and layout and print their passions on paper.

MRR: Can you talk about the motivations for putting together "Zine Street"?



Gangelhoff: Well, at one point I was trying to get my zine distributed by as many places as possible, and it was tough finding any sort of comprehensive list of what was out there. So, I decided to get a list going myself, and then I figured I'd put it on the web so other people could use it too. It ended up being more work than I expected, though, so I got lazy and quit updating it. I still think it's a good idea, and maybe I'll get it going again someday—in a format where people other than me can keep it up-to-date and relevant (i.e. a Wiki or something). The current site, if it's even still up, is probably hopelessly out of date.

MRR: Tell us how you get sucked into editing/designing/working on the Zinester's Guide to Portland.

Beaty: Ha! God only knows. I really dug the guide as a zine, and just happened to be a volunteer for the Zine Symposium when it exploded into a more substantial publication. Being a layout and design nerd, I wanted to help it don some new duds and get a haircut/shave. It was a good run, but not living in Portland now and not having enough time to brush my teeth (I was just diagnosed with seven cavities at age 32!), let alone work on my own projects, has me thinking it's time for fresh blood to take over.

MRR: How has your own definition of success evolved over the lifespan of your publishing?

Beaty: I don't think my definition of success has changed at all, and I still haven't achieved it. I want to create at least one great piece of art, which I picture at the moment to be a graphic novel. But it could be a movie, a painting, a song, or hell, even a house! I also relish it when peers I respect reciprocate; it's a great feeling.

Powell: I think I've always considered success to strictly apply to how accurately my work communicates what it's supposed to. Honestly, I grew up believing that I would never be able to make a living as a cartoonist, and then fumbled a few chances to get on "the train" doing books for Vertigo or Dark Horse. Now I'm almost positive I'll never be able to *just* draw for a living. However, in a return to those core motivations that drove me as a 13-year-old, this has made me acknowledge that I absolutely must draw comics because it's so satisfying. I can communicate some things only through that medium, and because I do have something to say. This took a lot of false pressure off. For years now, I've worked 40 hours a week at my job, and have been drawing about 30 hours a week. I think my work for people with developmental disabilities is as necessary as my work for comics. I wouldn't change either.

Gangelhoff: Initially, I was just in it for the stamps. Now, it just basically boils down to writing as much stuff as possible that I'm happy with, and having as many people as possible read it. But if some company was like, "we'll publish 200,000 zines for you but half the profits are going to go towards melting the ice caps," then obviously I would think about it harder. So overall, I guess it really hasn't changed that much. If I get a bunch of people to read my zine, and they enjoy it, I consider that a success. That's the same thing I was thinking when I started putting out *Pick Your Poison*.

MRR: What new projects are you working on?

Powell: I'm finishing a 210-page graphic novel called *Swallow Me Whole* that will be out in September on Top Shelf. Then I'll be doing two one-shot comics: a short-story comic collection written by Rachel Bormann, and a collaborative comic with Erin Tobey where we swap writing and drawing chores on each other's stories. After that I'm doing a 100-page comic called *Voglio Capirlo*, which is a narrative comic essay about living in a culture of distrust.

Beaty: Honestly, I'm just trying to find the time to get my *Brainfag* book together. When that's out, I'm retiring the *Brainfag* title and working on a giant, full-color graphic novel that will make me a millionaire and leave me swimming in cocaine and better art supplies—just as soon as I stop writing about my silly-ass self and work more sex into my comics! Ha!

Gangelhoff: I've been doing a lot of music over the last two to three years. I play bass in Off With Their Heads, Banner Pilot, The Gateway District and The Pyongyang Metro, and used to play in Rivethead. That stuff has always been a lot of fun. I'm finishing up a full book that compiles all the old *You Idiot* and *Whiskey Plus* issues plus about 60-70 pages of new writing. After that I'll put out the *Pick Your Poison* book, which will have the first four issues plus two or three unreleased ones. I've also been writing a blog on and off, but I sorta hate that shit, so it's updated very infrequently. Even if I shift more towards books and blogs, I'll always put out zines. Typically here I would say "it's in my blood" to cheesily end the interview, but that's not true so instead I'll end with "because it's always easy to fold eight pieces of paper together."

MRR: Things you want to add?

Powell: For a variety of reasons, I stopped doing Harlan Records last month. I want to apologize to anyone who grew wrinkly and developed bad habits while waiting for their extremely late mail order! If I've inadvertently missed your order, please just write me and I'll get it to you. Thank you so much for the last fourteen years. In closing, I'd like to quote Nate Dogg when he says "it's not about getting rich; it's about keeping it real."

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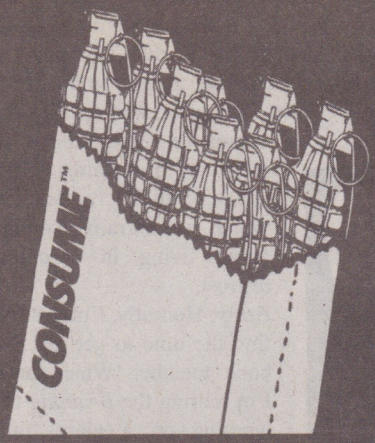

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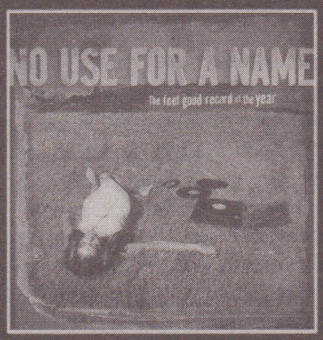

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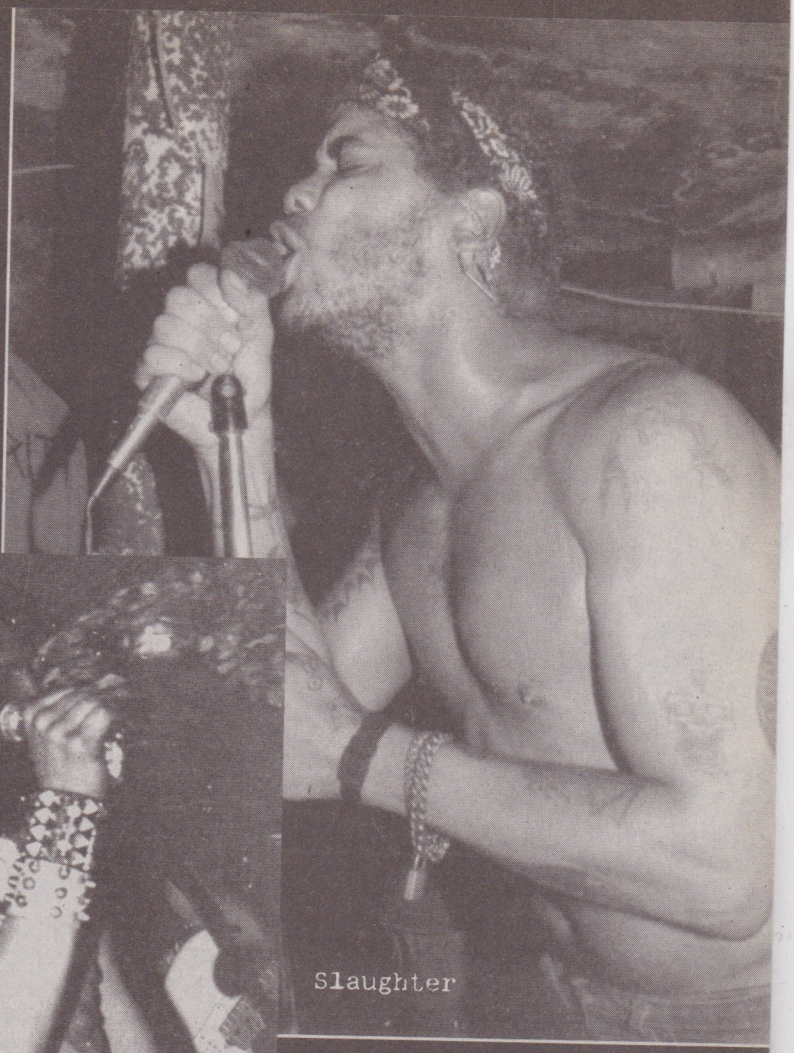


Slaughter

Apärät

From the Vaults

Deathzone

Necros

TOUR REPORT

EAST BLOCK, BALKAN STATES, TURKEY & EUROPE

AUGUST 24th – SEPTEMBER 23rd 2007

By Ethan Buck

Ethan: Guitar, vocals + organizer
Austin: Guitarist + snorer
Ctyrlist: Drummer + drunken navigator
Denis: Bass, backing vocals + Cassanova
Ozak: Hell Driver +a hell of a driver!
Standa: Merch guy +roadie

24.8. DAY 1 (WROCLAW, POLAND)

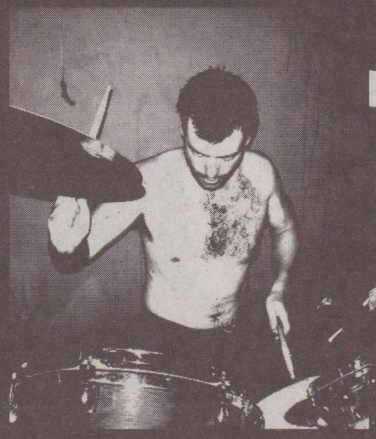
After a couple months of setting this tour up, and a week of agonizing tooth aches, getting 1 pulled and one drilled into by a very amateur dentist and getting some last minute things done it was once again time to get the our practice room, load up the van and hit the road. This was Guided Cradles longest tour so far and we were all excited a bit more then any other before tour since we were on our way to countries we've never been to before.

Ozak gets to mine and Austin's house to pick us up with Standa that lives just around the corner as we got a call from Barvak from Insane Society records with a bit of bad news that the CDs we were supposed to have for the tour some how got fucked up at the pressing plant. The covers weren't made in time so he made up 80 covers at home for us to put together in the van. So at least we had some kind of special „tour version" of the new CD. We drove to the pressing plant just outside of Prague in Lodenice, back to Prague to the practice room and off to Wroclaw, Poland to our first gig of the tour cutting and folding Cd covers and rolling up t-shirts the whole way…and of course already being late. After getting a bit lost we finally made to the Wagon club to find quite a few people there already. We met and talked to a lot of friends we hadn't seen in a while and started drinking. Insuiciety were are on first and are not only good friends but a great band and I was looking forward to having some parts of this tour with them. 2 gigs in Poland, then we meet again in Slovenia and do Italy and Switzerland with them later on. They play a slower, down tuned dark sludgy kind of crusty stoner rock style with excellent female vocals! Then we hit the stage, had a blast playing with a good crowd response...While loading the van me and Austin were at the top of the stairs on our way down to get more stuff, Denis was carrying stuff up the stairs and Austin attempted to say something smart and make fun of him but instead tripped and took a more then hilarious fall from the top of the stairs rolling straight into Denis! It's probably one of those things you have to see to understand but Austin is a hefty guy and it seemed like he was falling for minutes but it was only like 5 seconds. We laughed until we cried multiple times! We then went to the sleeping/party place where they had food ready for us but I was already more into drinking. There was a group of Spanish people that were all fucked up on something and had some drama going on between themselves which kind of ruined the atmosphere so we called it a night. Even though it was 5 in the morning already.

25.8. DAY 2 (WARSAW, POLAND)

I woke up after about 3 hours of drunken sleep to see that my friend Pola already had breakfast ready on a table right next to the couch I slept on so it was like breakfast in bed while feeling pretty hungover which was nice! There were nicely decorated plates with tomatoes, cucumbers, bean spreads and some other tasty stuff I didn't recognize.

We set off to out next gig in Warsaw together with Insuiciety around 11:30. It was a 7 hour drive but arrived a little early, set up and hung around the club called No Mercy when an Arnold Schwarzenegger looking commando nazi guy turned up walking around and checking us out from a distance looking very pissed of and making a lot of phone calls while looking at us. At this time there were about 10 of us but we expected more company from his side very soon so one of the locals called up the local antifa and the guy didn't seem to care when they turned up and had confronted him, he just stayed on the phone until a big fancy car came to pick him up and he just fucked off…I've heard many fucked up stories about Nazis attacking gigs and punks in Poland in the late 90's but not for



a while. Living in Prague we have quite a few problems with them too, not just Prague but other cities in Czech too.

Anyway people started turning up to the gig, we got fed some very salty rice and went to play. There were about 40-50 people maybe and the crowd was very cold and looked like they were trying to enjoy a funeral. Not only for us, but for Insuiciety too who were once again very good! They just stood about 3-4 meters away from the stage and looked bored. A lot of Polish punks are away traveling at this time. So this was a pretty boring gig, no party mood so we went to the sleeping place where Austin decides to sleep in the van after a very long, funny, and aggravating explanation of how to get into the flat that rest of us slept in. The funny explanation was that the guys English wasn't very good which is not a problem at all, Czech and Polish are similar languages but he insisted on speaking English even though we couldn't really understand him. So he was telling Austin that it's the 3rd floor, made foot step noises and a knocking noise, then he explained it again changing the floor number and the name on the door...then he showed us the stairs, how to use them and finally showed us what a wall was. Not to be an ungrateful bastard but it was just weird and made a night of a boring gig more interesting.

26.8. DAY 3 (RYBNIK, POLAND)

We woke up around 10 to find Denis and Iban from Insuiciety sleeping with there heads basically in a cats litter box, Marek picked us up to take us to the breakfast place where Aika, Insuicietys lovely singer, and Aska, Insuicietys very talented roadie friend, had made Crêpes or some kind of pancake thing. It was great! Today we split up as they head to Russia and we go south so we had to say goodbye for two weeks until we met again 10.9. in Ljubljana, Slovenia. I really wish we could have done the whole tour together. They are an excellent crew of people.

After a long hot drive on not very well kept little Polish roads we got to the next gig in a little town in the south east of Poland called Rybnik. As we pulled in there were already many people sitting around and drinking on the benches outside. We all got handed a plate of good food immediately. It was a nice Mexican kind of rice with some huge beans I'd never seen before. The club was called Nutka, a nice little place with a court yard in front of it and a small room with a small stage so you get the people right in yer face when you play! My favorite kind of place to play! The first band, H.G.W., played a crusty kind of HC. The 2nd band played a mix of grind, Ol and ska which was not my kind of thing. Then the organizer told me that we had 20 minutes to play so we set up as fast as possible and played 4 songs. A real shame because it was fun and chaotic! A little too chaotic, there was blood on the dance floor, people kept nearly knocking my teeth out by smashing into the mike stand, I love that. One guy that traveled from Wroclaw to see us again thought he was helping but wasn't when he was trying to hold the mike stand for me but actually just turned it off and wouldn't let anyone try to turn it back on, not even me! And while doing so he kept stepping on Denis's bass pedal.. So we played 4 songs and the last one missing most of the vocals. It was a nice Sunday gig all in all and I got a good sleep in the van..

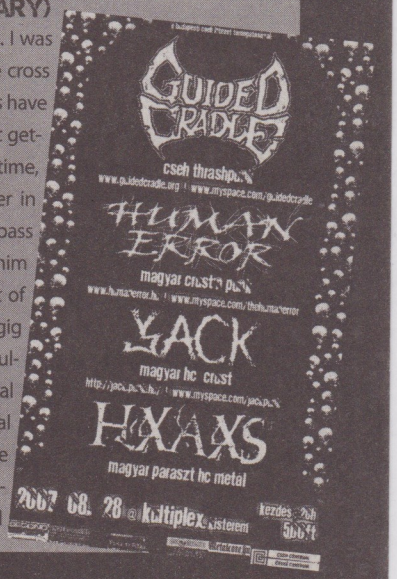
27.8. DAY 4 (BANSKA BYSTRICA, SLOVAKIA)

In the morning I went up to the house to see what was going on, no breakfast today so we went into town to change our Polish zloty into euros, bought some food and made a picnic near the van. We were parked behind a restaurant when the owner came out to offer us tea and later found out eggs as well. The Czech word for eggs is "vajicka" and figured out what the polish word for it is, "jajka," by the man pointing to his testicles and repeating "jajka,jajka". Pretty funny but a very nice gesture from the man and he brought out a huge pan of eggs but with ham so the 2 meat eaters ate it all. The guy seemed a little extra friendly, probably just paranoia but I didn't even drink the tea.. We gave him a tape, said thanks and goodbye to Mr. egg balls and hit the road through NE Czech to Banska Bystrica, Slovakia where we awaited many good friends and a big party. North west Slovakia has beautiful mountains, lakes and rivers, a lot different then what we had seen the last few days. We arrived at the gig place which was an Irish pub to find the place already packed! Pretty surprising for a Monday! About 200 people… It was a nice big pub with a good size gig room and stage and a great beer garden in the back. We sat in the beer garden for about an hour pretty surprised to see that about 80 percent of the people at the gig were female. We ate excellent traditional Slovakian food,while 2 local grind bands played, we had a lot of Goulash, a very tasty baked dish with potatoes, paprika, soya and sauerkraut with spices. I think I ate too much and soon enough we were all setting up with really full stomachs, quick sound check and started rock'n!

In the 2nd half of the set I noticed my new amp cutting out a bit then completely went out. Both me and Austin have mesa boogie dual rectifiers from the states and use converters for them. I found out that my converter has a couple inputs a little larger then they should be so luckily it was just a bad electric connection, I fixed that real quick while Denis improvised my guitar part in the middle of our song called "tear of extinction" and I was back on track in time to sing again. Immediately after playing while cleaning up my cables and stuff, my stomach started to hurt really bad, I bent over to get another cable and as I bent over I let out a fart that was probably the longest fart I ever farted. Damn sauerkraut! It was super hot inside so I went out to lie on the pavement only to get harassed by cops.. Our good friends Adacta from Bratislava were on next. They play HC punk with a crusty style and female vocals and always deliver a good live performance. It's always fun to see and play with them!

Most people left straight after the gig so we had a lot of shots at the bar and bought some beers to the sleeping place which was also a nice band practice room with a lot of beds, old metal posters and a DVD player so we drank cold beers and watched the film 300.

28.8. DAY 5 (BUDAPEST, HUNGARY)



We left for Budapest, Hungary around one. I was pretty excited because from today until we cross Croatia 10.9. we will be in countries 4/6 of us have never been to before. We entered Budapest getting stuck in a horrible traffic jam for a long time, then got lost and finally met the organizer in town. He calls himself Dr. Slayer and is the bass player in Human Error. I guess they call him Dr. Slayer because he used to bootleg a lot of slayer stuff during communism… Today's gig was more like a festival at the club called "kultiplex" with us, Human error, Jack, Cannibal Holocausto from Portugal and another local band that mixed all kinds of styles… We ate some risotto, pasta salad, some kind of portobello mushroom mix with corn, peppers and

soya which was excellent, drank some Czech beers and looked around at what seemed to be a not so promising gig. The 1st band was on, then Human error played a good set, we played with them in Dresden once but I was too drunk to see them, they play a crusty HC punk with spurts of blast beat which I don't usually like but it fits them some how, and by now there were quite a few people just in time for us to play. We had a great sound and a really fun gig with people looking like metal dudes from the 80's rock'n out and going insane with a lot of hair flying around, sold a lot of stuff from the distro and the other bands played as I started drinking quite a lot talking to a lot of nice people! Made some new friends and left when the bar closed. On the way to Dr. Slayer's house we stopped at a shop to buy more alcohol, there was a pretty big ugly, more than likely nazi, guy working there with his mom. He pushed me when I was buying beer and asked if I had a problem. After that I heard something going on outside and he was making a scene about Denis, our very little bass player, eating a roll on the sidewalk and getting crumbs on the pavement and pushed him. This guy weighed at least twice as much as Denis, as I came out Austin was in the guys face and I joined him trying so hard to stop myself from taking the fucker down and thinking the whole time how I'm in a foreign land, the police, tour… But it ended up in the best and funniest way anyway. His mom came out shouting at him and told him to sit down and calm down in the car and he did it like a little boy that got into trouble! Ha,ha!

29.8. DAY 6 (TIMISOARA, ROMANIA)

Got up around 10, had some coffee and eggs, traded Cds, took some pictures together and of the window Dr. Slayer puked out of and left for Timisoara, Romania getting stuck in horrendous traffic again. Timisoara is known for its history during the fall of communism when the police shot and killed many demonstrators… The border to Romania was fine, a couple jokes from the cop, got a road sticker and changed money. Their money is like plastic, doesn't crumple up and has clear parts, I guess its logic, lasts longer or whatever, and it amused me for about an hour in the van on the way to the gig…

We found the club without problem, and waited for the food and PA to turn up. The food was two kinds of risotto, two kinds of soya meat, and some salads. I ate a lot and went to sleep in the van for about 30 minutes. When I went back to the club called "up club"Tavi the organizer had started playing with his band Pavilioni 32, they reminded me of some old Italian HC band with male and female vocals. Then a German band called Ballet in stiefel played but I didn't catch much of them or the Italian band that played after them for about an hour and a half.... It was our turn after a long wait to play, we set up and were ready to go as a big drunken fight broke out and everyone took it to the street so the cops came and stopped the gig. Oh well, shit happens…

I'd heard that we would see a lot of crazy shit in Romania, and we did! So far on the way in we saw families trying to fish in ponds small enough to be considered puddles, extremely and dangerously overloaded trucks, cars, wagons that had a car bodies built onto it with horses pulling it, mini cars with like 10 people packed into them, even in the trunk! packs of wild dogs, and that's just to name a few things…Even a 4 maximum 5 seater car leaving the gig had 7 people in the car and 2 in the trunk! We went to the sleeping place and I got to have a few beers with Tavi and his band members. They all felt really bad about us not getting to play but I felt bad for them myself because I know the stress of doing gigs and when something like that happens it's just a bad, stressful feeling that I didn't want them to feel for us.

30.8. DAY 7 (BISTRITA, ROMANIA)

I got about 3 hours sleep, and we continued our journey on one of the longest drives of the tour. An 11 hour drive to Bystrita in Transylvania. It would have been closer to 9 but a certain drunk navigator got us lost in the mountains for 2 hours and didn't tell us until we got there. At least the view was beautiful! A lot to look at, nice fresh air and scenery driving through the Carpathian mountains. I've seen these mountains in Czech and Slovakia but here they are even more beautiful! Tall green trees, creeks, green grass, really old little cottages and an occasional village that looked like time had stopped there about 100 years ago.

We arrived pretty late. There were about 70 people there, I guess about 30 left since we were so late though. We set and played immediately, good fun and sound, young energetic crowd, they picked me up while playing a solo! The club had my favorite toilets, the kind I like to call the humiliation chamber. 2 foot pads and a hole. Great fun! About 20 people from the gig went back to the very small sleeping place where they had food waiting for us. We asked what it was and they said it's a vegan mix. It was brown, sloppy and warm so we were happy but didn't know what was in it.

31.8. DAY 8 (BUCAREST, ROMANIA)

Today we had another long drive to Bucarest so we woke up around 8. Today Bogdan from a town called Brasov and 2 girls from Bucarest joined us for the journey so we got to learn a little more about Romania and the places we were going through. They told us how there isn't any middle class here, just really poor or really rich. Mostly really poor. Most people make about 100 euros a month (about 140 u.s. dollars) or just live off the land selling vegetables from the garden on the road side and living in little 150-200 year old houses. Pretty harsh! We noticed the prices of most things are about the same as in Czech but Czechs make at least 350-400 euros a month!

Todays gig got moved to a different club because Nazis have repeatedly attacked the one we were supposed to play in originally. I was surprised to hear that there were Nazis in Romania. So it got moved to a club called the underworld which is owned and run by Gabi from Molotov Cocktail, a good guy and friend I hadn't seen in a while. But on the way we learned that there was a nationalist demo in town so they expected to be attacked anyway. The club was in a cool gypsy part of town where Gabi had a lot of gangster kind of relatives so we felt pretty safe! It was a small trashy little street with bars that opened at 7 in the morning! My kind of place!

We ate some risotto, again, and cabbage salad. As grateful as we were, we were sick of rice by then! No support band today so we set up and played a pretty fun gig and they wouldn't let us stop, so we ended up playing pretty long. After the

gig Gabi got us all shots and introduced us to his older uncle who is apparently the biggest crook in town and looked the part! He was very nice and went home to bring us some home made slivovice (plum brandy) so we were getting pretty drunk, dancing disco to Billy Idol, Blondie, Abba and the next thing I knew I woke up face down on the dirty beer soaked floor not knowing where I was until I noticed that I was somehow mixed up in the drum kit with sticky crap and hair stuck to my face. I love those kinds of hangovers! Had a couple beers, loaded the van and went to get Austin's guitar input repaired, took some pictures with our excellent host Gabi and said goodbye to him and to Romania.

We weren't sure what to expect from Romania, we hadn't heard many good things about it before, but for us both gigs were great! We met some very nice people, had fun playing, looking out the window constantly at the nature and odd little villages, we had very kind hosts, sold a lot from the distro, got payed well enough, had a great party in Bucarest, which was one of the best so far! and we didn't get attacked!

1.9. DAY 9 (VARNA, BULGARIA)

Felt like hell in the van, dark rainy day and I just felt like curling up in bed at home. We arrived at the Area 51 club in Varna, Bulgaria, played to about 11 people, and decided to drive closer to Turkey and sleep on the beach at the black sea since there was no sleeping place. There was a big screen TV facing the stage and for some reason I kept watching Columbo while playing. A family of wild boars was walking around looking for food all night and drunken Ctyrlist ran straight into to sea not noticing a big sign written in 4 languages that it's dangerous to swim. He was ok and passed out on the beach.

2.9. DAY 10 (ISTANBUL, TURKEY)

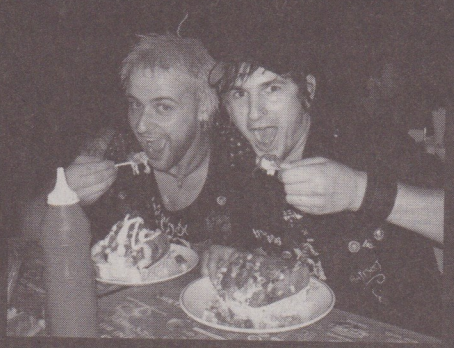
The Bulgarian/Turkish border was absolute chaos and took about 3 hours of running around to get in. First of all about 30 minutes away from the border in the mountains some cops with machine guns in the middle of nowhere stopped us and just looked at the passports and let us go, then that happened once again before the border. At the border me and Austin needed visas to get in, there was a huge line we waited in for a while to find out that it was the line from Turkey. There was no info written anywhere, we went to the passport control to find out we needed to go somewhere else to get the visa, again no info about that anywhere. We had some papers called Atacarnet which is a booklet with all the backline and distro stuff written and confirmed in it by the customs in Czech. (Bands need this to get into Turkey and most Balkan states..). We got sent to one room where nobody was, then a guy made some clicks and whistle noises and got me to follow him up stairs and he ran so fast I lost him and found him in a different room where he opened a drawer, didn't take anything out and then told me to come back down stairs again where we had to wait and then go outside, back in, back out to buy Turkish car insurance and all this shit not being able to understand each other..then finally when they let us through there was another passport control. I think that last one was there either just to piss people off or make them laugh but we made it in!

The beautiful Bulgarian green mountain scenery immediately changed to a more yellowish and brown rocky, hilly scenery with a lot of wild dogs running around. We left the cold and rain in Bulgaria and all became pretty excited about actually being here and getting to play a gig in what was for us an exotic country. Coming into Istanbul there were a lot of people and families just sitting on the side of the highway just staring at the the cars going by and there were Turkish flags everywhere! We heard the idea for the Turkish flag came from the reflection of a star and crescent moon that was seen in the blood of dead soldiers after a battle for Turkey's independence in the 14th century.

When we got near the meeting point I texted Bora, one of the very nice organizers. Me and Ozak walked about 10 minutes to meet him while the others watched the van. As we were walking to meet him a lot of people stared at us and some prayers over a loud speaker from a mosque started and I was starting to get bit of culture shock when soldiers with large automatic weapons started giving us the thumbs and waving. Bora directed us to the club DOROCK in the central pedestrian part of town called Taksim. The night life here was amazing, something happening in every bar, people everywhere and the only looks we got were friendly ones from people that were pretty interested in us. The Dorock club is a metal club and quite a few people were there already. There were 2 local bands. 1 called Truth we defend, a pretty young N.Y. HC kind of style and not bad, and then a kind of gore core grind band played that sounded a bit like Agathocles and were all very nice people. Then everyone piled to the stage with cameras when we played so we had a lot of fun rock'n out in Istanbul! After the gig nearly everyone there wanted to talk to us, shake hands and take pictures and were all very friendly. We sold the most stuff from the distro so far and got payed the most so far on this tour so all together this was a very good night! We sat outside for a while and there were still people everywhere drinking and having a good time. 15 million people live in Istanbul so I guess this was normal for a Sunday night. The city is divided by water from the black sea, the west side being Europe and the east side being the very tip of the Asian continent and tonight we were sleeping in "Asia" at Nisa's house. Nisa was the main organizer that did a lot for us to get there and I have to say she is one of the nicest people I've met in a while! We stopped off to eat the best food in a long time! It was called Kumpir. A large baked jacket potato with grated cheese whipped and mixed inside of it, then loads of layers of vegetables and sauces, spicy sauces, mint sauces and spices, had a couple beers and went to sleep.

3.9. DAY 11 (DAY OFF)

We all woke up to a lot of humidity, heat and Nisa's 5 cats jumping on us. We all wanted to try all the different foods here so we went straight to the supermarket for all kids of pastries, hummus, borek and such then into town by a boat to europe walking around, taking pictures, eating all the vegetarian foods everywhere, smoking water pipes, drinking Turkish teas and coffees, rajka, meeting the guys from the other bands and just enjoying the day off. People in town kept smiling at us, giving us the thumbs up and mostly just being really friendly. In the evening we went to drink on the beach where we made friends with some of the wild dogs that the city is full of. The city pays people to catch them and take them for



blood tests and shots and then put them back on the street with a tag so people know they are healthy. I thought that was amazing. You see packs of 5-10 and they just come up to you, give you their paw and say hello in a kind of way and hang out, walking along or just sitting around enjoying your company. We tried to feed some but they just looked at us as if they were full. I even saw some waiting to cross the street at crosswalks! They're so adapted to city life! When we got into a taxi to go back to the house and some ran after the taxi as if they wanted to come with us or saying goodbye and looking very sad. When we got out of the taxi near the house we were greeted by another pack of dogs that walked us home and wanted to go into the house with us! None of us really knew what to expect of Istanbul and were all very excited.

4.9. DAY 12 (DAY OFF)

Woke up again to cats and heat, spent the last of our Turkish money on food to the van, had to say an unwanting, sad goodbye to our new friends and Nisa and left for Greece to get closer to our last minute gig the next day in Kavala. No problems at the border and again a nice scenic change. Actually a cop at the border was eating dried chick peas and gave me a hand full while he stamped the Atacarnet papers to prove we had left Turkey with the same amps and such. We stopped in the historical town of Alexandria to get wine and cheese and slept on the beach.

5.9. DAY 13 (KAVALA, GREECE)

We had a lot of time to get to Kavalla so we got to hang around the beach for a while. Tonight's gig was in a squatted part of a university. That's common in Greece. They do that because there is a law there that doesn't allow the city police to enter university property. Great! We ate spaghetti in the cafeteria with a bunch of students and waited for Räjähtää to play. Diamantes, the organizer, sang for them and they are very heavily influenced by old HC finnish punk bands and even played covers from Kaaos, Bastards, Destructions and I quite enjoyed them! We played a short set after a few whiskeys and ice cold beers then followed the very drunk bass player from Räjähtää on his scooter. He couldn't even walk to the bike let alone drive it so we were pretty worried but at the same time amused at how we were actually following a wasted guy down these little, small town Greek roads. He got us to his nice and well kept little squat with a big garden in the front, opened a beer, put some really bad music on really loud and passed out straight away.

6.9. DAY 14 (DAY OFF, AGAIN)

After a good sleep and some flea bites we went into town to find some vegetarian food, which wasn't easy, and went to another beach not far away. It was a nice hot and clear day and we found a great little beach with clear blue water. We swam far out and could still see the sea floor, I saw some big black crabs on the bottom. Later we went to check out some coliseum ruins in Philippi near Kavalla. In Thessaloniki we stayed in a very nice squat called Incognito where they had a film night. 7 puppies were just being born as we arrived. We sat on the roof drinking Rakia (local homemade spirit) talking to the nice people from there that we had met in Czech at the Obscene extreme fest and got a good sleep.

7.9. DAY 15 (THESSALONIKI, GREECE)

Today's gig was in another squatted part of a university. We were told to expect problems with the police leaving the place after the gig because there were riots the week before and there was another demo the next day. Greek punks are very politically active and don't fuck around when it comes to fighting the police.

By about 11p.m. there were all ready about 300 people at the gig. A lot of metal heads that looked like they just walked out of L.A. in 1984 wearing white high-tops, skin tight pants, bullet belts and mullets. HELL YEAH!

The 1st band was called Biochemical virus and it was there 1st gig. It sounded kind of rough but had the potential to sound like Hibernation to me. Before we played we were told that they expected us to play for over an hour! We usually play 30-40 minutes. If we had our original bass player Tomas then we could have. I'm glad we had that excuse at least. Denis by the way did an excellent job of learning the songs on the bass in such short notice! We started

playing and people were jumping around but one guy, as usual, kept falling into the mike stand nearly knocking my teeth out again, almost broke my guitar pedal and kept throwing beer and wine on our guitars. Ok, I'm not a "rock star" or a real big asshole and I like it when people have a good time at gigs but sometimes those kind of things just get super annoying even though you kind of got to expect it. But at the end of the day the guy was just being a prick. He got on stage fucking things up 3 times and I asked him nicely each time to be careful. Then he got on stage a 4th time crashing into the drums completely stopping everything. I told him to fuck off and then everyone looked at me as if I was a bad guy during the next song so the atmosphere for me was ruined and it had to be at one of our biggest shows of the tour. But there was a huge line of people at the distro buying one of everything we had, together with the door money we had made about 1000 euros that day! We had some drinks with the organizer Forris with whom I'd only ever written to on my space so I got to know him a bit better. It was his birthday too! He was 35.

8.9. DAY 15 (SKOPJE, MACEDONIA)

Feeling once again shitty and hung over we left for Skopje, Macedonia. Driving through Macedonia really reminded me of driving through New Mexico with it's rocky and dessert like hills and bushes. I was pretty excited about this gig because we were playing with a local band called This home is prepared. I met them about a year before in Prague when they played at the 007 club I work at. Nice people and good musicians! A good H.C. and crust mix with duel male and female vocals that work well together! We met Goran the organizer and ate some rice and grit mix, salad and a very tasty bean casserole his mother made us. Went to the club called Castro club that is placed in the train station. Nice place and very good sound!

I can't remember the name of the 1st band but they were a kind of H.C. youth crew sort of band and were all very young. The whole crowd of about 100 people was very young and seemed to be into that youth crew dancing kind of thing. This home is prepared took stage and were great but played a pretty short set. We played and were very pleased with the sound on and in front of the stage, kids having fun but the only thing that went wrong was that Ctyrlists brother in-law was there and he's some Czech army "peacekeeper" that came to the gig from Kosovo in his military vehicle with blue lights to see us with the Polish ambassador. They were pretty drunk and kept buying us drinks and trying to explain to us how to make loads of cash with the band and that we should cancel the next few gigs and go play for the Czech soldiers in Kosovo. When we played he

grabbed the mike and said some crap in Czech and broken Serbo-Croatian that we support the Czech army and that we are the best punk band from Czech. I had to apologize feeling very embarrassed then found out he put the blue lights on and wanted the kids to take pictures with him and his army jeep. I hid in the toilet then behind our van.

9.9. DAY 16 (BELGRADE, SERBIA)

After a good sleep we woke up to kus-kus with tomatoes, cheese, soya steaks and coffee. We took a couple group pictures with This home is prepared and left for Serbia. For the last week I had been missing Veronika, a girl I had started seeing about a month before tour, very much. But today I missed her even more.

No problems at the border again. We've been very lucky so far! But we had been warned by many people that the cops here just stop you to get bribes and that Czech beer is a good bribe for them. So we bought a couple cases just in case and we were interested to see what was going to happen on this dark and rainy day but luckily we didn't get stopped at all. We got into Belgrade kind of late, found the train station and called Nesha the organizer as planned. We waited for him for about 40 minutes not feeling very comfortable being where we were with football hooligans around and the whole place looking quite depressing. It looked like how I imagined Russia as a kid with a lot of grey, coldness, unhappy looking people, slums under bridges, intimidating cops on one side, hooligans on the other but I just let it sink in to get the feeling of the place. A very crusty Amebix looking punk guy appeared and we felt some how "saved". Nesha is a pretty well known artist, he drew a shirt design for us before the tour and draws for many other bands covers and shirt designs. And is also a very nice guy! At the club we met his girlfriend Andrea whose is also very nice and good artist, they did an excellent book together with his drawings and her collages.

The gig was in a park in a small wooden cottage looking building called Gavez. Neshas band Nakot played a pretty good set reminding me of a raw mix of Wretched and some raw Finnish punk. Then we had a lot of fun playing to about 40 people. We got to talking to some people and found out that most of them were in their mid-late 30's. They all looked about 25. That was kind of weird. We went to buy some beers to take to the flat where the shop owner took us to the back of the shop to taste his 25 year Rakija (slivovice or plum brandy) which was excellent! It was one of the best I'd tasted in a long time. Me, Austin and Nesha stayed up talking about the Serbo-Croatian scene and how it was living in a war zone not too long ago. He also told us that Serbians can only travel to Macedonia, Albania and Croatia without visas. He said he's used to the fact that he can't travel as he wishes. He also said he got used to the U.S. bombings after a week of nerves and terror.

10.9. DAY 17 (LUBLJANA, SLOVENIA)

After another almost sleepless night we went into town with Nesha and ate burek. We found a bombed out police station so we stopped to take pictures of but just quickly. I guess the police wouldn't be happy about us making a tourist attraction of it. On the same street there was a bombed out military headquarters and Chinese embassy the U.S. "smart bombers" accidently hit.

It was another long day in the van and I started feeling sick to the stomach but I was sure I'd feel better once we met up with our Slovenian friends and Insuiciety again. And I did. It was nice to be at the Gromka club again. It's a legalized squat in a court yard like street near Ljubljana's center with D.I.Y. types of cafés and clubs. A nice organized hang out place. There were too many friends to catch up with it was like a festival which means getting super drunk, and fast. Insuiciety had a great gig but for some reason the film Dark crystal was being projected on the wall right next to the stage so it looked like they were the sound track for it. And the best thing is that Aika the singer even looks like the main cute little elf character! After we played a very fun and hot set a local band called Aktivna Propoganda played and were pretty good! A pretty political H.C. punk band kind of like early Conflict. We then drank the bar dry, took stupid pictures and passed out in various places.

11.9. DAY 18 (ILIRSKA BYSTRICE, SLOVENIA)

I luckily woke up feeling pretty comfortable in a bed but I felt sorry for some of the drunken corpses lying in strange places and positions. We only had and 80 km drive today so we had time to relax, play dice games, talk shit and eat.

I'd been to the MKNŽ club in Ilirska Bystrica in 2000 and remembered how nice it was and how great the sound was there so I was pretty happy to be playing there. Battle of Disarm have a live 10" recorded from here and I think Doom recorded a 7" here. 3 touring bands today. Profit and Murder from Germany, Insuiciety and us. Profit and Murder kicked it off with a pretty good H.C. crusty punk sound. They used to be called World chaos. Insuiciety had yet another great set, There riffs are so catchy I couldn't get them out my head. Then we played what was for me, one of the best gigs of the tour so far. Crowd, sound, everything. I was pretty happy to finally play here and have it be as good as I expected it to be. Then we had soup which my stomach really needed after a lot of alcohol and heavy food. We drank all the booze and thought it would be a good idea to wake up Marek, the straight edge drummer from Insuiciety, to go drive and buy more drink but he didn't like that idea..Sorry buddy!

12.9. DAY 19 (UDINE, ITALY)

Everybody woke up to the sound of Marek playing the bass super loud. We were all pissed off but I realized it was because we woke him up the bastard! I had a coffee that sent my heart flying. We left to Udine, Italy with Dunja, the very lovely organizer from Ljubljana, who decided to come an extra day with us. On the way me and Austin had noticed how our moods had changed going through some of the more economically depressed places we had just been through the last week and how we felt kind of down and depressed ourselves. Not at or during any gigs, just seeing glue sniffing children asking for change on the street, slums, and a lot of homeless people begging. Then getting into more familiar surroundings meeting friends totally changed all that for us. And we needed that more of a possitive attitude for playing Udine as there were about 5 people there. Nice squat that was an old train station, very good hospitality and a lot of

great food! Vegan potato salad, spicy lentils and some kind of whole grain wheat risotto and some very tiny juice bottles a baby could chug down in about 2 seconds. We had a lot of fun playing for the 5 people, Insuiciety and a dog I'm sure that didn't pay to get in. And it was the first outdoor gig which was nice. I couldn't sing some of the time since I was laughing at Marek. I'm sure he was laughing about playing that bass so loud so I changed a lot of the lyrics calling him a bastard while singing. I went to sleep worried about scorpions because Dunja had found one in the toilet. Then there was a nazi scare. I guess there are a lot there but just a few turned up near the squat and left. I ran out with my little juice bottle but didn't get to use it.

13.9. DAY 20 (ROME, ITALY)

Set off really early to Rome. Both bands had their hearts set on traditional italian pasta, garlic bread and salad all day. We got rice again. Very nice people and good hospitality again. And another super strong coffee that made me have to go lay down for 10 minutes. A very nice squat called Bencivenga which was an old factory. First band was great! Called Doomraiser. A kind of sludgy, stoner metal with an image and stage presence to fit! Insuiciety had some technical problems but pulled it off in the end. We had some problems too but I don't think most of the younger crowds in Italy care what's on stage. They just like jumping around. By now my alcohol tolerance was pretty high, I couldn't get drunk so I went to sleep.

14.9. DAY 21 (MODENA, ITALY)

While loading up the van we heard one of the speakers in my cabinet fall out. It took about an hour to fix so we didn't have time to be tourists and see the coliseum as we wanted. No pasta, italian ice cream or pizza in Italy yet! Stopped for a swim/bath in a nice lake on the way to Modena then got to La Scintilla squat to eat.... PASTA!

Quite a few people were already there. I guess it was the first crust gig of the season so people were pretty drunk and enthusiastic to see some bands. I played here about a year and a half ago so I was pretty happy to be back and see some friends I had made. I remember the humiliation chamber toilets without doors very well! They hadn't changed a bit! Before the gig Marek had his first drink in 12 years! Insuiceity played the best gig I had seen of them. He should drink more often! By now we knew each others songs so well I really wanted to cover one of theirs and have them do one of ours but there was no time. We had a blast rock'n to a bunch of wild drunken stinky crusties. Got smacked in the mouth with the mike again several times, Standa helped keep them away from the mike stand. I was spitting blood again. I guess it looked cool. I travel with my own mike but it broke in Greece so I had to use this absolutely disgusting microphone from there. Whenever I pronouced P's, D's, T's, S's or SH's someone elses spit that was inside the mike would splash into my mouth. YUK! I remember looking at all these scummy crusty guys and thinking it was theirs . A screw holding my guitar strap fell out then I broke a string. This with the microphone situation was becoming a little too much for me but I guess that's how it goes sometimes. But we had fun playing and sold loads of stuff. There was a big disco party as I expected but it turned into really bad Italian disco music with a bunch of macho guys dancing aggressively together so I went to "sleep" only to get annoyed by people coming down to the sleeping room carrying a drunken corpse by the hands and feet and throwing him on me in the dark while I was in my sleeping bag. I managed to throw him off just in time for him to puke all over the floor. He then went and layed his head in the humiliation chamber and puked down the shit hole for a while. Tonight's night at the La Scintilla squat earned many punk points!

15.9. DAY 22 (SCHROTTBAR FEST- BIEL, SWITZERLAND)

After what was more of a 2 hour rest then sleep we left to Biel, Switzerland. The Schrottbar fest. I spent some time here the winter before and was looking forward to seeing a lot of good people and getting fucked up for a couple days. But it was our last gig with Insuiciety which we weren't looking forward to. I already knew it wouldn't be complete without them. We had become a family. At least we got to see them in Berlin a week later.

Schrottbar is a community of people that make their own little wagon villages and are very handy welders with impressive trucks they've added onto. Almost every wagon has it's own bar in it! They use an old dome shaped building that used to hold gas for the festival. It's now a youth centre. As soon as we got out of the van it was the same as every festival, too many people to catch up with. Saying hello to one person, chat for a minute, turn around to find another friend, then another and another which leads to being very drunk. It's a very well set up and organized festival with a nice back stage with unlimited drinks and vegan food for bands. Unfortunately I didn't taste any food due to extreme thirst. The sound was pretty good here, Malignant Tumour from Czech had a good gig. If you don't know them "czech" out there newer stuff if you're into dirty crust rock'n'roll! They always deliver a hilarious show with wigs, fake beards and moustaches, bullet belts and metal vests.

During our sound check I got hit pretty hard in the

ribs with a full beer and got my guitar all wet. Kind of put me in a bad mood right before playing a gig to about 1000 people which sucked. Then while playing it happened again, and again. We had fun playing but this shit was going on the whole time which was kind of ruining our gig we were so much looking forward to. I guess it was a guy that had an argument with Austin a long time ago in Prague and he was drunk there and decided to throw shit at us during the gig. What a prick! We sold all of the new LPs by now and luckily Malignant Tumour brought us more shirts. Now we were just depending on yellow dog to send us LPs soon. I was pretty exhausted after the gig but fixed that with about 15-20 caramel vodka's, bloody maries and stuff. Drank until who knows when, and invented a new sport called extreme flirting which involves wrestling, bighting, spitting and cloth ripping and then impressed my self in the morning that I had actually made it to the sleeping place and got into my sleeping bag!

16.9. DAY "WHO CARES!"

Woke up and did it all again with a bunch of zombies, realized I hadn't eaten or drinken any water in about 36 hours, got drunk anyway and lowered my I.Q. to about 3 and watched a pretty funny Manowar cover band, disco party, black out.

17.9. DAY 24 (GHENT, BELGIUM)

Feeling like hell we had to repair the alternator again. By the time it was fixed we really had to decide if it was worth driving 10 hours to Ghent, Belgium since it was late and the drive to Stuttgart the next day was a lot closer to where we were then from Belgium. We went anyway and our good friends Arnold and Borat from Visions of War joined us. Arnold kept farting and smelling the whole way. Borat was a good boy. It was total shit being so hung-over and brain dead in the van. We arrived to the Noodzaak squat to find quite a few people waiting for us. Nice squat but pretty chaotic. V.O.W. played a great set as usual! We had a bit of trouble finding a good sound in the concrete room but were fine after a couple songs. I felt pretty bad because some friends from Amsterdam came down to see me and I wanted to speak with them and the V.O.W. guys but I was so brainded I had to go to sleep.

18.9. DAY 25 (STUTTGART, GERMANY)

At this point of tour we are heading home almost. I'm really looking forward to getting home to be with my dog Garm and Veronika but I could easily continue another month on tour. We've been functioning so automatically, having loads of fun but were sick of bread and cheese and chips in the van and being so dirty. And the amount of alcohol it's taking us to feel slightly drunk by now was pretty scary! Ctyrlist had a huge beard, my gut grew, we had gone a couple thousand kilometers and today was our last long drive of the tour. It was a cold rainy day but none of us were hung-over. Just needed a shower and clean clothes. I think I had only changed my socks twice so far and while basically sitting in my own filth I started thinking about how well the tour has gone. I put most of the tour together myself and was really happy to see how smooth it's been so far. No problems at borders, with cops, no real big van trouble and all the help from all the great people we had met along the way was amazing. We were really lucky.
The Koma club is Esslingen, Stuttgart is a very nice organized place with a huge stage and a small stage, internet café, big kitchen and dining room, and a nice sleeping place for bands. It was nice to have a shower, check e mails and sleep in a nice quiet place after a while. We ate some very good pasta, cake and went to play on the small stage. Very good sound and fun gig. We were supposed to get records from Yellow dog today but the yet again didn't arrive so we were pretty upset. Then we found out from Timo, friend and organizer, that there was some ridiculous conversations about us on some big message board called "anti-deutch". They were saying that people should boycott our gigs. It was all about the fact that I played in Oi Polloi (about 8 or 9 years ago) and that they had been labeled anti-semetic because they said something about being pro Palestinian or something. I guess this group of internet nerds believe that they as Germans do not have the right to criticize the Israeli government. Which is stupid because it's just another state. If Oi Polloi had said anything about being against Israeli people then I would understand but being against another government? Isn't that ok? So this is all just stupid. Austin is jewish, I have had nothing to do with Oi Polloi for years, and the band Guided cradle has never made any kind of statement of being for or against Palestine. Timo reacted to the message board after talking to us and wrote : " I am sitting with the jewish guitar player and the rest of Guided Cradle who are nice people" and nobody reacted to that! LOSERS! We also got labeled as rock stars from a certain band we played with on this tour. There's this bullshit thing amongst scensters in the H.C. punk and crust scene I've noticed, that whenever a band plays a lot of gigs, and maybe gets a name for them selves there immediately labeled as rock stars and then people try to dig up shit on them like anti deutch did to us. What a bunch of pathetic losers that have nothing better to do then sit behind a computer and talk shit!

19.9. DAY 26 (MULHEIM, GERMANY)

After a great sleep, breakfast and finally my 3rd change of socks I felt pretty fresh. The AZ Mülheim is a nice culture centre kind of place. They made us amazing vegan pizza. We all ate too much and went into a food coma. Then drank klub mate energy drinks with Champaign in fancy glasses. Unfortunately Instinct of Survival had to cancel their gig with us today. A real shame! We have a split EP together and always enjoy playing and drinking together. Kalle and Padde from the band came though. Austin had a lot of long conversations with people about the whole anti-deutch thing. It seemed like everyone agreed with us but that the actual people from anti-deutch that were at the gigs didn't have a word to say to any of us eye to eye.

20.9. DAY 27 (BREMEN, GERMANY)

Not such a bad hangover but felt like hell in the van. My kidneys were throbbing, gums hurt and were bleeding and even effecting my speech. Shit, I had some kind of gum infection.
We got to Bremen, Denis's home town, early so Austin could play a solo gig in a record shop called the golden shop which is run by good friends called Stachel and Franz from Sabotage records. After that we went to the Friessenstrasse to eat some more amazing food Franzy and Tatti from apocalipstix and lost world made. It was a vegan tofu nut roast with dumplings, gravy, cooked cabbage and a big salad. Today we were playing with the Red dons (ex-observers and clorox girls) from Portland so it was nice to see them again and a nice surprise to see

Daniel was with them, an old friend I hadn't seen in a long time. We were all tired before playing but I knew the good sound here would wake us up. And it did! Had lots of fun with crowd and noticed that most people already knew the lyrics from the new LP!

After the gig everyone went to the bar but I knew that it would involve many shots. I was thinking about how my kidneys would hurt even more the next day so I stayed in and watched Rambo in German.

21.9. DAY 28 (COPENHAGEN, DENMARK)

We went back to the Friessestrasse and I noticed that there was a dentist right next to the place. I could see into the window from the kitchen balcony. We tried to scam them by me going there with a friend's insurance card but that didn't work. The dentist saw me anyway. He was really nice and played drums in a metal band called Shrott. He cleaned out my gum infection and put some disinfectant string behind one of my wisdom teeth and told me to pull it out in 24 hours. He didn't want any money but said he collected vinyl. So he obviously got a record. Everyone watched from the balcony and took pictures. I got back to the house where they had an excellent breakfast ready and we left for K-town (Copenhagen).

We had played in Copenhagen twice before. Once on tour with Leadershit and Nuclear Death Terror, and once at the K-town festival at the Ungdomshuset squat (r.i.punk), both times with a pretty good response so we were excited to play here again. The Stengade club was a nice club with a back stage with a shower, snacks, fridge full of drinks, and a great gig hall with what looked like a pretty promising sound. We ate very good vegan pizza,

some bean mix and pasta salad. Daniel, our good friend and organizer, said there were about 300 people at the gig. The first band Realm of chaos played. A pretty young stenchy band, not bad. And by the time we played I noticed the sound guy was pretty drunk and kept messing with the sound on stage really bad so it was hard to deal with. I guess the sound was fine out front. Daniel said that it was the most people he's ever had at a single gig and Guided Cradle got the most they've ever been payed. 600 euro! After some shots, rum+cola and disco we went back to a very nice sleeping place they rent out especially for bands, had a few more beers and passed out.

22.9. DAY 29 (BERLIN, GERMANY)

We met some drunk nationalist idiots on the ferry to Rostock and I was sure it was going to break out into a fight by the way they were acting but the situation was avoided.

On the way to Berlin we got some very bad, sad and disturbing news. We were supposed to be playing with Bombenalarm today but they had a bad crash on the way to Berlin. It was only the 2nd day of their tour. They are close friends of ours and we didn't get any details for hours, just that they had a bad accident so we were very worried and upset imagening the worst. You can imagine the stressful feeling it was for all of us and of course them. I didn't want to play, eat, drink or anything. The first band played a Bombenalarm cover, then it was time for us to play and luckily 5 minutes before setting up Marek came and told me that they are all alive and will survive. A few broken bones, cuts and a destroyed van and backline. That brought our spirits up along with the 200 people packed into the Submersiv squat so we set up and had one of the best shows of the tour! Apart from there being a fresh pile of puke and me accidently putting our drummers sticks down in it, it was perfect. People in your face but with respect, no stage packed hot dirty squat. Perfect! This gig was like a little festival too, so many people to catch up with in such little time and a big surprise was Sarah from Detestation who I hadn't seen in about 9 years. Her band Question were in town before their tour started so since Bombenalarm couldn't make it to Prague with us I asked them to do the gig with us. We drank a lot of grazovka vodka (vodka with bison grass) and went to the sleeping place which was our friend Kashka's workshop where she makes her excellent comic like art.

23.9. DAY 30 (THE LAST DAY - PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC)

Kahska, Ajka and Marek all made us a lovely breakfast and Sven from yellow dog finally came up with some more records for us (on the last day of tour). I have to say this because we were waiting for Austin to say it the whole tour. Every time Sven sees Austin he makes a fat joke. So I told Austin that next time he makes a fat joke he should tell him "I'm only fat because every time I fuck your mom she makes me a sandwich". Sure enough he made the fat joke and laughed, then Austin told him the mom joke and he raged out of the building in complete anger. It was fuck'n funny as fuck!

We waited in front of Köpi for Question to organize a car and had to hang out with some zombies. They pulled up in a little clown car and we left for Prague. Home. We stopped off at a restaurant we always go to on the way home from germany to have czech beer and to show Question the greatest Czech invention next to beer, fried cheese! A block of cheese in bread crumbs and fried. When we arrived at the 007 club it was nice to see all our friends again and tell them the stories we had from the travels. This gig was our record release gig, Question had a good set that many people enjoyed. A raw kind of HC punk, more simple then Detestation but still good! And we played to our home crowd once again at 007, the club I work at and the club we love to play at, but this time we played a lot tighter set after 30 days on the road. Both me and Austin were pretty nervous after the gig, he was leaving to the states in a matter of hours to start his own 4 month tour, and I was super busy working out money for the van, labels, club and trying to get everything organized so Ozak could get home and so we could get the stuff back to the band practice room where we started our journey 30 days before. It all worked out in the end. Not just the end of the last gig but the whole tour that had gone so well. I had been on disastrous tours, ok tours, good tours, long and short tours before. But this one was pretty much ideal apart from a few small things and I'm glad we all got to do it together. It took me about 10 days to get used to not being on tour and I still really miss being on that trip. It's time for another one!

Contact: www.myspace.com/guidedcradle
or guidedcradle@hotmail.com

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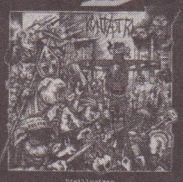

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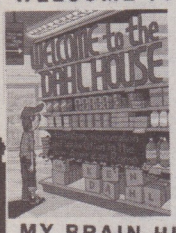

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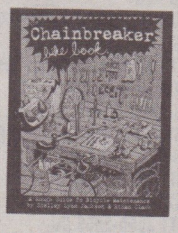

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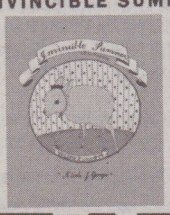

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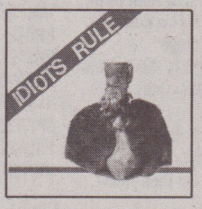

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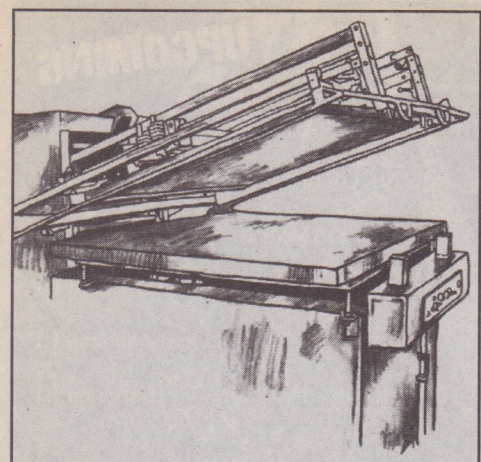

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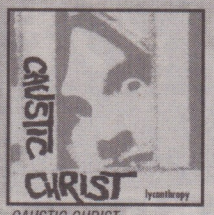

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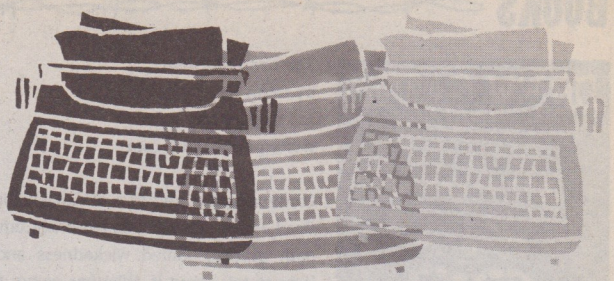
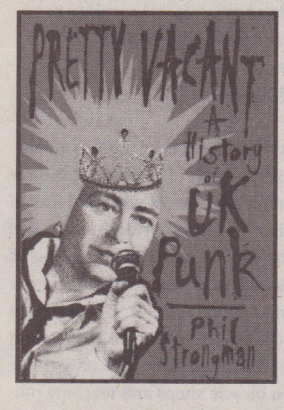
BOOKS





Pretty Vacant: A History Of UK Punk
Phil Strongman
260 pages
Chicago Review Press
www.chicagoreviewpress.com

Yet another in the long line of books cashing in on the 30 year anniversary of a bunch of spotty oiks dropping the f-bomb on national TV. Pretty slim in relation to Savage's *England's Dreaming*, which makes this reader a little suspect about the validity of the title! Still, I'll press on and try not to let the blatant stench of band-wagon-hopping put me off.

The main problem I have with books on punk (with a few notable exceptions) is that it is difficult for me to be truly objective. After many years I have come to the conclusion that I am an obsessive, so when a book covering UK punk doesn't mention bands like the WASPS or the USERS, then I am outraged. Of course, I am one of only a handful of folk who give a fuck, the rest being more than happy to read again about the svengali McLaren and his bunch of dicks who catapulted "punk" into the conscious of the masses.

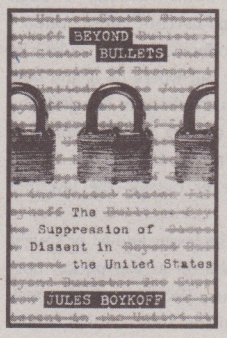
Strongman's book begins with a cringe-worthy account of one of the Pistols' early 100 Club shows, trying to conveniently tie all the movers and shakers into one room, describing Sid Vicious as a "death's head speed-freak" who is "half fashion victim, half psycho," p-uh-lease. This is not an auspicious start! The rest of the book thankfully steers away from these heavy-handed dramatics, but I still spent the 260 pages rolling my eyes at Strongman's writing style and irritating mistakes (such as the Clash's "Should I Stay Or Should I go" being on *Sandanista*!).

As with many populist accounts of the early punk era, Strongman focuses on the big three (Sex Pistols, Clash and the Ramones) with little more than cursory asides for other bands who in my eyes were equally as interesting and important. Most details of the Sex Pistols short tenure is covered, where-as bands like Wire, Adverts, or Gang of Four get less than half a page apiece. He spends time covering the Boomtown Rats and Elvis Costello, both of whom were little more on the edges of punk, yet dismisses Eddie and the Hot Rods as tired pub rock, when in fact it was them who inspired the likes of Joe Strummer to be in the 101'ers. Strongman doesn't even mention bands like Menace, ATV, Rezillos, Penetration, Lurkers, Boys etc! He makes out that Stiff Little Fingers were the only band to emerge from Northern Ireland where-as bands like Rudi were releasing 7"s before the Fingers had quit being a cover band.

As far as Strongman is concerned, the punk lineage runs from Velvet Underground through the Stooges, Ramones to the Sex Pistols, Clash, Buzzcocks and the Damned and ends with Joy Division and PIL; this is such a simplistic approach to a music genre that has spawned thousands of bands and can be traced back to the early-'50s, or at the very least the "punk" garage bands of the '60s like the Sonics and the Count Five. Strongman doesn't even mention that bands continued through the late-'70s to the present day, an omission which makes his very book title laughable. While I agree that the Sex Pistols can be seen as the real catalyst for the punk explosion in the UK, it is what came as a result of this that is much more interesting than the Sex Pistols' history. The fact that Strongman claims to have "been ther"' holds little sway with me. Seeing the Sex Pistols does not mean he can write an accurate history (as this book clearly shows!).

If you want a real history of a scene then track down Sean O'Neill's It *Makes You Want To Spit* history of Northern Irish punk—that book chronicles every punk band from Northern Ireland with discography's etc, and each band's history is more in-depth than Strongman's entire book. I would strongly suggest giving Strongman's weak *History Of UK Punk* a wide berth!!.

—Tim Brooks



Beyond Bullets: the Suppression of Dissent in the United States
Jules Boykoff
$21.95 • 460 pages
AK Press
www.akpress.org

This extremely well researched book from Jules Boykoff is a historical overview of the various methods that the State (broadly defined) works to suppress dissenting opinions. Working as a kind of companion to Howard Zinn's *People's History of the United States* or many of Ward Churchill's books, *Beyond Bullets* works as a compilation of the various efforts of the United States government to suppress dissidents. In doing so, Boykoff goes beyond documenting the most overt mode of suppression, direct violence, by parsing out eleven other methods of state oppression, which as the title indicates, go beyond nightsticks and tear gas. Most of these are direct government methods, from public prosecution to extraordinary laws, by which the United States government criminalizes, harasses, and silences expression of first amendment rights. Beyond that it also covers indirect ways that the United States government suppresses dissent. The most interesting and insightful aspect of this book is the section on the role of mainstream media in marginalizing and muting dissenting voices. In an ideal world, as the arbiters and disseminators of news, the news media serves an important role in the civil society, but is it surprising, in our less than ideal world, that the government and corporate news outlets consistently abuse this trust?

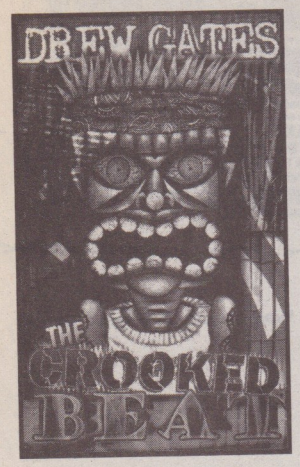
Boykoff seems to be speaking to an audience to which some or all of this will be a revelation, but frankly, does any US citizen still blindly trust the press or the government? Claims of liberal or conservative media bias are pretty standard fare for most criticism of journalism. If anything, the left is more naïve than the right in championing a progressive image of the fourth estate. Polls of American readers and viewers (and presumably anyone buying a book from AK Press) consistently have demonstrated a prevailing cynicism about the credibility of mainstream news. The news is biased? Well...Duh! If most Americans are already cynical about the portrayal of mainstream politics in the media why is it any surprise that dissidents, who "certainly...are a threat to the social order," are portrayed in anything but a negative light by that same mainstream media?

More importantly I was disappointed that Boykoff didn't take his analysis and critique of mainstream media farther. Although rigorously cataloging the manner and extent to which non-mainstream opinions are under and misrepresented in mainstream media is helpful, it would be more worthwhile to have a thorough analysis of why this is the case. What about our current system makes this true and why is this the default? Maybe I'm just a sucker for wonky post-structuralist theory, isn't it more insightful to comment on the way the "frame" of journalism automatically favors the status-quo instead of limiting oneself to analysis of who's stories are spun? Although the second use of "framing" is easier to clearly quantify and characterize, the first speaks more deeply to the manner in which dissent in late capitalism is so easily neutralized (either by cooptation or deprecation). That is not to say that Boykoff's analysis is trivial, but just that it is limited. I'm not the one to generate this more expansive critique of American mainstream media in the '00s (too bad Gramsci and Foucault have kicked the bucket), but it is probably being done by somebody.

Furthermore, Boykoff's thesis is weakened by his clear, and over-the-top, bias on the side of progressive causes of all colors. To both uncritically portray all dissidents in a positive light and to generally equate the struggles of widely disparate groups like the Black Panthers and ELF is beside-the-point and a gross simplification. This sort of overwhelming simplification undermines the very work it purports to support. Equating the struggle of Martin Luther King jr. and Cindy Sheehan hides more than it reveals about their similarities and differences.

—Ben Howell

BOOKS



The Crooked Beat
by Dean Gates
225 pages • $16
www.punkbooks.com

Continuing the tradition of GoFuckYourselfPress, Dean Gates stumbles dangerously down a seedy path of drug-addled wickedness and somehow lives to tell about it. Whether or not this book is a work of truth or imagination, the author is no doubt well-versed in both traveling through Southeast Asia and illegal narcotic consumption.

We are introduced to Dean as he sits in a jail trying to figure out where he is and how he got there. For the record, he is in Bangkok—by way of Indonesia—and coming out of a stupor of heroin and Thai moonshine. And so it goes... Dean spending his days forever outside the law and seeking out his next fix.

The first half of the book tours Dean through some of the lesser known or sought after parts of Thailand. Low rent junkie quarters are passed off as backpacker hostels and we are spared no detail in their muckiness. Somehow Dean even finds a way to make parts of the tropical, paradisiacal islands around the Thai mainland seem filthy and undesirable (except perhaps to other junkies).

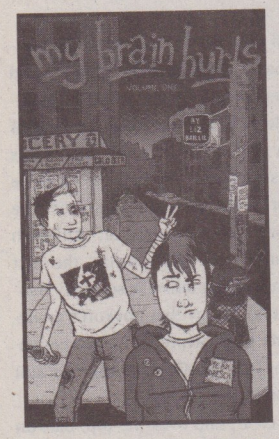
After several drug episodes Dean hops a flight to Calcutta where even yet still more drugs are ingested. Cops are bribed, pigs are shit on, chai is drunk, backpackers lose their minds, coconuts fall on people's heads, and Dean gets washed out to sea in a pair of Tom and Jerry boxers.

It is worth noting that even when something exciting happens it is only casually revealed through the solitary focus of Dean's mind—"How will this impact my drug use?" For an autobiographical narrative the book is appealing if only to understand how someone can become so detached. In fact, with its lack of climax or clear direction *The Crooked Beat* feels a little existential, particularly when you count all the horrific events the author encounters without expressing emotion towards them. Throw on some Irvine Welsh-esque explorations of being high (and to a lesser extent, rave music—aka *the crooked beat*) and you'll have a good idea of what Dean Gates—both the author and the junkie—is capable of.

Beyond that the book also serves as a fair and detailed warning for travelers looking to explore Asia's subcontinent.

This is another score for the GFY publishing team. Every book in their catalog consistently offers real, unapologetic, sordid accounts of life as a fuck-up and every author on the roster is as much a fuck up as they are a skilled writer. GFY is an essential but barely represented slice of the literary world.

—craigums



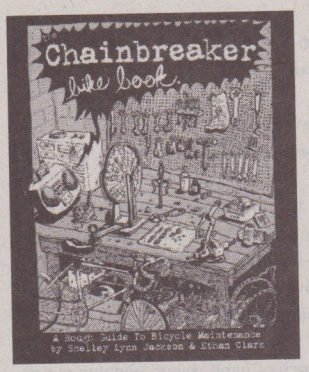
My Brain Hurts
Liz Baillie
$5 • 128 pages
Microcosm Publishing
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Was your adolescence not very punk? Maybe you listened to the music but were more the shy/quiet type and you didn't get into any fights with skinheads? Have you ever lived in New York City and miss it? If any of these are true, this book may actually be of interest to you.

My Brain Hurts compiles the first five issues of the comic of the same name by Liz Baillie. It is the story of young queer punk rockers in the Big Apple, sometime shortly after the year 2000. They lead very punk lives squatting, drinking in the park, getting really excited about that blue/white marbled vinyl copy of the Blatz/Filth split, getting abused, etc., and they still find time to go to high school! And there are roving bands of homophobic skinheads lurking around every corner! What? Is NYC actually like this these days? I can't honestly say I know, but the whole book seems too picturesque, too much like the stereotype of what a punk adolescence is supposed to be for me to really get into it.

The dialogue is all pretty flat. Maybe I'm foolish in believing that some teenagers are actually intelligent humans and, in reality, kids these days sound as two-dimensional as the drawings in this book. If that's really the case, does accuracy make for great reading? No. The art is alright, there is very clear improvement from the first issue onward, which is nice, and everything is in the "it's a little bit more than a doodle" style of comic. The cover is probably the nicest drawing here but it was done by someone else. Oops!

—Isaac Pirie



Chainbreaker Bike Book: A Rough Guide To Bicycle Maintenance
Shelley Lynn Jackson & Ethan Clark
$12 • 256 pages
Microcosm Publishing

Chainbreaker is two wonderful books in one. The first half of the book is a guide on bicycle maintenance and it also covers what you should look for in a bike, and how to ride it safely and responsibly. The second half is a reprinting of the original *Chainbreaker* zine that was put out between the years 2001-2005. It is clear from both halves of the book that the two authors not only love bicycles, but have made bicycles a large part of their lives. Not only riding them for fun and for daily needs, but also working in bicycle shops and teaching others the beauty of owning and riding a bicycle.

If you've never heard of *Chainbreaker*, it was originally printed out of New Orleans, Louisiana and lasted for several years. There were four issues printed before the zine was put to an end when the levees broke during Katrina in 2005. While the original zines are no longer available due to what happened during Katrina, this book offers every issue bound in one cover. The zines were, of course, about bikes. In the zine half of the book, you'll find personal stories about riding bikes, general history of bike culture and the important roles bikes have served in society and much more. The zines are filled with short and interesting tidbits of information that you can tell the authors spent a lot of time researching and digging up. The love that the authors have for bikes knows no bounds and the effort and knowledge put into each zine is staggering. It is obvious the zines were a labor of love and it is a shame they were put to an end by that storm.

While a simple reprinting of all of the zines would be worthwhile on its own accord, *Chainbreaker* becomes something much more with the inclusion of the first half of the book. The authors openly admit that the spine should be cut off and the book should be spiral bound so the reader can easily flip through the pages while working on their bike, and to be quite honest that isn't a bad idea at all. The guide in the first half of the book tells you, step-by-step, how to tune up your bike and keep it in smooth running order. There are plenty of illustrations throughout this part of the book to show how to tune up the bike and fix problem parts. As someone who is pretty incompetent when it comes to working mechanically, even I found it to be rather clear and concise. The guide is filled with warnings on what should never be done to your bike or what could be damaging to your bike if you were to try to fix it with the wrong tools. I haven't personally had a chance to fix anything on my bike since I first got this guide, but I do feel confident that I could, at the very least, pinpoint something wrong with my bike and have a general idea of what I would need to do to fix the problem. This comes from someone who only recently, within the last few months, started to use a bike as their primary source of transportation.

For me, reading *Chainbreaker* was the perfect introduction to get to know my own bike, as well as learning about bicycle history. Reading this book makes you feel proud of your choice to ride a bike, whether it is simply for recreation or to be used as your primary source of transportation. The guide itself is invaluable for any bike owner and the reprinting of the zines provide for a good read. They are definitely some of the more interesting zines I've read as of late. I don't really think it matters if you've been riding a bike for a month or for ten years, if you own a bike or are thinking of buying one, you owe it to yourself to pick up a copy of *Chainbreaker* and at the very least, flip through it once or twice. You won't be sorry that you did.

—Daniel M.

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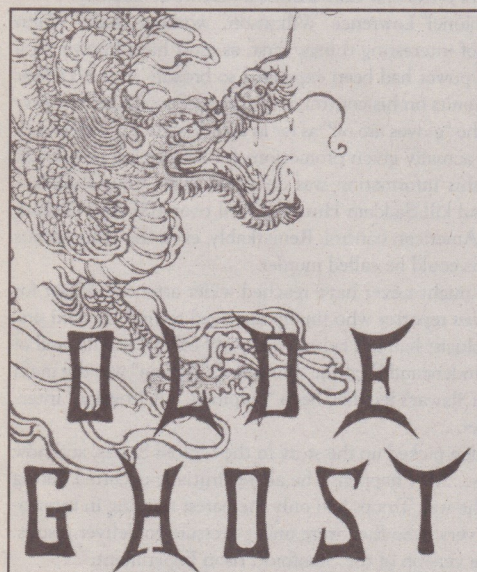

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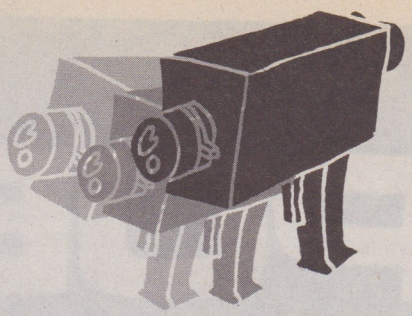


FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

JOURNEY TO THE EDGE

Sometimes, the previews for a film are so impressive that you feel it's almost your duty to mark it off on your calendar. **Steep** was one of those films—a documentary covering the lives (and sometimes deaths) of extreme skiers—the men you see in footage addressing the most extreme peaks as casually as slalom runs.

My first attempt to see the film ended in embarrassment. I stumbled into a darkened theater, only to see—among the trailers—a promo for **Steep**, which left me flummoxed. It turns out that, in my anticipation, I'd gotten he dates wrong, and ended up watching **Into the Wild**, Sean Penn's indie tale of a college graduate who tries to survive in the Alaskan wilderness—a kind of post-graduate project sans books or term papers.

Chris McCandless (Emile Hirsch) is antipathetic to the system, and probably people in general. But Alaska is a very big place, and even the most seasoned outdoorsmen can find it unforgiving. He apparently hadn't read up on the dangers of his quest like he should have. He vanishes into the wilderness, writing a set of memoirs along the way; they're bombastic, adolescent, and at their best simply shallow—a quest in search of a goal. Watching it could never approach the rigors of surviving in a world of glaciers, snowdrifts, and flash-storms, but there were times when, as a disappointed film-fan, I felt it might come close. Of course, it received warm Oscar consideration, which clinches my case.

Steep covers equally icy territory, and the "quest" is equally elusive. Mark Oberhaus makes this point often as he and his friends tour the more fearsome world slopes while living a special "high." This isn't like normal skiing; it's more strategic, and they often use their gear to brake their downward progress to a walking pace. The path itself has been planned, but only as much extreme conditions will allow. But when an extreme skier reaches critical momentum, it's all he can do to stave off potential disaster. They're profoundly skilled, but acknowledge that each run carries the risk of death.

Extreme pioneer Bill Briggs may have been the man to start the sport, or at least make it famous. In 1971, using ordinary skiing gear, he attacked a slope of the Grand Tetons. In his interview, he admits to doing it while partly lame, and of course he was completely without support. The legendary run probably wouldn't have been believed if not for video footage that documents his often-terrifying progress. Briggs may have been the first to succeed at the sport, and it's all the more amazing that he's still alive to tell the story.

You might think you'd get bored with the same extreme peaks and mountains; you never do. Part of it has to do with the vicarious thrill of extreme skiing; but director Roland humanizes the sport by at least trying to convey the motivation of these athletes. Every one of the men admits they might—and very well will die on a future run. One or two aren't around to see the film's finish. It may seem paradoxical, but the "aliveness" they feel as they attempt a challenging run seems to make them feel they've somehow cheated death, while stealing some of life's grandest experiences in the process.

Director Oberhaus takes front and center with the film's interviews as well as for his prodigious skills—he's well known for popularizing the sport and winning championships. He escapes death while on-screen as a run turns ugly, though he can't promise he can do the trick again.

Which brings Roland to the subject of Chamonix, a range of sharp peaks ideal for extreme skiing. In fact, during the summer months, Chamonix becomes a pilgrimage of sorts, containing maybe the greatest concentration of potential runs available anywhere on Earth. No self-respecting advocate of the sport could possibly ignore it. But current numbers also indicate that has the highest concentration of skiing deaths—particularly of the extreme sort.

Certain peaks cannot be skied: downward progress ends abruptly, leaving one without a complete downward path. Glen Plake was smart to understand the limitations of the sport—and then attempt the impossible. His runs, caught with an extreme zoom, are among the most thrilling in the film. He plans runs just as meticulously as his colleagues, but armed with a parachute. When he flies off a cliff, there's the feeling that he's met his doom as he drops into a tall expanse of air. Snow flies, and Plake drops into an alpine valley. It can't be as risky as the most challenging extreme runs, but it's visually breathtaking. You can see any number of breathtaking extreme runs on Youtube, but **Steep** helps give them context.

And then there are dangers that come to you. **Taxi to the Dark Side**, directed by Alex Gibney, is one of the Academy Award-nominated documentaries for 2007. This film studies terrorism from the other side of the table. It concentrates on Dilawar, an Afghan taxi driver whose twisted fate led to his death—and most say murder—at the hands of American interrogators. It expands to ask a pointed question on the basic issue of terrorism: Can terrorism destroy democracy?

After investigating, Colonel Lawrence Wilkinson, working under Colin Powell, discovered a series of interesting things. First, as most have known for a long time, President Bush's power had been expanded so broadly after 9/11 that he effectively had no legal limits on his control of terrorism. Second, as one government document states, the "gloves are off" as far as interrogation is concerned. In fact, a few officers were actually given promotions for developing new leads. It's not coincidental that this information was delivered from Abu Ghiraib—itself a facility to torture and kill Saddam Hussein. Well over 100 Abu Ghiraib prisoners died while under American control. Remarkably, even the army admits that a plurality of the deaths could be called murder.

Dilawar's personal story might never have reached wider attention if not for the work of a *New York Times* reporter who finally managed to find the taxi driver's family. An army pathologist had left behind a copy of official results, and of course the family couldn't understand English. "Blunt force trauma" was the main reason given for the death; Dilawar's legs had been "pulpified." A "routine" interrogation had become murder.

Times reporter Tim Golden picked up the story in the United States, and now it began to make more sense. As it happens, the abuses initially occurred during an ambiguous moment in the war. Troops had only the barest training in interrogation techniques—at the very time they were under pressure to deliver results. It became kind of a real-life version of the Stanford Prison Experiment.

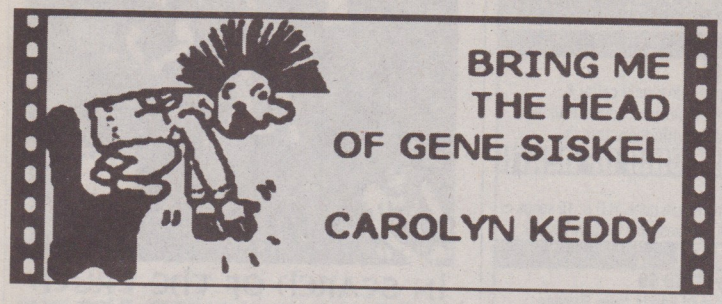
At the same time, a long stream of officials made their way to Bagram—everyone from Army officials to Rumsfeld himself. Everything was met with tacit approval, since results were the only thing that really mattered. It suggested that a new, troubling standard in intelligence gathering had been adopted throughout the military.

Taxi to the Dark Side was directed by the same team who brought us **Enron: The Smartest Men in the Room**—a punishing indictment of the men behind that debacle. It's interesting that both films deal with the effects of unchecked power, and what happens through the whole process. The film isn't bashful about naming names, and it isn't surprising who ends up the most culpable.

Vice President Cheney, shows yet another icy portrait. He admits that certain ends require means that may be troubling to many; his "dark side" is bleak but pragmatic. He's blunt in his "them or us" philosophy, and it's equally obvious that there have to be victims. It's also clear that Cheney, for good or bad, completely

believes in his worldview.

Gibney's documentary makes efforts at a balanced treatment, but it has a definite point of view and a passion for uncovering forgotten injustices. **Taxi to the Dark Side** covers some material that may be familiar, but its depth often makes for surprising insights.



It is a good time to be a fan of Joy Division. Unlike most bands (or scenes or other musical things), Joy Division attracts talented filmmakers with overwhelmingly personal interest in their subject. First there was the feature film **Control** and now **Joy Division**, Grant Gee's compelling band documentary. Both come across as labors of love, painstakingly compiled without the usual band bio-pic nonsense. In the case of Joy Division it is important since it would be so easy to get overly melodramatic with the story.

Unlike **Control**'s director Anton Corbijn, Gee wasn't involved with Joy Division when they were a band. Because of that **Joy Division** comes across as the ultimate fan film. Gee manages to get access to virtually everyone involved in the Joy Division story to participate, including Ian Curtis' girlfriend Annik Honoré. Honoré until recently wouldn't discuss Curtis. The two most prominent missing interviewees are Joy Division manager Rob Gretton and Curtis' wife Deborah Curtis. Gretton is deceased. The film quotes from Deborah Curtis' book *Touching From A Distance* so there seems to have been some involvement on her behalf. In addition to the mandatory interviews with the remaining members of Joy Division, Factory Records co-founder Tony Wilson, writer Paul Morley, Gee also includes lesser known people such as filmmaker Malcolm Whitehead who shot early footage of the band and co-editor of Manchester's *City Fun* fanzine Liz Naylor. It is refreshing to finally see a woman who was involved in the Manchester scene and who is neither wife nor girlfriend to one of the main characters. Although it would have been cool to also hear from some fans who went to see Joy Division, but weren't involved with their story outside of that context.

Gee also includes some amazing rare footage of the band. The most notable are clips from **The Factory Flick** featuring early footage of Joy Division playing at the TJ Davidson's Rehearsal Rooms and a live performance of the band at the Bowden Vale Youth Club. There is also part of the short film **No City Fun** (also included on **The Factory Flick**), which uses Joy Division's music as the soundtrack to footage of what was happening in Manchester. There is footage of the band playing at Plan K in Brussels and Eindhoven, Netherlands. The band performs "She's Lost Control" on *What's On* from Granada TV. Perhaps the funniest is an audio clip of John Peel playing "Atmosphere" on his radio show at the wrong speed and then jokingly berating himself as he restarts the record at the correct speed. The creepiest is a cassette recording of guitarist Bernard Sumner attempting a hypnotic regression on Ian Curtis. Curtis discusses being 28 and reading books about laws.

Joy Division paints a comprehensive picture of Manchester in the '70s and the rise and demise of the band in that environment. The landscape was bleak. The tower blocks were going up, which drummer Steve Morris describes as futuristic, but a "concrete fortress". Sumner claims he never saw a tree until he was nine. Tony Wilson's now typical melodramatic assertions that Joy Division had to become a band because there was nothing else for them to do and Paul Morley's claim that once they had the name Joy Division everything immediately clicked into place still come across as cliched over-simplifications. Yet, it will never be easy to explain why Joy Division became as popular and influential as they did in such a short period of time. Gee has fun with the scenery showing important story landmarks now and then. Some of the ones that no longer existed were amusingly referred to as "Thing That Aren't There" and were shown in their more upscale present state such as The Electric Circus, Pip's Nightclub, TJ Davidson's Rehearsal Rooms, Rafters, The Factory, and Factory Records.

The only frustrating part of **Joy Division** is when Curtis' suicide is discussed. Bass player Peter Hook comes off the most crass when he tells of getting a phone call from the police who tell him Curtis is dead and goes back to eating his lunch without mentioning it to girlfriend Iris. Yet, everyone seems to have a similar attitude. I assume it is just a combination of youth, shock, denial, and anguish as well as still not being able to understand what happened. Some didn't go to the wake or the funeral. Hook said he didn't feel like he was invited and not going to see Curtis after he was dead was one of the things he regrets. The only one who seems to let his emotions show is Steve Morris who was angry with Ian as well as with himself for not being able to do anything to help.

Of all the bands left to make a documentary about, Tad would probably never have crossed my mind. In fact, when I heard there was a **Tad: Busted Circuits and Ringing Ears** DVD I found it pretty funny. I saw Tad a couple of times and had a good time. I always enjoyed when singer Tad Doyle would stage dive, which of course you get to see in this documentary. But apparently like most people I kind of forgot about them after they were sued for their *8-Way Santa* record cover. I didn't even recall they were signed to a major label.

Tad: Busted Circuits and Ringing Ears opens with some amazing footage of a Tad video shoot. Tad Doyle is sitting in a chair on the roof of a moving car. The car is driving on the highway and going pretty fast. Tad then stands up and starts surfing and swinging his arms. I don't know many people who would do that and seeing Doyle do it is pretty cool. The actual video is included as an extra on the DVD, but unfortunately the shots of the car aren't featured in it enough.

The Tad story is an interesting one. Doyle was a drummer who learned to play guitar and started writing songs. He recorded some songs where he sang and played all the instruments. These songs were released as Tad's first single for Sub Pop records. Doyle then got together a full band, but decided to keep the name Tad. Tad went through the usual band bullshit: drug use, mistakenly signing to a major label, line-up changes. They were supposedly more popular than Nirvana at one point. MTV wouldn't play their first video because it was too ugly. MTV claims they didn't say that and airs their next video. Tad seemed to endure most of it. It could've been the drugs. Then they broke up. (www.kingofheartsproductions.com)

Watching **TV Party: The Documentary** makes me think of not that long ago when alternative-type folks would do things just for the fun of it. When the idea of getting famous didn't really seem like an option so people were less self-conscious. Yeah, there were usually booze and drugs involved, but it seemed like people did things for the sheer enjoyment. Now there always seems like there is some other agenda in play. *TV Party* was "the TV show that's a party!" and it sure was entertaining to watch.

TV Party aired on New York cable access. It was hosted by Glenn O' Brien, a magazine writer, and co-hosted by Blondie's Chris Stein. The regulars included many soon to be New York luminaries Fab Five Freddy, Amos Poe, Deborah Harry, and Walter Steding. The show was based on Hugh Hefner's '60s TV shows, but came across more like a late night talk show. David Letterman called *TV Party* his favorite TV show. People talked, bands played, and the on-air people took insulting phone calls from viewers. The guests were also amazing for a cable access show: Mick Jones, George Clinton, David Byrne, Tav Falco, The Screamers to name a few. You see attempts at this type of authenticity on TV these days, but somehow it never comes across as this much fun.

In addition to **TV Party: The Documentary**, Brink Films has also released full episodes of the show. Get acquainted with the documentary and then settle in for the complete experience. (www.tvparty.org)

I heard a rumor that David Lynch directed the documentary about himself **Lynch**. When you think about it a director named blackANDwhite could obviously be a pseudonym. In the imdb.com listing of the film a director isn't even listed. Not to say that imdb's exclusion of a person is an indication that they don't exist, but you'd think someone who did a documentary on David Lynch would at least be listed. It is a novel concept, an autobiographical documentary. It's done in books so why not?

The autobiographical theory would explain why **Lynch** is so surprisingly boring. I realize it is hard to completely reveal yourself. The film seems set on only showing what interests Lynch at the time: transcendental meditation, davidlynch.com, Czech factories, and making his latest film. These four subjects could have made an interesting film. Just watching Lynch work is fascinating enough. He isn't above menial tasks like mopping the floor, but he also gets agitated and says "fuck" a lot. (www.lynchdocumentary.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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1 MIO. SACHSCHADEN – "Musel Maniac" LP

OK, this is a weird one. First of all, it doesn't seem to be pressed onto your typical vinyl, but rather some sort of thin, clear plastic. There's no label on the record itself, and the cheap packaging/insert has little to nothing written in English besides the (nonsensical) lyrics to a couple of the songs. Going by the band's ineptitude and the shit-fi production values (which may be due in part to the material onto which this record was pressed), I had the impression I was listening to some long-lost demo recording from bygone days, but the 9/11 artwork on the cover and the drawing within depicting George Bush and Osama Bin Laden told me this was contemporary. A bit of research revealed that 1 MIO. SACHSCHADEN (which I believe roughly translates to "One Million in Property Damage") has been around since the mid-'90s and that this is a recent release. In some senses, the actual music on this curious platter is straightforward, rudimentary punk rock, but it's somehow not straightforward at all; a strange, hallucinatory tinge clouds the edges of the songs. Listening to this kinda reminds me of the first time I tried smoking pot. Anyway, there's some cool stuff on here and I feel like a handful of people will love it, whereas the rest of us will simply wonder "what the fuck?" (CS)
(for real, the only contact info on this record is a phone number: 0541-4098584 and I think that's a German number so you'll probably have to dial a country code or some shit)

999 – "Gimme the World" EP

New record from these English veterans on a veteran US label. I can't say I was ever their biggest fan, and nothing here is going to win me over 30 years on. Their sound is poppy and melodic, but a little bland and weak for me. For long-time fans only. (AD)
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701, www.drstrange.com)

ACCION MUTANTE / KORADES – split EP

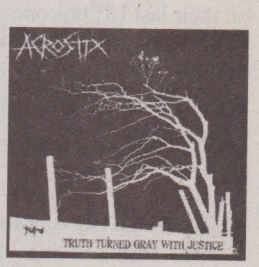
ACCION MUTANTE is one of those bands that I feel like I grew up with. They are one of the mandatory early-'90s crust bands I have always loved. I had never heard of KORADES but they could certainly have come from a similar background. This EP isn't something everyone will like because both bands are playing DOOM covers—meaning no original tracks. Not so bad really if you love DOOM, but if you've heard it before then it may not be so thrilling. (NM)
(Power It Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

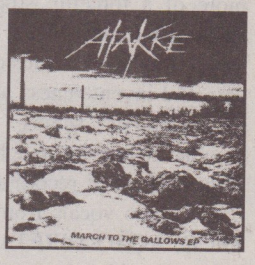
ACID REFLUX – "Secret Power" EP

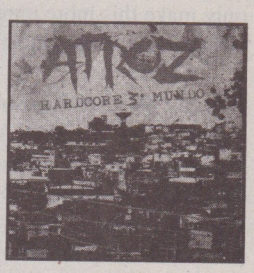
At this point, most of *MRR*'s readers should know what to expect from No Way Records—"no bullshit"-style hardcore punk, songs that are fast, over before you know it, and free of fancy production and all things technical. ACID REFLUX does sound an awful lot like they could have existed in 1983 but they rise above the generic hordes with well-written music and lyrics. I enjoyed their previous effort on No Way but I think they stepped up their game on *Secret Power*. All the songs make me want to send myself, along with the chair that I'm sittin' in, across the room. "On the Bus" has this neat recurring build-up part that is executed perfectly, making it potential mix tape material. The lyrics rule as well—it's about being surrounded by annoying zombies on the bus every day, and as a result unwillingly becoming integrated into the "undead fucking mob." Although the last track on the record isn't listed, I believe they refer to it as their "dub song." It's a pretty cool little part even though the bass line is a straight "Get It Away" rip-off. OK, don't let the mention of "dub" scare you away 'cos the rage-factor on this record is exceptionally high. (CI)
(No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)

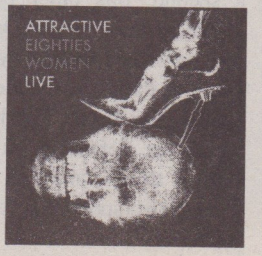
ACROSTIX – "Truth Turned Grey with Justice" EP

This is metallic Japanese crust done in the way only Japan can do it—filled with nods to their influences such as METALLICA and AMEBIX, but still true to the saturated, distorted Crust War style. On the B-side there is a slower, bleaker song with sax and trumpet, but it still manages to sound crust as fuck. The truth is that most people know whether or not they will enjoy this from that description. The foldout poster art is by Sugi, who never disappoints. Black Water also never disappoints. Really! (WK)
(Black Water, PO Box 5223 Portland, OR 97208)









RECORDS

AGE – " Scar of Lead" LP

Strong second LP by Japan's AGE, marked with a faster, more proficient, and more throttling delivery than on their *Four Wings* LP. The six original tracks here are a little less heavy in return, and the band concentrates on an up-tempo hardcore attack more in line with *The Spider* EP from last year. There are still the quick, squealing CONRETE SOX-styled guitar solos and growling vocals burning over epic, charging metallic hardcore. *Scar of Lead* churns down to a punishing, mid-tempo grueler before bounding back with an unexpected cover of TWISTED SISTER's "Too Hungry" to end the record. After one of those great "what are they thinking?" Japanese record covers with a demon and a cyborg puppet-man on their last LP, this one is sadly and absolutely yawn-inducing…an interchangeable "plug 'n' play" Portland-style crust cover combination of birds, bullets, and skulls. Zzzz. (KS)
(Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208)

AGROTOXICO – "Libertacao" CD

Their fifth LP since 1993, *Libertacao* has AGROTOXICO delivering fourteen more tracks of burly, classic Brazillian hardcore, with gruff, throaty vocals spewed over a mid-tempo hardcore charge, shouted choruses, and the non-stop, drum-driven manic energy that marks the style. RATOS DE PORÃO always comes up as a reference point outside Brazil, and while there are similarities, this album is less thrashy, lacks the metallic edge, and is more of a forceful, straight-ahead VARUKERS-styled punk attack. Combine with that a stepped-up level of musical proficiency, intensity, and inventiveness all captured in a great recording—it seems Brazilian hardcore weighs in heavier and heavier on the world stage with great record after great record like this. Cameo vocals from members of OHLO SECO, AÇÃO DIRETA, and LOBOTOMIA only make this more unrelenting. Boss! (KS)
(Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de)

A.N.S. / SEASICK – split EP

Since I'm already familiar with A.N.S., I figure I'll just start off by listening to the other band first and get them out of the way so I can see what new skate-thrash bombs the boys have cooked up this time around. But hold on a second, this other band rips! SEASICK delivers three ferocious blasts of thrash hostility guaranteed to leave you with the desire to listen to their whole side again before finally flipping the record. I'm digging the lyrics here, which are definitely on the more intelligent side of things, and I'm especially liking the song "Intro(spection)" that's about how much of punk culture is nothing but materialism. Musical influences can be a long list, including WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? and LEFT FOR DEAD. Cool shit—now I gotta go check out their other records! A.N.S., though facing mighty competition, have come through to even things out by throwing down three '85-style thrash grenades of their own. You should have checked these guys out by now, but if not, you're missing out on some genuine hardcore punk that sounds a bit like BLACK FLAG, early SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, and AGRESSION, but not exactly like anyone in particular. Pick up this EP! (BG)
(Brain Drain, www.braindrain.myshopify.com)

ATAKKE – "March to the Gallows" EP

This came out of nowhere and blew me away! These guys play harsh, metallic hardcore, but not metalcore like you may be imagining. The recording is raw and muddy, and the attitude is punky, but I'll be damned if there isn't a strong AT THE GATES influence which at times even shows shades of DEMOLITION HAMMER. Shrill, caustic vocals, ripping guitars…Fuck! I want more! (NM)
(Mountains of Madness, 302 Bedford Avenue, PMB 367, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

ATOMIC SUPLEX / THE SWANKERS – split EP

Wow, the ATOMIC SUPLEX track, "Atomic Suplexed by a Girl," is a mid-to-faster-paced garage rocker that packs a serious punch. It's catchy enough that you can't help but bounce your head in time with the "beat." And it's all over within two minutes; you can't ask for much more than that. When you're all done you feel like you've had a triple expresso. That's right, I said "expresso." THE SWANKERS cut, "Fuck Off," is just as rocking, but take away some garage and add UK power pop. Oh, and it's got the sort of female vocals that just drive me wild. Individually, these cuts would be worth searching out. Together on a single disc, you really need to track this one down. (KK)
(Death Pop, deathpoprecords@hotmail.com)

ATTACK OF THE MAD AXE MAN – "Grind The Enimal" LP

Fucking finally, something that shreds some major hairy ass. These guys take the whole BIRDFLESH gimmick to another level, playing fast as fuck in furry animals costumes—a snail on drums, a bee on bass, a squirrel on guitar, and a turtle on vocals. HA! Lest you think that the music is going to be a sloppy, shitty mess, you will be sadly mistaken. Some of the best grind I've heard in awhile. Of course there is a background story to this, and you should investigate. A truly great record. Check out their website for some crazy assed photos and the like. And remember where you are when the animals take back what is truly theirs. (JH)
(Regurgitated Semen/Hate Ape, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, www.attackofthemadaxeman.de.vu)

ATTRACTIVE EIGHTIES WOMEN – "Live: Coup De Ta-Ta's" CD

Serious? Really? This is the worst music *ever*. A bunch of gross dudes in one of those "funny" bands. Not funny, not amusing, really long songs, too many guitar solos, everything rhymes…I could go on. This is like nails on a chalkboard. I'm not going to spend any more time on this. (MM)
(self-released, no info)

ATROZ – "Hardcore 3 Mundo" CD

This was a surprise favorite for me this month. I have never heard of these Brazilian guys but they play some incredible harsh, metallic D-beat! From the opening of the first track you know what you are in for: E.N.T.-esque screams, guttural yells, pummeling drums, and that awesome Portuguese language that seems suited so well to the style. There are moments that remind me of early DRILLER KILLER, too. Great disc! (NM)
(Red Star, Caixa Postal 1977, Sao Paulo, 01061 970, BRAZIL)

BAD REACTION – "Plastic World" EP

The first time I listened to this I thought it was OK, but nothing that was worth writing home about. However! Not so fast to condemn something that at least has the right *feel* to it, I gave it another shot a couple of days later and liked it a lot better. Listening to this four-track EP now for the third time I can hear a heavy ZERO BOYS influence, but with a harder edge that comes off a little like CHAIN OF STRENGTH. Weird, I know, but that's what I'm hearing, all right? I'd even throw in WARKRIME and maybe a little PINK LINCOLNS to round things off a bit. There's a cool song called "Plastic World," which is an honest portrayal of feeling ashamed of being disingenuous in the past. All four tracks here are a pretty damn good display of traditional hardcore without aping any sound or band in particular. I'm digging this more and more. (BG)
(Flat Black, www.flatblacklabel.com)

BAN THIS! – LP

You can hear shades of Darby Crash in the intense vocals, but BAN THIS! shows a SoCal/ADOLESCENTS flavor in the songs—

though everything here is fast and very, very hard-rockin'. I get the sense that this would be an intense and fun live band, though on record, the tuneage is modulated by the kind of production that doesn't magnify the personality of the band. BAN THIS! has plenty of guitar energy and attitude, however, I'd like to hear more before I pass final judgment. (SS)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

THE BASTARD SUNS / NO FUEGO – split CD

While trying to come up with some comparisons for the BASTARD SUNS, I noticed they actually quoted from both FACE TO FACE and RANCID in track three. Those bands, combined with #!! and SUBLIME, seem to describe them well. These guys have *lots* (read: too many for my taste) of reggae parts with that fast Jamaican rap style that SHINEHEAD used to do. Ya know, this reminds me of drinking yerba matte. It's not terrible, I just don't like the taste, and then my stomach feels kinda funny afterward. Who knows? Maybe people who like yerba matte will probably love the BASTARD SUNS. Well-played, well-produced, just not my cup. The NO FUEGO half of the CD starts off as a kind of DROPKICK-MURPHYS-meets-PROPAGANDHI sound complete with bagpipes. Then it begins to slow a bit into a more rock vein. Lots of different styles in each song make it seem as if the band is still trying to find their own unique voice. Stick with it guys, not bad. (RK)
(Unable, www.unablerecords.com)

BATOCHE – "Terra Incognita" CD

Typical overproduced metal-core that sounds like a billion other modern bands that I assume you would find in Hot Topic. This shit doesn't stir up my loins whatsoever, being a 35-year-old punk. You younguns might go ape for this but I'll pass. They do offer this as a free download on their MySpace/webpage so I guess that is kind of cool. So if shit like TERROR or MADBALL floats your boat, this might also. As for me….NEXT!!! (JH)
(www.myspace.com/batocheband)

BIALA GORACZKA – "Plywy" LP

Polish political street punk that is energetic to the point of being on fire, well recorded, and will utterly catch you by surprise with some ska guitar when you least expect it. It's like the CASUALTIES but with more dynamism and fiercer, better conceived politics. I don't know that I've been made a fan, but much respect to BIALA GORACZKA for doing what they do. (AA)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND, www.pasazer.pl)

BIZARRE X / LOADED FOR BEAR – split CD

I'll begin with BIZARRE X from Germany, even though LOADED FOR BEAR starts the disc off. Fourteen tracks of modern-day powerviolence (yeah, I said it). Every time I hear this, the bass(and even vocals at times) remind me of MAN IS THE BASTARD. That's a good thing, and trust me you'll like it. The Midwest's LOADED FOR BEAR is named after a saying which I've never heard before but apparently it means "to be prepared for any eventually; to be over-prepared." This definition accurately describes their sound. A monstrous and deadly ass beating by something that is definitely not human. Serious but fun at the same time—socially conscious lyrics (which by the way both bands have reprinted with explanations to every track) with hilarious sound bites. Check out the *Heathers* one before "The Greg Louganis Action Figure Orgy" kicks in—awesome. Wasn't expecting much from this but it turned out to be a nice surprise. I play it often, and you will too. And one more thing, check out LOADED FOR BEAR's MySpace page and see the singer with his shirt off. Makes me think their name might have a dual meaning. Hot and hairy like a bear. NICE!!! (JH)
(www.myspace.com/backgroundnoisemedia)

BLANK DOGS – "Two Months" EP

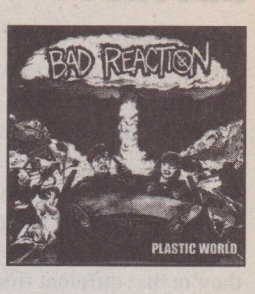
The shockwaves each new BLANK DOGS EP unleashes are felt far and wide (check eBay recently?), but the attention and excitement is all well-deserved. Granted, this is the type of release that truly walks a tightrope as far as *MRR*'s review policies go. BLANK DOGS, though top o' the current heap in my pocket-protector world, is a minimal synth bedroom DIY project that certainly wouldn't appeal to the liberty-spiked readers out there (unless, of course, weed or downers are involved). That said, anyone longing for a record to get lost in need look no further than this three-song EP. Though interesting and catchy from the outset, the music of BLANK DOGS is the kind of thing I'm constantly attempting to peel apart. Although everything is basically simple, the songs never stop unraveling right in front of you. The whole secrecy of the project points to either obsessive homage to DIY or a piss-take on, well, me and my fellow record-geek assholes. Perhaps it's both…but it's fucking great anyway. If this weren't already out of print, I'd ask you to splurge. But it is. Grrrrr. (MC)
(Florida's Dying, www.floridasdying.com)

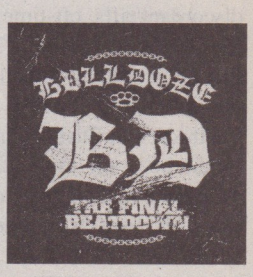
BOX ELDERS – "Hole in My Head" EP

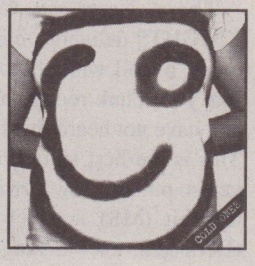
This is some jangly pop-garage rock a la BLACK LIPS, albeit way less produced. In fact, this is super lo-fi, which I prefer. The songs seem like they could be catchy; maybe they will grow on me. (CK)
(Grotto, 417 S. 13th St., Omaha, NE 68102)

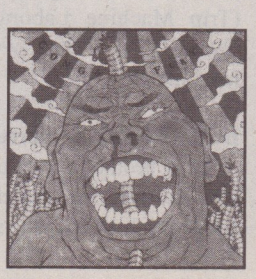
BRAIN HANDLE – LP

Ah yes, finally a real issue of the severely limited BRAIN HANDLE LP that's been filed away on the shelves of sweaty collectors for months now. This is the same BRAIN HANDLE sound that we've all come to know and love, so don't let the (awesome!) flower-print cover art fool you. Expect ripping hardcore choked to the gills with catchy melody and leads, stellar bass playing, and enough snot to choke a horse. While it is hardcore in the classic, early-'80s US sense, there is definitely something decidedly modern, creative, and fresh in BRAIN HANDLE's songs. I'm not as blown away by this recording as I was by the *Scratching At My Skull* EP, but this is still better than most things out there. (JU)
(No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)









RECORDS

BROTHERS – "Black Friday" LP

OK, so I tend to write off bands like BROTHERS but every time I review something like this I end up enjoying it. When I say "like this," I'm talking about modern, heavy, mosh-aholic melodic bro-core. On the whole, there's not enough variation on *Black Friday*, but the first few tracks are great. Not that they're that different from the rest of the jams, but they're more inventive with their use of discordant riffs, off-time parts, and catchy gallops. "War at Home," "Trapped," and "Black Friday" would have made a killer 7". Think of the dude from BOTCH howling over heavy, youth-crew-influenced melodic hardcore. This might be a bit too mainstream for a lot of *Maximum* readers but I'm down. (JU)
(Assault, www.assaultrecords.com)

BRUTAL KNIGHTS – "Living By Yourself" LP

These Nasty-ass Canadians, BRUTAL KNIGHTS delivers a blend of gritty-sounding punk 'n' roll with shitloads of energy. If you like your punk rockin' and your rock punkin' and have not heard this band yet, snag this LP. This is the best stuff I have heard from them yet, so put the blow down for a second and buy this shit. (MS)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

BULLDOZE – "The Final Beatdown" CD

This CD opens with the lyric: "I don't care about your feelings, I don't care I made you cry…" I think that's enough to give you an idea of where these dudes were coming from. BULLDOZE, the self-proclaimed "originators of beatdown-style hardcore," was a New Jersey band whose initial incarnation existed from 1992 to 1995, releasing a demo, an EP titled *Remember Who's Strong*, and a couple tracks on the first *New York's Hardest* comp—all of which are compiled here. This collection also comes with a DVD of over one hour of BULLDOZE footage from shows at CBGB's and the Wetlands. BULLDOZE definitely fell into obscurity outside of NY/NJ but if you're into any/all of the shit like KILLING TIME/RAW DEAL, BREAKDOWN, MAXIMUM PENALTY, BIOHAZARD (BULLDOZE vocalist Kevone was a long-time BIOHAZARD roadie), it would probably be worth your time and dough to check this out. (JU)
(Trip Machine Laboratories, PO Box 37, Nyack, NY 10960, www.myspace.com/tripmachinelabs)

BURNT CROSS – "Freedom of Speech" EP

Twin brothers, a guitar, and an eight-track with built-in drum machine—who knew you needed so little to make such a great record? In the vein of Crass Records-style anarcho punk, but more immediate and accessible because of how bare-bones it is. Think FLUX OF PINK INDIANS stripped down to its most charming and sincere. It's pretty amazing. (AA)
(Tadpole, www.myspace.com/tadpolerecords)

CHURCH FOR SINNERS – "Making Monsters" CD

Here is some deathrock/ghoulishly-themed garage rock, with some pretty damn catchy songs. Singer has very similar faye stylings to those of the HOLY GHOST REVIVAL singer—kind of eerie, actually. By the way, can anyone explain to me why bands like to have sexy monster babes in lingerie on their records? I don't get it. (AA)
(Robot Monster, www.robotmonster.us)

CITIZENS ON PATROL – "Ripperside" EP

These young kids play straightforward hardcore and love to skate so much that they wrote three songs about it. They also have a song about a nun who is a slut because she puts dildos in her butt. I know you all may be too young now to think beyond grip-tape, trucks, and wheels, but you may, someday in the future, appreciate and/or beg for a nice prostate massage. You might do it to yourself and may use toys such as dildos or strap-ons or perhaps an amazingly hung friend. Right about now you're probably thinking "Fuck this guy!" but hey, I'm just sayin'. (MS)
(Flat Black, www.flatblacklabel.com)

CLOROX GIRLS / VON GRAPA – split EP

The CLOROX GIRLS decided to switch shit up for this release by going for a more pop-punk feel. The songs sound suspiciously like they were written by skinny 27-year-olds that make out with lots of foreign chicks twelve-months out of the year. VON GRAPPA is from Spain and sounds like this one band the CLOROX GIRLS, except they have a trippy organ. The record is packaged in a cardboard box decorated with a *fuckin' brain, man, a human brain*! As an employee of *Maximum*, I find this wasteful. Way to go, assholes... (JP)
(Holy Cobra Society, www.holycobrasociety.com)

COLD ONES – "Evil Eye" EP

Good, raucous punk from England; it's catchy without being poppy, and tough and upbeat without being too…um…hardcore—just the right tempo and sound. Five tracks of noisy punk with an attitude. Good stuff. (AD)
(Ghost City, 12 Richmond Ave., London, N1 0NF, UK)

COMPLICATIONS – "Le Trait" EP

Out of Bordeaux, France, this is a different COMPLICATIONS than the band you're probably already thinking this is. Confusing, isn't it? One of the bands is French and the other is French Canadian and they both have the same name. Though you can't get the bands confused if you listen to them. This COMPLICATIONS features members of the FATALS and the MAGNETIX, so you know they're from a different family. The first side to this EP is a grimy, distorted garage rock burner. The vocals are buried under the massive distorto guitar and pounding drum combo. The flip is a creepy slow-dance, wailing guitar number. These three songs are totally worthwhile jamming-out-in-your-bedroom tunes and they sound like they'd be a fun time live. I'm a supporter. (AL)
(Sentenza, www.myspace.com/sentenza1)

CONDOMINIUM – "Hello Tomorrow" EP

The cover of this EP is a sparse, minimalist collage with a futurist bent, so I was expecting some art-damaged reverb post punk. Instead, my ears were bludgeoned by a pummeling thrash attack, which I guess makes this diagonal line hardcore. The vocals sound like the singer has the mic halfway down his throat, but there's some interesting feedback-shard VOID-esque lead guitar, which must be where the art comes in. Riveting stuff. (AM)
(Condominium, 1516 Grand Ave #9, St Paul, MN 55105, hardcorecelebration@gmail.com)

CONGA FURY – "Chaotic Noise" LP

Recorded way back when and released on CD five or so years ago, this album is now available in analog form. Noisy, fast hardcore with brutal vocals—I've always loved her scream. You know, one of those screams that sound like it hurts. Lots of gang vocals and feedback over raging, fast hardcore from Kochi City, Japan. The whole record—the vocals, the guitars, the feedback, the intensity—all sounds like it's cranked to eleven; everything sounds distorted because it was recorded *so* loud. (MH)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

CONGA FURY – "Never Die" CD

More totally out of control thrashcore from Japan's CONGA FURY. If you are not already hip to their raging stylings, then get hip. It's 22 tracks of all-out chaos and noise, and I say bring it! (AA)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

CONTAMINATORS – LP

This is the sound of modern-day people making proto-punk music, and it makes me think about the ELECTRIC EELS and the

FUN THINGS, too—dumb howl and catchy like *When the Birdmen Flew*. It's total Bakersfield doom and isolation, the idea of a bunch of weirdo record collector punks in the middle of nowhere making their own scene and sound. *Killed by Death* forever, it would be seem… Apparently they set up DIY shows in a family-owned boxing ring out there, which seems appropriate. This 12" is apparently limited to 500, so act fast or whine like a witch. (LG)
(Going Underground, www.goingundergroundrecords.com)

CRUCIAL CAUSE – "Try Our Luck" EP

This is the debut EP release from Fairfield, CA's own CRUCIAL CAUSE. *Try Our Luck* is awesome and adds an NYHC flavor to their thrash roots. The production is perfect for the style they are playing, and isn't overdone with a squeaky-clean digital recording. A good way to describe it would be to say it's like YOUTH OF TODAY's *We're Not In This Alone* LP, before it was re-mastered by Revelation. Great stuff. (PL)
(Flat Black, www.flatblackrecords.com)

CUT SICK – "Mad Karma" EP

Melbourne's CUT SICK wears their influences on their sleeves and also on this record cover . The HARD-ONS and MASS APPEAL would be proud. Great layout and highly enjoyable. In the sea of shit I had to review this month, this was a relief. They have another EP out which I heard rocks out even harder. Something I'm looking forward to. Good solid release. (JH)
(Gash, PO Box 239, North Carlton 3054, Victoria, AUSTRALIA, davegashrec@gmail.com)

THE DAILY VOID – "(Surprise Surprise) You've Lost Your Eyes / In The Year Zero"

The snarl wielded by this Chicago lot (the core of which was responsible for FUNCTIONAL BLACK-OUTS) makes for some of the most potent shit I've had the pleasure to hear recently. Though retaining a fair amount of the buzz and chop of their previous combo, THE DAILY VOID seems far more focused, trading wild abandon and noise-drench for, I dunno, songs. Who'da thunk it? "In The Year Zero" even has me thinking ZYMOTICS, which ought to produce drool in the mouths of those-who-know. Been a follower of this lot from the jump, but they've raised the bar here. Excellent! (MC)
(HoZac, www.horizontalaction.com)

DAVE E AND THE COOL MARRIAGE COUNSELORS – "Searching Through Sears" EP

This is my favorite record of the year so far. I had to listen to it ten times in a row; once is definitely not enough. It's singer of the ELECTRIC EELS, it was actually recorded in the early '80s, and it's possibly a bootleg. "Once upon a time on the sidewalk, a slithering crummy bum did appear / And what do you think he had in his briefcase? A dehydrated beer attached to a queer." He sounds just as wild as he was when he was part of the band that invented punk. I really am not going to be able to put into words how great this record is. It's not a put-on or an art-tard pose, it's just straight-up wonder and despair all at once. The A-side, which originally came out as a flexi in *Cle Magazine* in '81, features the genius "Searching Through Sears," which I quoted, Roehrs-style, above, and touches on being a freak in a strip-mall culture. The B-side features more reflective songs about lost love taken from an appearance on a college radio show, the first of which is almost like a soul song—total emotional wreckage through the lens of Cleveland. If you liked the ELECTRIC EELS you would probably like this; though it seems less nihilistic and abandoned, it's just as true and powerful. (LG)
(Christmas Pets, no address)

THE DEAD KINGS / SICK SICK SICK – split EP

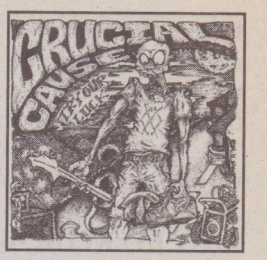
THE DEAD KINGS have me picturing those guys that fall somewhere between skinheads and dudes that wear flame shirts. They've got that interchangeable, cut 'n' paste "first punk riff" feel found in most modern Oi! cheese, mixed with the basics of rock 'a' rolla—not to mention a song called "Hot Black Chick." It does less than zero for me. On the flip, SICK SICK SICK has an equally as corny take on punk. At times SICK SICK SICK hints at a UK82 sound but is mostly just nothing, with a song about sell-out porn star Harry Reems. I'll pass and so should you. (JU)
(Scat Boy, 1029 Skyland Dr, Mt Pleasant, NC 28124)

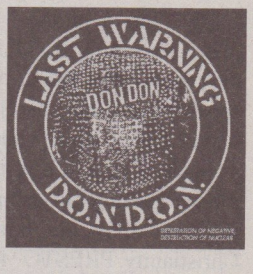
DEAR LANDLORD / OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – split EP

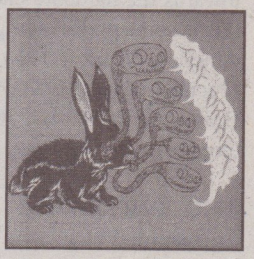
The endless parade of OFF WITH THEIR HEADS split EPs keeps coming—this is reason in itself to make the switch to vinyl… OFF WITH THEIR HEAD's first song here is a hard one, but even at their hardest they're still catchy as fuck. The second track is a (wait for it) WARREN ZEVON cover, needless to say, put through the OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-ulator it's an eyes-closed-hands-in-the-air classic and another reason why these guys are the best band around right now…sometimes it's like they're not even trying. The name DEAR LANDLORD rings a bell but I have yet to hear them. They could be OFF WITH THEIR HEADS' kid brothers; good up-tempo driving emotional punk rock, from Florida. They have a hint of pop punk a la SCREECHING WEASEL but also a little SCARED OF SHAKA and MARKED MEN. It really is like they say, all good. (AD)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

DEATH IN CUSTODY – "Infected With Rage" CD

This Detroit band plays tough, '80s-style hardcore with modern influences and production. Not bad, but nothing special. On the one end, some of the riffs are decent but overall the songwriting needs some fine-tuning, and on the other, it lacks the over-the-top neanderthal brutality that makes certain tuff-guy hardcore appealing to a fellow such as myself. OK, on third straight listen, this is sounding a bit better, but I'm still bummed on the butchered LAST RIGHTS cover (which apparently is available only on the limited 3" CD version







I was lucky enough to review). My assessment: I see the potential, but there's still plenty of room for improvement. (CS)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor Street West, Suite 100-184, Toronto ON M4W 3E2, CANADA, www.insurgence.net)

DENY EVERYTHING – "Fire This Time" CD

Cologne, Germany's DENY EVERYTHING offers fifteen tracks of competently performed meat 'n' potatoes hardcore on *Fire This Time*, their debut full-length (following a CDEP in 2006). Although the lyrics themselves are a bit dry (with song titles along the lines of "Hetrosexism Sucks and So Do You" and "Turn the TV Off and Read a Book, Please")—perhaps due to the fact that they're working in English as opposed to their native tongue—DENY EVERYTHING's politics are completely right-on, and I do actually get the impression that they're from the heart and more genuine than a lot of "political" hardcore bands. Musically, though, this is uninspiring by-the-numbers early-youth-crew-influenced hardcore with some HOT WATER MUSIC-esque melodic parts here and here—tight and well-recorded, but unmemorable. (CS)
(Yo-Yo, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yoyorecords.de)

DFC / PRESTO? – split CD

DFC has a kind of crossover sound that makes me think of MUNICIPAL WASTE if they were from Brazil. Unfortunately, I don't speak Portuguese, but judging by the cover, which has a punk skeleton about to take a swing at a guy in a suit holding a bible with money spilling out of his pockets, I'm guessing that they are against capitalism and Christianity. PRESTO? has a more crust sound (of which I'm not a huge fan) but still keeps it towards the hardcore end of things. All in all, this is some pretty raging hardcore from South America. Check it. (PL)
(Peculio Discos, OX. Postal 393 Santos, SP Brasil CEP 11001-970, www.pecliodiscos.com.br)

THE DIRTBOMBS – "We Have You Surrounded" LP

At some point in the not-so-distant past, if you would've asked me who the best rock 'n' roll band on the planet was, I would've answered "THE DIRTBOMBS" without batting an eye. I'm wondering why (or even if) that changed, because *We Have You Surrounded* has me as excited about the DIRTBOMBS as I ever have been. While it might be the curse of us here at *MRR* to look at commercial success as a detriment, the 'BOMBS *Ultraglide in Black* may have done them some harm, as there certainly have to be those who prefer that record (a classic, I agree) to their magical, more scatter-brained and unclassifiable releases. The best thing about the DIRTBOMBS is that they never make the same record twice. While the experimentation is easier to see from single to single, *We Have You Surrounded* couldn't be more different than the LPs that preceded it. Sure, it's still fuzzy as fuck and more danceable than anything else I'm likely to buy this year, but it's got a tightly-wound concept and the brains to back it up. Dare I say that it's the most serious record they've ever made? Yeah, it is. What other band around could pull off SPARKS and DEAD MOON covers with winning results? There are no rules here, but it still feels like they are breaking 'em. Wow. (MC)
(In The Red, www.intheredrecords.com)

DIRTY POWER GAME – "Oligarchia Parassia" LP

New release by these heavy Italians! They could be fairly placed in the hardcore/crust thrash arena but with some grindcore influence as well. Political lyrics, in Italian. They definitely bring to mind old E.N.T., DISRUPT, maybe even DESTROY at moments. Very nice! (NM)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

DISCO LEPERS / KERMIT'S FINGER – split EP

Starting off this record is DISCO LEPERS from the UK. They play that '77 SEX PISTOLS type of punk with snotty high-pitched vocals. When I think about bands like this I think of 19-year-old kids with dyed charged hair, wearing studded belts and T-shirts with skulls and cross bones on them. Oh, and they always seem to be claiming that they "don't give a fuck what anyone thinks." That's just the image that I get, I could be totally wrong. The KERMIT'S FINGER side is kind of different. They're from Boston and straight-up punk with low, throaty vocals. The music is a bit slower and more bass driven than the other side. They seem like a bar band version of BAD RELIGION. It was all right I guess. (FS)
(No Front Teeth, www.nofronteeth.net)

DOGS OF IRE / ROGUE STATE – split LP

Both these bands are playing emo with sort of a Clean Plate/Ebullition sound. On the Dogs Of Ire when they play more straightforward it's rad and really hard to nail down. It's thick and thrashy, and the instruments sound pretty unique. When they deviate from that my interest wanes. ROGUE STATE sounds like an anthemic cross between something like ORCHID and YAPHET KOTTO, with a shorter and less elaborate PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK-type between-song interlude. I'm digging the music but I can't get into lyrics about unity and parking bikes next to each other. Was it a joke to end the last song with a group sing a long of "Bike Or Die"? (P$)
(Ethospine, PO Box 1611, Riverside, CA. 92502, www.ethospine.com)

D.O.N.D.O.N. – "Last Warning" CD

Schizophrenic Records can do no wrong! D.O.N.D.O.N. is in my opinion one of the more underappreciated bands of the Japanese HC style, and they have for a long time been in need of a release which documents at least some of their stuff. These tracks come from the *Last Warning* LP (ltd to 200), and three comp tracks. It has that crasher crusty look to it with spikes and spuds and evil, black and white graphics and the music speaks for itself. (NM)
(Schizophrenic, 17 West 4th St., Hamilton, Ontario L9C 3M2, CANADA)

THE DRAFT – "We'll Never Know/Hard to Be Around It"

Three-fourths of HOT WATER MUSIC hunker down on a couple songs that should appeal to most fans of LIFETIME or JAWBREAKER. Not all that lively, and it comes off as alternative rock. I'm sure there are plenty of people who'll dig it, I'm just not one of them. (P$)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL. 32604-4636, www.noidearecords.com)

ENFORCER – "Redefining the Goal" CD

More than most labels, Crucial Response has stayed consistent with their releases over the years. Sure enough, I knew what I was in for when I popped this into my CD player—lots of heavy and crunching power chords, a bunch of X'd hands, and lyrics about personal struggle that are shouted in your face; there's even the obligatory photo of the guitarist caught in mid-jump. ENFORCER definitely has that early-'90s super pissed vibe that was felt with bands like FACE VALUE or early INTEGRITY. This isn't a bad thing, essentially, but it just feeds into the karate-kick hardcore phenomenon that was brought about by having too many songs about being strong and less about being a free-thinking person. Don't think I'm necessarily giving this a bad review—this Norwegian powerhouse belts 'em out like there's no tomorrow, and the production is top-notch—it just doesn't really stand out for me. Fans of early Victory records should check this out. (BG)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, www.crucialresponse.com)

THE EPIDEMIC – "Quarantine Days" CD

I thought this was going to be a LILLINGTONS-like horror concept album, but alas it wasn't to be. It starts totally metal, then it turned into melodic punk with double bass drumming, then it settles into MISFITS territory. Is this nu-psychobilly or something? What's going on?! I don't know, but I'm not sure if I like it—sorry. (AD)
(Robot Monster, no address)

JO EVERITT – "Hear What You Want" CD

Is MORRISSEY-punk a genre? Very pop, almost crooning vocals—which isn't a bad thing. SMOKING POPES and ALKALINE TRIO-like with some metal-ish riffs and doodlings in the mix. Maybe these guys know their MAIDEN! Pretty good, although this kicks no ass. (RL)
(self-released, JoEveritt@yahoo.com).

EYE FOR AN EYE – "Gra" LP

I find myself wanting to hate this record judging it by the cover alone, which is very photoshopped and slick looking, but goddamn, EYE FOR AN EYE plays really awesome hardcore, and I don't mean the early-'80s-style that has been the trend of late. There are covers of WARZONE, CHAIN OF STRENGTH, and DEZERTER along with sixteen originals to get where their influences lie. Complete with breakdowns and youth crew chugga chugga guitar bits, this is both hard and melodic in all the good ways and the recording is really professional and sharp. I would compare the female vocals to those of POST REGIMENT or EL BANDA, they are executed perfectly and as always, I am a huge sucker for lyrics sung in Polish. The lyrics are introspective but also deal with a lot of feelings about the world around the writer. This, in my opinion, is an A+ record for fans of modern hardcore or Polish punk. Damn this DEZERTER cover is great! (WK)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND)

FACTORYMEN – "The Log" EP

First look at this 7" and you know right away this is a HOMOSTUPIDS project of some sort. It's the white sleeve with the Sharpie-styled outlined drawing artwork. You know what I'm talking about. Turns out that this strange, disjointed, messy offering is by Steve from 9 SHOCKS TERROR and HOMOSTUPIDS. It's a very strange, slow-ish, sparse, noisy seven-song EP that is only laced together by its randomness. You'll probably need a few sit-downs with this before being sucked into the "skull music," if you're into the barely pulled together weird sound. (AL)
(My Mind's Eye, 13723 Madison, Lakewood, OH 44107)

FILTHY FEW – "Wealth & Hell-Being" CD

This is some redneck rockabilly. Yeah, they wear cowboy hats, have tattoos, sing misogynistic songs and drink. What else do you need to know? Oh yeah, the first song is a love song to the devil. Geesh. (CK)
(Ass End, PO Box 217, Mission, KS 66202)

THE FLASH ATTACKS – "Pray for Death" LP

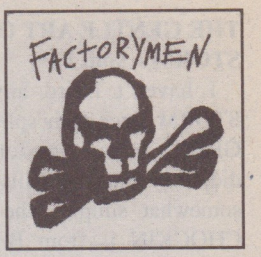
This record is DIY as hell, down to the sound of the recording, but it does have its charm. the FLASH ATTACKS manage to pull off some nice punk a la the PIST and actually if you ask me bands like this deserve to be on wax more than most self important posers who regurgitate whatever is sold to them as the best hardcore of the day. At least these guys are real and actually the music is pretty catchy. I would put them above most bands on Beer City Records and a bit below most bands on No Way Records, which kind of places them midway to greatness. THE FLASH ATTACKS really remind me of the late-'90s and a lot of bands who where trying to play straight ahead punk. This record is the one-side-at-a-time kind if that gives you a clue where I am coming from. (WK)
(no address)

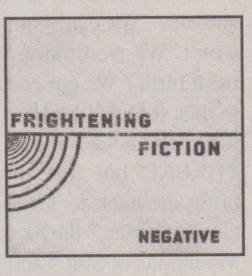
FORCA MACABRA – "Aqui E O Inferno" LP

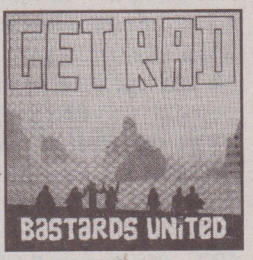
This is the fourth FORCA MACABRA LP and zillionth release since 1991. This Finnish band has always appropriated the national hardcore style of Brazil, with tough vocals and Portuguese lyrics over relentless, speedy, metallic, throttling hardcore. While continually proficient at this style, I've always taken them as somewhat of a novelty act—much like the Japanese bands that sing in Finnish or Esperanto or whatever—especially when no attempt is made to explain their lyrics to an easily-within-reach and broader (English/Spanish) audience. FORCA MACABRA's music, however, has always been a serious attack of this style and by reinterpretation has probably opened a lot of people to heaps of great bands from Brazil, which may be the idea of the band in and of itself. This LP is solid, but despite the fact that the early Brazilian hardcore recordings are enchantingly lo-fi, *E O Inferno*'s reach and impact is limited compared to new releases by contemporary Brazilian bands like I SHOT CYRUS, AGROTOXICO, UNIDOS PELO ODIO, which are delivered with insane recording values that far exceed their country's early efforts. This is especially true as FORCA MACABRA's whole style is based off the guttural vocal delivery and they just can't seem to reach the wild deep depths that the native speakers can, and the crisp recording of the drums makes these newer recordings completely punchy. It's not that this LP is recorded poorly, it's just not the insane level of impact you're getting from actual current records from Brazil in the same style. Overall, this is a solid enough listen. (KS)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

FRIGTENING FICTION – "Negative" EP

FRIGHTENING FICTION is a band out of Amsterdam that plays a unique combination of Fat Records style punk, rock 'n' roll, and '80s hardcore. The production is pretty polished, but I think that's one of things I like about it. Sounds similar to PAINT IT BLACK, but more rock 'n' roll. This is pretty solid and if you're in to modern hardcore you should check out this record. (PL)
(Deviant Gedrag, www.deviant-gedrag.tk)







RECORDS

THE GENTLE ART OF CHOKIN / SHITSTORM – split EP

I haven't heard anything about SHITSTORM since their split with MAGRUDERGRIND. In case you forgot about them like I did, they play no frills grindcore. Raw and somewhat simple. The GENTLE ART OF CHOCKIN is from Bremen, Germany and play speedy, tight hardcore that doesn't fall neatly into a sub-genre. Some form of fastcore. One of the guys in this band use to be in STACK and YACOPSAE and the GENTLE ART OF CHOCKIN have the same intensity that both of those bands had/have. (MH)
(RSR, mitglied.lycos.de/skrupel)

GET RAD – "Bastards United" EP

Why do I like this band so much? I honestly don't know. And what's in the water in Wisconsin in the last two years or so? This is hardcore, plain and simple. Anthem after anthem. "We can't stop now / We won't, we won't. We won't stop now / Fucking broken from birth / We got each other." When I listen to this, it feels like 1986 to me. I'm not saying it's a retro sound or that it sounds like MINOR THREAT, but that the energy and attitude bring me back to 1986—that bass playing on "Dead Horses," the backing vocals on "We Eat Mountains of Shit," and the melodic beginning to "Bastards United"… I loved their split with PROTESTANT as well. A band's pedigree doesn't matter, but when trying to figure out why I love this 7" so much, it's hard to ignore the fact that some of the people in this band were in SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA, HIGH ON CRIME, and KUNG FU RICK. Find GET RAD's music. (MH)
(Level-Plane, www.level-plane.com)

GFI – "Dichotomy" CD

This is your typical bar-punk-band—nine albums, fifteen years, and lots of gratuitous objectification of woman and references to drinking in the lyrics. They've got a crossover metal sound mixed with a SoCal bro style. The first song is such a rip-off of early METALLICA that they might have lifted the riff straight from *Ride the Lightning*. They slow it down in the middle with a ska jam though, and I'm sure it gets sent out to all the ladies at their shows. I guess you've got to give it to a band for being so bad, but still never breaking up. (PL)
(Roughtongue, www.gfipunk.com)

GIRL BAND – CD

The cover art of this CD is really embarrassing. It's like a Raggedy Ann-type cartoon with a guitar and surrounded by "naughty" and "girly" paraphernalia. They play that kind of power pop punk that people who frequent the wild rock and roll shows at the crazy dive bar on Friday night go to see. They harmonize about dudes and being bad-asses, and they cover the MISFITS. I mean, they're talented and do that kind of punk-y bar rock well, I just never find this kind of thing interesting. (MM)
(self-released, no info)

GITOGITO HUSTLER – "What's My!?" EP

Imagine SHONEN KNIFE with vocals that are super high-pitched. At first it's a little unpleasant but it definitely grows on you, much like SHONEN KNIFE was an acquired taste. I really like it, and it will definitely make my top ten, but I wonder if it isn't just stolen shtick. (KK)
(Big Neck, www.bigneckrecords.com)

GOAT BELL / POOL PARTY – split EP

The GOAT BELL side is a turd and a half of nondescript basic punk. The POOL PARTY side is pretty good despite the lyrics: "and it's impossible to save some face when you pass out before your fuck." Other than those fucking lame lyrics, the rest of their side is, at times, stupidly good. When it's slow it sounds like a drunker GIBBONS. Most of the time it's like a rawer, looser, and less-talented OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. If the lyrics were better they wouldn't be out of place on a Snuffy Smile split. (P$)
(Hip Kid, 14535 Greenland Ave, Orland Park, IL 60462, www.hipkidrecords.com)

HALO FAUNA – "Durak" CD

Jangly indie punk stuff here. This reminds me of the WEAKERTHANS and the MEASURE. A little uneven, but this does have its moments. It's on Plan-It-X, you wouldn't expect anything too raunchy anyways. Decent for this type of stuff. (RL)
($5 ppd, Plan-It-X, PO Box 14001, Gainesville, FL 32604)

HANNA HIRSCH / YOUNG FIT MALES – split EP

Yes! It's rare in this day and age when I have high expectations for a new record, and even more rare when those expectations are actually met. I've been anticipating Sweden's YOUNG FIT MALES' vinyl debut ever since hearing their excellent demo last spring. I shit you not, the MALES' opening track on this split—though only an instrumental—is the closest anyone's come to capturing the WIPERS' gloomy, driving style since the HOT SNAKES. The next two songs are more on the mid-'80s post-HÜSKERS tip, calling to mind later-era ARTICLES OF FAITH and DC stuff like SOULSIDE circa-*Less Deep Inside Keeps*. On the flip, HANNA HIRSCH, who've released a couple 7"s so far, deliver two tracks of melancholy, mid-tempo melodic punk. Both bands complement each other quite well, making for the ever-elusive "good split EP." (CS)
(self-released, www.hannahirsch.com)

LES HATEPINKS – "Auto-Eject" LP

France's LES HATEPINKS get straight to the 'core with a catchy platter of choppy new wave mixed with an abundant dose of early SoCal punk rock. Sounding like TSOL being put through the '77 Euro-wave blender with a slight wink and nudge of the DAMNED. (SD)
(Relax-O-Matic Vibrator, 13 Rue Terrusse, 13005 Marseille, FRANCE, www.relaxomatic.free.fr)

HEARTTHROB – "At Home with the Rebels" CD

Those of you old enough to remember may recall that dreadful period of time, somewhere around the mid-to-late-'80s, when bad *rawk* began to creep its way into the hardcore/punk scene. Whether it was desperation to hold on to bands I once cherished or simply just to give somebody new a chance, I tolerated this intrusion for a while. I thought maybe it was me who had a problem, and that I was stuck in the past or something. I remember desperately attempting to dig bands like NORMAN BATES & THE SHOWERHEADS, or DANZIG, or maybe even INTO ANOTHER, but I just couldn't. Finally, and thankfully, I had an epiphany and realized that the problem wasn't me, but that a lot of music was simply going the way of the toilet, and that true (maximum) rock and roll was all but a rotting corpse. But what I couldn't understand then, just like I can't comprehend now while listening to this album, is why in the name of ol' Bog above would someone want to play something just one step up from bar rock instead of trying to raise the freakin' dead with savage noise and punk rock mayhem? HEARTTHROB does a fine job doing what they do, and there is a bit of a NEW BOMB TURKS influence at times, but I don't think too many punks will dig this unless they have an extreme rawk tolerance. (BG)
(Eugene, PO Box 1002, Lexington, KY 40508, www.eugenerecords.com)

HELLKONTROLL – "Soul Robbers and Nightmare Fuckers" EP

Ten tracks of blown-out, noised-out thrash from a Louisiana band that wears its influences proudly on its sleeve—DISCHARGE, DISORDER and the following Japanese

decades of even rawer reinterpretation of this style by CONFUSE, CFDL, and their ilk. Total chaotic noise fest party!! A fun listen for those who love their feedback deep in the red, and while I appreciate that this style finally reached appreciation here in the US, it often picks up that Japanese hardcore mimicry without taken to a new context. This makes it so self-referential within its own genre that there's a "oh yeah, that" factor instead of the head-turning "what the fuck is that?" power that the original bands had achieved by, uh, yeah, being original. Really well done, powerful, and drenched in all the qualities that make this kind of "cheese grater" guitar hardcore-noise great, and more than recommended if you love this style, but come on people, I'm waiting for someone to put a new spin on it, quit coloring between the lines and push it! (KS)
(Noxious Noise, www.myspace.com/noxiousnoize records)

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR – "No Hope…" CD

Not these guys again! I reviewed these clowns a while back and I can't write this review quick enough so I can get this off the stereo. Utterly lame Kraut glam-punk, with typical tattoos and stupid clothes that looked stupid in 1977. (AD)
(Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de)

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES – "Nakatoni Plaza Demo '07" EP

If you absolutely must play in a modern, *AMP Magazine*-styled hardcore band, take your cues from this. HONOUR AMONG THIEVES embodies all the good parts of the easily digestible "hardcore" bands that fill glossy pages the world over. The three dynamite tracks on here have it all—from the melody of bands like CHAMPION to CONVERGE-ish tech-metal freak-outs—and it doesn't feel cheap. I thoroughly enjoyed this. I should mention that the reason I said "*three* dynamite tracks" is because the last song on this EP is completely unlistenable garbage. What happened? Still worth it for the first three if you're into the style. (JU)
(Damage Done, www.damagedonerecords.com)

HOWITZER – "Turncoat" EP

Yes sir! The sentiments expressed by the skins and punks of HOWITZER are even more apropos now that that spoiled, rich hippie from Marin County, John Walker Lindh, is asking for a reduction in his sentence. These street-hardened toughs from Florida cut right to the chase. Side A features a melodic sing-a-long "Turncoat," which segues into the fine song "Folded American Flag." These men harness the southern rock spirit of MOLLY HATCHET while retaining the skinhead rock 'n' roll edge of the TOUGHSKINS. Side B starts off with the real stand-out track of the EP "Life On The Streets." Fuck yes! This anthem catches the vitriol of ANTiSEEN and kicks your ass into the next week! Brilliant! Song four, "I Just Don't Give A Damn" borrows a page from the HAMMERLOCK songbook and pulls it off extremely well! These rough and tumble fucks scratch their mark in the sand clearly for all to see! When HOWITZER gets fired up, as they do on "Life On The Streets," they are certainly a force to be reckoned with! Let's hear more! (BR)
(Hazard Hill, www.myspace.com/howitzercore)

HUMANIFESTO / IAMTHECARTOGRAPHER – split EP

HUMANIFESTO comes off like a more melodic THE PIST; fast, angry and tough. I think they're from Quebec, but could be wrong. IAMTHECARTOGRAPHER keeps up the politics on their side but their sound is a little mellower, like post-Gainesville HÜSKER DÜ meets LEATHERFACE. Acoustic alert in operation for track two though. The lyrics are reminiscent of PROPAGANDHI, and they include suggested websites and films in their liner notes. Recommended. (AD)
(Hip Kid, 14535 Greenland Ave, Orland Park, IL 60462)

INFLATABLE CHILDREN – "Get Naked With…" CD

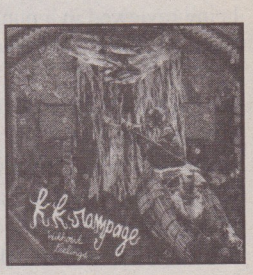
Fuck yeah! I really dig a hardcore band with an obvious sense of humor. INFLATABLE CHILDREN was a band from Massachusetts in the late-'80s/early-'90s. Awesome lyrics, raging guitar, super fast and manic. It's circle pits meet fart jokes. This CD combines the only two records the band ever released with a live set to top it off. 30 tracks in all. I can dig! (FS)
(Spooky Tree, www.spookytreerecords.com)

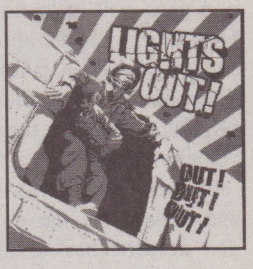
INSULT – "Emobashing Fastcore Pimps" LP

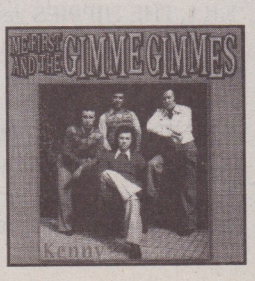
I'll admit to being kinda psyched when I saw this record, though it turns out it's INSULT from the Netherlands, not the one from Billerica, Massachusetts. ("I Wanna Be a Burn Victim" anyone?) Anyhoo, *Emobashing Fastcore Pimps* is the Dutch thrash/grind band's complete discography, now available on vinyl after previously being released on CD by Six Weeks Records a couple years back. INSULT, along with B.S.E., MIHOEN, BETERCORE, POINT OF FEW, COCKROACH, and the like, spearheaded the "Dutch Thrash on the Rise" "movement" of the early '00s. This LP's chock-full of movie samples from obscure art-house flicks like *A Clockwork Orange* and *Scarface*, along with the odd track or two of grinding thrash (36 of 'em, to be precise, including SPAZZ and INFEST covers). Though I'm obligated to caution you that listening to this record in its entirety in one sitting may exceed your recommended daily thrash allowance, INSULT would surely call me a "sandal-marching emo cry-baby" before reducing my sensitive ass to a quivering bowl of jelly. (CS)
(Power It Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

JUST WENT BLACK – "Embracing Emptiness" 10"

As you can no doubt already gather from the title this record and band name, this is very emotional and dark—it's just not dark enough. This really doesn't cut it for me. I mean sure, they are skilled musicians playing emocore, but it is so clean and happy sounding I can barely believe lyrics like, "Take back the ravens, send them through







troubled air, the hatcheries are waiting, fill them with your despair." I mean, what the fuck is that? This almost sounds like one of those 10,000 bands covered in flash tattoos on MTV that have their hair combed to the side. Yes, being in a band is easy. Wait a fucking second, I hate emo. I do, however, like the lyrics "Locked out from the outside / Born to be the victims / We die from our own past / We are all born dead." It just speaks to me. Why is this being reviewed in a punk magazine? (WK)
(Assault, www.assaultrecords.com)

KANSANTURVAMMUSIKKIKOMISSIO – "666" LP

A Finnish punk once taught me how to pronounce this band's name correctly, but I always need help trying to spell it. Their name comes from a Finnish radio station, and KTMK may hold the record for longest single-word band name of all time, but their distinction goes well beyond that. Instead of opting for a faster-is-better approach, KTMK grinds, swings, and even takes a slightly post-punk direction in their medium-to-fast-speed tunes. "Kalinka" cements their distinctiveness over velocity. Unlike other bands from the mid-'80s, these guys offer songs that are distinctive and varied, but the growling vocals always give desperateness to the tunes. Forget labels: these guys tried at least to forge their own, even to the striking lyrics. A cool classic. (SS)
(Power It Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

KILL THE HIPPIES / WE MARCH – split EP

KILL THE HIPPIES is an interesting proposition: two of their songs on here are twitchy, propulsive punk, almost hardcore I'd say. These songs sandwich a longer song that sounds like ESSENTIAL LOGIC or KLEENEX or THE SLITS. More than just copping the sound of those bands (which isn't as easy as it might appear) it's actually a great song. I'll take a second helping of that please. Faced with the impossible task of following up one of the best new songs I've heard in ages, WE MARCH could only hope to not fall completely flat. This they achieved, with two buzzy, urgent tracks. Multiple vocals contribute a sense of panic to the proceedings. Sadly, in the *MRR* review section as in life, there can be only one winner, and in this case KILL THE HIPPIES gets the belt. (AM)
(DNH, 2322 Brandon St, Huntsville, AL 35801)

K.K. RAMPAGE – "Without Feeling" CD

Drugs! Funny, because the odd tracks are heavy, "my life is dying on me" Chicago-style mayhem, while the even tracks are, in a terrifying way, girl-groupish—not OHSEES-style "oooh-wa-wa…we're reverby and odd" girl-groupish, but severely maladjusted in the "hey, my sister sent me these home recordings from the 51/50 ward of the hospital" manner. This, and a bottle of Cold Duck, and hey, there's your Valentines Day night! (JP)
(Big Neck, www.myspace.com/kkrampage)

LEMURIA – "The First Collection" CD

Very good indie-tinged melodic punk from Buffalo, New York with female vocals. It's very DIRT BIKE ANNIE, and when they rock out and the guy sings back-ups, they remind me of WHIRLPOOL. I guess the obvious comparison and the one they hear the most is DISCOUNT. Anyway, this is great poppy punk or punky pop, and just the tiniest bit of emo. There, I said it. (AD)
(Yo-Yo, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yoyorecords.de)

LIGHTS OUT! – "Out, Out, Out" EP

Not to be confused with Bay Area straight edge legends, this band is from Germany and kinda sound like Sweden's VICIOUS; you know, sneering early-'80s L.A. punk not unlike the ANGRY SAMOANS—who I guess these cats are named after. It's fine, but won't be getting replayed anytime soon. (TB)
(Yo-Yo, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yoyorecords.de)

LOST LOCKER COMBO – "Freshman Orientation" CD

BEST GLOCKENSPEIL punk/pop (with some bubblegum stuck under the desk) *ever*! And this is no more hyperbole, as anyone else lucky enough to see these overage kids in action can attest. The high school theme/shtick is just icing on the cake, but everyone knows that bands that put care and attention into presentation are more likely to put it into their songs as well. Such is the case here. Inspirational lyric: "In theory Phys Ed is a mighty fine idea / But like a Nazi war criminal chagrin is engineered." (DD)
(Whoa Oh, www.whoahohrecords.com)

MAC BLACKOUT – LP

Initially weird, but ultimately catchy like those music videos where at first the old, rich people are all aghast, pursing their lips, holding their ears, and bitchily looking through their monocles at the offending band, but by the end are snapping their fingers and bopping along and saying "fresh!" and the band's hard-ass father realizes that what the band needs isn't military school, it's communication. (JP)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.deadbeatrecords.com)

MARVELOUS DARLINGS – "I Don't Want To Go The Party / Careerist"

What the fuck??? Where has this band been? Allegedly, they have some hardcore bigwigs in them (VIOLENT MINDS, CAREER SUICIDE), but sounds *nothing* like that. Total power pop goodness that made my toes curl. One part EXPLODING HEARTS, one part TRANZMITTORS, and one part BOYS. They had me on side one, but then when the hand claps started on "Careerist" I got the shivers. Deranged seem to have cornered the market for this shit recently (except perhaps GENTELMEN JESSE), and this is another to add to the collection. Tremendous. (TB)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES – "She Believes in Me / Lady"

I have to admit that I know almost nothing about this band. In fact, the only thing I can really tell you is that they seem to have put out hundreds of records and that many of them end up on eBay. My sources tell me that Fat Mike is behind it all. This 7" beauty is titled "Kenny" and features two covers of KENNY ROGERS hits, "She Believes in Me" and "Lady." What you get is what you would expect when you take a Fat Wreck Chords band and ask them to cover two KENNY ROGERS songs; you get a pop punk, fairly easy to digest, versions of lame '70s hits. I find them mildly entertaining. (KK)
(Fat Wreck, www.fatwreck.com)

MENTALLY CHALLENGED – "Disappeared /Surveillance"

Damn, this is one head-fuck of a record, and one of the coldest, most claustrophobic ones I've heard in some time to boot. "Disappeared" is a fast metallic hardcore ripper that reeks of alienation and frustration, brought to fruition through an ingenious use of feedback, noise, and repetition to drive the feeling home. "Surveillance," on the other hand, opts for a totally different approach to set the paranoia-machine rolling. Repetition is used again here with equally successful results, but goes for more of a codeine haze than the furious, anxiety-ridden riffage of the flip. All in all, I'd say that these two tracks achieved exactly what they set out to do, and I know it's only February and quite a premature call, but this is hands-down record of the year so far. (JU)
(Deer Healer, www.deerhealer.com)

MODERN CREATURES – "Thick Thick Black" EP

Double bass guitar! This girl totally sounds like SIOUXSIE SIOUX, or maybe kind of like

Debora Iyall of ROMEO VOID. It's really good, like the more goth side of new wave with total death rock influences. One bass takes on all the high stuff while the other takes on lower stuff but it doesn't really sound like the interweaving double bass of DELTA 5, it sounds more like a bass and guitar. They manage to be dramatic without being cheesy. There's almost a little X-RAY SPEX here and there. It's fucking awesome. I'm way into it. (MM)
(Grotesque Modern, grotesquemodern.com)

MORTALIZED / SWARRRM – split CD

SWARRRM has been around for a while now, like ten years! They are one of the more unique heavy bands going. Not exactly grindcore and not exactly death metal. These two tracks have their usual chaotic and noisy sounds but with a good bit of black metal sounding guitar. No way to pigeonhole this band into a genre or compare them to other bands. They have their own sound. MORTALIZED plays a more metallic form of grindcore. It's still noisy and chaotic but with a few death metal leanings. They mix up the sounds as well. On "Nuclear Horizon" they throw in a few melodic and melodramatic guitar bits into a metalcore riff and then quickly change to fast grindcore. If you are looking for non-cliché, fresh heavy sounds, definitely check these two bands out. (MH)
(Hardcore Kitchen, hardcore.exblog.jp)

MOSQUITO BANDITO – "Stay" EP

Messy, distorted garage rock. You can hear some semblance of the tunes if you listen real closely. They are there. Everything is just covered in a thick layer of super distorted fuzz. So thick in fact I had to play this on one of the other turntables just to make sure it wasn't a mistake. From what I can hear, the music sounds a bit rockabilly-ish. The vocalist sounds like TAD. Interesting. I'd like to see them live. (CK)
(Make Them Touch, no address)

MULETRAIN – "Rocks" EP

I've reviewed this band a couple of times before, and have dug them every time. This Spanish band (ex-AEROBITCH) brings the hammer with some rocking POISON IDEA meets MÖTÖRHEAD and the HOOKERS rock swagger. Two originals and a blazing version of "I Don't Care About You" by FEAR make for a great listen. Well worth tracking down. (TB)
(Sell Our Souls, www.selloursouls.com)

MUTATORS / SHEARING PINX – split LP

The girl in MUTATORS is such a good screamer, it totally never ceases to amaze me. She gets a little barky here and there, but then rips into some ear-shredding caterwaul that's like no other. These kids totally started out way noisier and more chaotic, they seem to have tightened it up into a super driving, doomy spazz-out punk. It's absolutely insane that they manage to churn out the most terrifying wall of sound with nothing but guitar, drums, and screaming. Have you seen them live? The front of the audience almost always turns into a squirming pit of fuck-shit-uppery. The second side of the LP is fellow Vancouver-ites SHEARING PINX with a double guitar freak-out entitled "Obsessive/Repulsive." I normally don't like super long songs, it always sounds like wankery to me, but this avoids that for the most part by mainly sticking to repetitive screeching guitars and drumming that sounds like the kit is constantly falling apart. It starts to get a little noodle-y about half-way through and then stops suddenly, blasts back in a couple of times and then goes into a part that reminds me of when I was in an improv noise band and we couldn't figure out when to stop. It's like one of them kind of starts to drop out and realizes no one else is and starts back up again then it happens again and again. But have you seen them live? Fuck-shit-uppery. (MM)
(Ugly Pop, www.myspace.com/catcall)

NEUTRAL BOY – "Everybody Dies" CD

These guys have been at it for years, and while accomplished at what they do; gruff, polished "street-punk"—it left me a little cold. It kinda sounds like an updated WORKIN' STIFFS with out-of-place metallic guitar leads. I'm just not feeling it. (TB)
(Fivecore, no address)

NORTH LINCOLN / YOU ME AND THE ATOM BOMB – split EP

These bands did a European tour together (one band is from Michigan and the other from England), and this record was apparently done to commemorate that blessed event. NORTH LINCOLN has an album on No Idea and their gruff, melancholic pop punk fits in perfectly on that label. YOU ME AND THE ATOM BOMB has a somewhat similar sound with perhaps a hint of UK melodicore acts like ANNALISE. Their song "Drive" has a really great sing-along back-ups. Not bad at all. (AM)
(Yo-Yo, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yoyorecords.de)

NOTHING PEOPLE – "Army of Ideal/What A Waste"

NOTHING PEOPLE is totally one of those arty bands that so badly wants to be deep and thought provoking but ends up being predictable and cliché. It's a total shame because other than the embarrassing lyrics, it's pretty OK. A touch of '80s death rock, fuzzed-out pop, and super reverbed vocals. Then again, by the second time around it just sounds altogether cheesy. (MM)
(Horizontal Action, myspace.com/horizontalaction)

NOVEMBER 13TH – "Stillstand/Weiter" LP

Yeah, I can hear the slight HIS HERO IS GONE influence but too much of a TRAGEDY yawn fest for me. This is the band that plays for an hour and a half while you are trying to stay awake on your feet before the band you really wanted to see rips three layers of skin off your face. Nice packaging and all, but who really cares when you listen to it and it bores you out of your fucking skull? I'd probably like this better if I smoked an ungodly amount of weed, wore nothing but black clothes, and bitched about how the world is such an evil place. Boo

fucking hoo…Till then, where's my fucking GAUZE CD?!?! (JH)
(Tofu Guerilla, www.november13th.de)

OBLIGATORISK TORTYR – "Aterforodelse" CD

It doesn't get much better than Swedish grindcore. I've seriously thought about moving to Sweden in the last year because there have been so many great grind and hardcore bands coming out of that country. AFGRUND, SAYYADINA, INFANTICIDE, SPLITTER, TOTALITÄR, and on and on. OBLIGATORISK TORTYR reminds me a lot of NASUM—fast and precise grindcore while not forgetting melody. They also don't just play fast. They change speeds and sometimes play slow. The track "Utrotning Narmar Sig" starts with a punk riff then kicsk into fast grind, but the hardcore influences are obvious. I hadn't heard of the band but see they had another full length back in 2000. I've been listening to this over and over. The headbanging fun of "Total Katastrof," the more guitar techie-ness of "Doda Allt," or the hardcore sounds of "Life Is Fucked" are great fucking stuff. Someone out there write a scene report from someplace in Sweden! (MH)
((Power It Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de))

ONE WAY CHOICE – "Never Suspend Disbelief" CD

It's nice to hear some new-school hardcore that doesn't immediately turn me off. ONE WAY CHOICE brings an early NO USE FOR A NAME type of melodic hardcore right into the more modern realm of screamed emo, but only enough to keep it interesting and not enough to ruin things. There's some great guitar work and good singing on *Never Suspend Belief*, but the best part is the lyrics. Each song is a long, drawn out thought that is full of substance and heart and inspiration. There's no reliance here on simplicity or too many repeated lines. I guess musical comparisons would place them near mid '90s stuff like KID DYNAMITE or ENGAGE, and one would be advised to check this band out if they dig those sounds. (BG)
(Jump Start, www.jumpstartrecords.com)

PANDAMONIUM – "Bring That Shit" EP

It took me a really long time to figure out if this was 45 or 33 rpm because the vocals are super high-pitched (it's 45). I really want to like this, but it keeps sounding like the singer can't really keep up with the music and all the songs kind of sound the same. It's just unremarkable super-fast hardcore. Note: Minneapolis' PANDAMONIUM is not to be confused with the old Dutch band of (nearly) the same name. (MM)
(One Percent, PO Box 141048, Minneapolis, MN 55414, www.onepercentrecords.com)

PANDAMONIUM / TOTAL FURY – "Tour 2007" EP

I don't know if it was the instinctive midnight madness or freakin' PANDAMONIUM, but my cat started going apeshit when I turned this up! As the commanding and high-speed vocals screamed anger and violence out of my speakers (i.e., "sometimes I just get pissed off and feel like breaking shit—it doesn't matter if it's your face or the asshole standing next to me!"), my cat started to storm back and forth with a demonic *mmrooaw* that freaked me out. It's a good anger though, and the violence imaginary, like we all feel sometimes. Four bad-ass hardcore songs here, including a CRUDOS cover. And this was before I flipped over to the TOTAL FURY side! Not to ever let us down, the boys from Sendai shove three amazing '83 DC-style songs in our face as a reminder from the US tour that suckers like me missed out on. The SECOND WIND cover, I gotta admit, is not as good as the original, but this is a split definitely worth grabbing. (BG)
(One Percent, PO Box 141048, Mpls, MN 55414, www.onepercentrecords.com)

PERSONKRETS 3:1 – "Ruiner" EP

"Straight outta Umeå, crazy muthafuckas called PERSONKRETS 3:1" just doesn't rhyme so well, but these crust punks do bring the heavy crust onslaught. This is their final release and as they will be sorely missed. It is my great honor to introduce those of you who don't already know to a band that took all the right elements of metal, UK crust, and punk rock, and molded them into a straight-ahead attack of noise and shouts. This release has three tracks and is well worth the postage. I hope these folks start five new amazing bands and tour out here before I make it back to Umeå. Chaos party and all. (WK)
(Halvfabrikat, www.halvfabrikat.net)

PIERCED ARROWS – "In My Brain/ Caroline"

FRED and TOODY COLE of DEAD MOON (and a bunch of other bands) return with another great band. This is just too cool. More of their unique brand of scraggly garage rock with urgent, melodic vocals. Two songs recorded in mono, one sung by Fred and the other by Toody. My only complaint is that there are only two songs. Please release more, quickly (and you know they will!). (CK)
(Tombstone, PO Box 1463, Clackamas, OR 97015, www.piercedarrows.com)

POGOTOWIE SEKSUALNE – "Na Sygnale" CD

POGOTOWIE SEKSUALNE is an all-girl melodic hardcore punk band from Poland. They are more straightforward than traditional Polish punk but still have the ill-advised occasional lapse into ska. Musically they bring to mind *No Control*-era BAD RELIGION and the first POST REGIMENT LP (minus the more dramatic elements). At times, I wished their songs had some wilder moments, but that's a minor complaint 'cos POGOTOWIE SEKSUALNE does the melodic thing really well. Aside from the ska parts *No Sygnale* managed to hold my ever-shrinking attention span and that's no small feat. (CI)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND, www.pasazer.pl)

POST REGIMENT – "Death Before Metal" LP

Collecting the early formative stages of one of Poland's most loved punk bands, these nineteen tracks, from two demos recorded in 1988 and 1990, show the gradual metamorphosis of the band, as they worked in and out of several diverse influences. The initial tracks are very KRYZYS/BRYGADA KRYZYS-styled: slower and reggae-influenced with sharp ska-ish guitars, but gradually the pace builds to the melodic punk they're known for, including a few *Black Dots*-styled larval versions of songs from their classic LPs. In between, the band stops at several points working through their ideas, so this album is best for those familiar with the band rather than first-time listeners. A fun listen with extensive liner notes in Polish with photos. (KS)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND, www.pasazer.pl)

THE PRESS – "The Complete Press" CD

I had most of the tracks on tape back in the days of skin 'n' punk unity—bottles of cheap cider and cheaper slaps to an unwarned face, usually from a skinhead. Anyways, enough lost nostalgia, finally a CD of all the material from America's first all-skin band harking all the way back to '84 and ending in '91. A band that wears its Anglo-loving roots firmly on their cuffed sleeves—from SLF, to the CLASH, COCK SPARRER to the RED-SKINS. Firmly planted in the left wing camp and not afraid to throw in a few heavy mod vibes and some '69-skinhead reggae groove. A much needed reissue and arguably one of the best and righteous boot-boy bands ever to come out of the USA. Even after all these years "Revolution Now" and "21 Guitar Salute" (covered by the DROPKICK MURPHYS) send shivers up my spine. (SD)
(Insurgent, 2 Bloor St, W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario M4W 3E2, CANADA)

THE PROCESS / RENTOKILLER – split EP

THE PROCESS plays fairly straightforward hardcore. Their sound has a tiny bit of emo or is it crusty metalcore? You know, like FROM ASHES ARISE or even TRAGEDY? What is it about bands from Gothenburg and their understanding and use of melody and melodic sections in their music? Yes, this is hardcore, but there are melodic moments and so many bands of different types (death metal, grindcore, hardcore, etc) from Gothenburg seem to use more melodic elements in their music with success. RENTOKILLER threw me at first, not only is their sound someplace between poppy punk, heavy indie rock, and emo, but they throw in an accordion breakdown. When they come out of said accordion breakdown, the music is gothy and folky with clean dark vocals. Their other track is short, heavy, and discordant hardcore. The band used to be more of a screamo band but have mellowed out a bit and added these other sounds: accordion, etc. (MH)
(Old School Kids, PO Box 64, I09I47 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

PYRAMIDS – " Through the Hourglass" CD

Slow screamo? This Philly band mostly relies on the use of sweeping noodle-y guitar parts to build their songs—kinda like LP-era PORTRAITS OF PAST. There's not really much more that I can say about this because every song just sounds the same to me. I appreciate the effort and playing ability but am I in no way moved by this, only bored. (JU)
(Protagonist, PO Box 64574, Tucson, AZ 85728)

THE RANDOM HOUSES / TRUTHDEALER – split EP

I'm really finding the RANDOM HOUSES hard to describe. They are definitely a basic, fast hardcore band, but the weirdness in the production gives a smutty atmosphere to their songs. Imagine if FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS had more of a traditional hardcore sound—pretty unusual stuff. On the flip, Milwaukee's TRUTHDEALER keeps the weirdness a-flowin'. This makes perfect sense as they've got Tony from the masters of weirdo-hardcore: HOLY SHIT!, handling the role of bassmaster. Much like the RANDOM HOUSES side, this is an awkward, sleezy, and non-pigeonhole-able hardcore mess. This power-trio really knows how to write an interesting/original song. The tunes are super bass-driven and can go from a "Nightstalker" creep to a thrash explosion in no time, before crawling back, underground "Earthworm"-style, without batting an eye. Seek this out along with TRUTHDEALER's other EP from a couple months back. (JU)
(DNH, 1111 Pratt Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801)

RAJOITUS – "Maalman Hautajainen" LP

Veterans RAJOITUS have kept their edge after more than ten years of playing raging Finnish HC, mixing a pummeling attack highlighted by wild lead guitar breaks that you wish could go on forever. "Kusipäitten Kristus" is a strong example of the style; at this point, the songs don't arrest your attention with their distinctiveness, but when those raging guitars kick in at the climax of the song, the effect grabs you like good '85-ish TERVEET KADET. (SS)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, www.putridfilth.com)

THE RECKLESS ABANDONED – CD

This album is basically thick, meaty bar rock. Ten songs of mid-paced, power-chord rock music. Not metal, not grunge, not punk, just kind of generic rock. The singer sounds a little like Paul Westerberg but without the edge or the songwriting skills. It's all recorded and played very well, there's just nothing no hang on to. I'm not really sure why they sent it to us. (AM)
(Last Enemy, www.lastenemy.com)

RUIN / T.R.I.B.E – split LP

RUIN fills their side of this split with some fucking searing DISCHARGE-esque hardcore punk. I'm not at all surprised that it's ex-members of DOOM and DISAFFECT. On the other side of this piece of wax, T.R.I.B.E. plays some metallic crust that keeps up with the brutality of the A-side. It's limited, it's a gatefold, it's brutal crust. (AA)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

RUN RIOT – "Break Mirror" EP

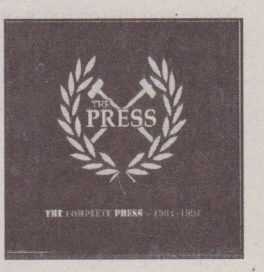
Five tracks of your basic Midwestern boys who grew up watching MTV, heard a MISFITS record and decided they wanted to form a punk band. I admire RUN RIOT's gumption but I'm just not into it. Pretty safe and uninspiring. Too much of a rock influence waters down what could be a half-way descent band. "Hardcore songs that are not about hardcore" is what their website states…BORING!!! I'm going to set this slab of wax on fire, and throw it at whoever put this out…it would be a lot more interesting that way. (JH)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494, www.givepraiserecords.com)

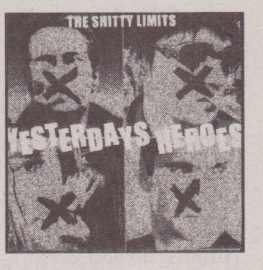
SAINT JUDE – "Always Hard: The First Recordings" CD

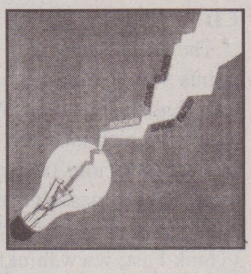
There are a lot of characteristics of TRAGEDY on this CD. SAINT JUDE has melodic intros and interludes with fast and heavy riffs, but still keep a hardcore sound like INTEGRITY. I'm not sure why they called their CD *The Early Recordings* since all of the songs were recorded last year and the layout made me think it was going to be a Christian amazing-core band. I'm not really a big fan of hardcore bands trying to play crust, but overall, I can't really say anything bad about this one. (PL)
(Tor Johnson, PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901, www.torjohnsonrecords.com)

SEE YOU IN HELL – "Utok!" LP

Very cool old school sounding Czech hardcore punk, which brings to mind a lot of old US and European hardcore influences. SEE YOU IN HELL is fairly straightforward, no-frills stuff, and won't throw you a curve ball stylistically, which in my book can be something very good. Sometimes you want your hardcore served up raw,







and that's when you listen to SEE YOU IN HELL! (NM)
(Insane Society PO Box 18 504 01 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC)

THE SHITTY LIMITS – "Limits Appear" EP

THE SHITTY LIMITS are proof that the retro hardcore punk bug has bitten the UK. Simplicity, raw energy, infectious riffs, and snappy mid-tempo-to-fast beats are unapologetically present throughout the record. Furthermore THE SHITTY LIMITS have been blessed with a dynamic front man who's not afraid to create his own lively vocal patterns over the music and he's got a great voice to boot. The guitarist has come up with some cool, distinctive riffs but he employs the technique of minimal distortion, which I think is a worn-out trend. Some bands sound great with very little distortion but I feel these songs could benefit from a little bit of ampin' up. Noise and distortion worked out great for early BLACK FLAG so I don't know why so many modern throwback bands are afraid of it. That said, Limits Appear is a fun listen and I bet THE SHITTY LIMITS are a blast to see live. (CI)
(Keep Screaming, www.keepscreaming records.co.uk)

THE SHITTY LIMITS – "Yesterday's Heroes" EP

Lo-fi hardcore and how I love it, a book in the making. It's like MINOR THREAT meets HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE. It's shitty, it's beautiful, it don't make any sense and that's what makes it so wonderful. Six tracks that throw more punches than a Bruce Lee flick on speed. Now I'm of to stick this one on again. (SD)
(Limits, no address)

SMARTBOMB – "Chaos and Lawlessness" CD

The press sheet with the marketing/selling points was actually more enjoyable than the CD. Labeled as "for fans of KID DYNAMITE," which isn't too off base. The artwork is pretty atrocious (some monster/zombie with eyes bulged, passing out with her mini skirt riding way up). Pass. (P$)
(Think Fast, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

SOCIAL CIRCKLE – "I've Got Afflictions EP" EP

This record is great! It follows their four-song EP that came out last year on No Way Records, and I must say this one is just as awesome. '80s hardcore that is similar MINOR THREAT with a hint of LA punk in there. Definitely one of those records you'll flip over and listen to again and again. (PL)
(No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)

SOFY MAJOR / ONE SECOND RIOT – split 10"

SOFY MAJOR recalls the era of Gravity Records and the mid-'90s in general. For the uninitiated, think loud, noisy guitars that stray away from traditional chords, bass playing that is melodic and repetitive, and drums that rarely fall into 4/4 time. The vocalist sounds like he's in his own world because he is relentlessly screaming his head off with no real sense of timing. Overall, SOFY MAJOR reminds me of a more atmospheric ANGEL HAIR. Normally I question the validity of this type of music, but in general these guys manage to stay away from the annoying trends of technical and commercial. Their sound is raw, pissed, and blown-out, which makes it sound closer to punk. ONE SECOND RIOT is similar, but with a more subdued approach. They bring to mind French emo from the '90s. If you're old enough to remember FINGERPRINT and JASMINE, ONE SECOND RIOT wouldn't have been out of place in that scene. It's not exactly my thing, but if you're the type of person that pines for '90s influenced emo, you will most likely enjoy both sides of this record. (CI)
(self-released, www.sofymajor.com)

STATUES – "No Time" EP

Ten seconds in and I already know these clean cut Canadians have delivered one of the best EPs of the year. This is pop punk the way it's supposed to sound—chunky, full, free of the wimp and whine, cry-me-a-river-cheeseball-crap that's been passed off as punk for the last umpteen years. Imagine a more beefy TRANZMITORS, a harder hitting GENTLEMEN JESSE, a poppier EXPLODING HEARTS, and you'll be on the right track. Some folks won't get this—their loss. I'm all over it. (SD)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION – CD

Singles comp from one of Australia's most devastating bands. Perhaps not as well-known as PISSCHRIST (these guys share a member), these Aussies are equally as ripping. Mental fast hardcore like a lost LIP CREAM demo. This band takes the best parts of out-of-control Japanese hardcore and mix it with some early-'80s East Coast 'core (KORO, DEEP WOUND, etc.) and then mangle the fucker. They top things off with a killer SAINTS cover. My only slight complaint is the lackluster packaging; that aside this is *killer!!* (TB)
(self-released, www.culthardcore.org/straightjacketnation)

STUNTFACE – "Pain Is only Temporary, Glory Lasts Forever" CD

It's so damn hard to review a good record, especially one this good. I'm afraid of letting the music down, not doing the band justice, or a lot of the times I am just left winded for words. All right, I've got the breath back. This is the third release from these Welsh punks and the first I've heard (where are ya Tim Brooks?). Tough, burly, super catchy politically conscious punk rock. Taking the roughness and emotion of LEATHERFACE with the aggressive pop poke of FOUR LETTER WORD. It's big without being Epitaph or Fat Wreck, and much better than most of the faceless crud on those labels. The fact that it's soaked in integrity and honesty and that it comes from Wales will undoubtedly mean that, like its fellow countrymen NO CHOICE, it well never get the recognition it more than deserves. Robby Fowler's new favorite band and, more importantly, mine. (SD)
(Infra Black, www.stuntface.com)

STYMIE – "Sour Puss" EP

Gnarly Slaughter has been putting out some real good shit lately, and this STYMIE 7" is among those. It looks like *Sour Puss* is the first release from this band, and it totally seems like a first record too. We've got four short punk rock songs—two of them are awesome and two are forgettable. The title track, "Sour Puss," reminds me of a cross between MARKED MEN and SCREECHING WEASEL without the snotty vocals. On the B-side, both songs seem to skate the thin line between SCREECHING WEASEL and JAWBREAKER. A solid first record. Keep it up. Oh, and apparently Andrew should get naked and party. (FS)
(Gnarly Slaughter, 1119 Frame St, Denton TX 76209)

SU19B – "Discography" CD

Self-explanatory disc here, with everything this force of nature from Japan has to offer at this point. For those not familiar, SU19B is total CORRUPTED worship with hardcore ferocity to match. This is perfect in every way and no measly half-assed review is going to do it justice. Just fucking get this. You should have had the vinyl anyhow. (JH)
(Regurgitated Semen/Hate Ape, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, www.attack-ofthemadaxeman.de.vu)

TEENAGE COOL KIDS – "Queer Salutations" CD

I think the title of this is supposed to be wacky versus being part of the queer punk scene. With that said, this is OK amateur punk. I hear a little ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE, maybe Lookout! Records comp style stuff. Maybe a lesser GRUMPIES. (RL)
(Protagonist Music, PO Box 64574, Tucson, AZ 85728)

TEENAGE REHAB – "Goodbye Sanity" CD

OK, so I could not be more bored. Generic melodic punk/bar rock band that calls its girlfriend a whore, has a promo and booking agent, and thanks God in its liner notes. Bummer. (AA)
(Jailhouse, www.jailhouse-records.com)

THEE CORSAIRS – "Tales of Rum and Whiskey" LP

I am afraid I just don't understand why a bunch of kids from San Diego want to pretend to be punk pirates and then put out a record. It's an odd mix of pirates, garage, surf, and punk. Mostly it's garage and surf. Oh, and it's a picture disc. (KK)
(Inka, information@inkainc.com)

THE THINGS – "Wild Psychotic Sounds" LP

Well, 12" 45 to be exact. While the six songs herein are a bit more subdued than most of Big Neck releases, there are indeed some wild moments and some psychosis around the edges to this garage R&B (with a little early CRAMPS thrown in) with keyboards that are as redolent of neo-art punk as garage. (DD)
(Big Neck, www.bigneckrecords.com)

TOUCH MY RASH – "Doomed From the Start" CD

The first thing I noticed about this was the band consisted of a drummer and a guy who does everything else. Maybe they should have waited for a full band and a little editing of the material. Wannabe snot punk, a la SCREECHING WEASEL. The vocals are just too forced and the songs just aren't there yet. There's too much of this stuff around to get excited about this. (RL)
(Bittersick, no address)

THE TOUCHY FEELIES – CD

Pretty straightforward power pop punk with sing-along choruses and lots of rhyming lyrics. The TOUCHY FEELIES are an almost-all-girl band that mostly sings about dudes. They sound like they spent their formative years listening to California-style pop punk and HOLE. I bet they're fun people. (MM)
(self-released, www.myspace.com/thetouchyfeelies)

TOURNAMENT – "Swordswallower" CDEP

Five tracks of super hook-driven, rocked-out post-hardcore. Taking elements of that early San Diego sound, late-'80s Washington DC and mixing them with the balls of ANNIHILATION TIME, the compressed weight of KARP, and, dare I say, the more calming influence of HOT WATER MUSIC. I caught the tail-end of the first track of this EP on the radio a few weeks past, cursed myself for not catching the name, and whatta ya know—the assigning gods witnessed my despair. Tonight a lamb will be slaughtered. Tense and dark at times with a groove and willingness to stray off the hardcore path make this a definite keeper. Now go make a full length. (SD)
(Trip Machine Laboratories, PO Box 317, Nyack, NY 10960, tripmachine845@gmail.com)

TRANSMITTERS – "I Fear No One" CD

A collection of sorts from Ealing, London post punk underdogs TRANSMITTERS. B-sides, LP cuts, 12" tracks, and the classic '79 Peel sessions make up this incredible collection. A band that unjustifiably never got the hype that its comrades in arms such as the MEKONS, DELTA 5, and the RED CRAYOLA reaped. A jagged anarcho style bleakness mixed with a GANG OF FOUR groove driven by a punk energy elevated these rotating four well above the pretentious art school nonsense of the time. From MISSION OF BURMA to the BIG BOYS and FRUSTRATION, the TRANSMITTERS influence is undeniable. A must for all those wading in the mixed and often uncharted waters of post punk and beyond. Classic. (SD)
(Elsewhen, www.elsewhen.com)

ÜBER – "I Will Go By Bike" EP

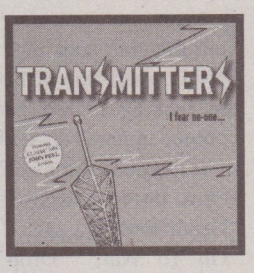
ÜBER is back with another EP and this one is great! I liked the first record but this release has some extremely catchy guitar riffs a la Australia's VICTIMS, quick drumbeats, and great snotty vocals. Short and to the point punk-fucking-rock with enough raw energy to make any punk dance their ass off. Lyrics in English, Spanish, and Catalan! Awesome! (MS)
(Sell Our Souls, no address)

UNSEEN FORCE – "In Search Of the Truth" CD

This CD packages a reissue of UNSEEN FORCE's 1986 LP with some unreleased tracks and the demo recorded by their previous band, 2000 MANIACS. I didn't know anything about this band when I picked up this disc, but apparently they were from Richmond, VA. The music is a combination of punk, thrash, and crossover, which was pretty common for the time. From the flyers reproduced on the insert, it looks like they played with just about everyone who came through town for a while, from RKL and ARTICLES OF FAITH to DRI and CORROSION OF CONFORMITY. The bassist, Greta Brinkman, went on to play with such luminaries as DEBBIE HARRY, MOBY, and JAYNE COUNTY. It's great stuff, although very definitely "of its time." (AM)
(Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistake.com)

VAPID – "Do the Earhquake" EP

Woo hoo! Poppy, lady-fronted garage punk, with danceable beats, fuzzed-out guitars, and an unmistakable riot girl 'tude. BIKINI KILL and the PIPETTES go out for strawberry shakes and teen mayhem? The *Girls in the Garage* comp behind the Safeway with switchblades and Evan Dando? I'm not sure which metaphoric sound situation to go with, but you've got the picture. (AA)
(Nominal, 726 Richards St., Vancouver, BC V6B 3A4, CANADA)



VAURIO – "Sortoa Ja Vainoa" EP

The first track on *Sortoa Ja Vainoa* is so damn infectious. It's got a moody, melancholic vibe, which is accented by some great bass lines and a classic sing-along style chorus. It's the kind of song with the rare ability to lend itself to repeated listens in one sitting. The rest of the tunes on *Sortoa Ja Vainoa* lean towards a straightforward proto-hardcore style but remain catchy and are adorned with those awesome Finnish punk vocals. On the whole, VAURIO makes the impossible seem possible in that they lead me to pretend that I can sing in Finnish even though I don't know a word of the language, and they make me want to dance, which is not something I ever actually do. I guess this record was slated to come out on Propaganda in the early-'80s—the cover was made back then and it has the Propaganda logo emblazoned on it—but for some reason, production of the record was halted. Lucky for us Feral Ward was able to obtain the rights to press up the vinyl 25 years later. (CI)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

VIOLENT MINDS – "Know It All" EP

Fuck! This is fucking crushing hardcore that has become a modern thrash classic! This Deranged Records reissue of the first VIOLENT MINDS EP, originally on the great My War Records, is a very welcome sight indeed! If you did not embrace the HC maelstrom the first time out, you now have time to redeem your flagging punk reputation! All eight songs on this small slab of black polyvinyl chloride are fucking crazed hardcore punk with an extreme urgency that you will not encounter in most quarters. On this EP, VIOLENT MINDS storms through "Know It All," "Bloodsucker," "Death Bed," "I Don't Care," "Fatal Blow," "Go To War," "Drop Out," and "Violent Minds"! Fuck yes! These motherfuckers were on fucking fire during this moment in time!! Buy this shit now or you will have future regrets! (BR)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

VISUAL OFFENCE / VOLUNTEERS – split EP

Two UK hardcore punk bands playing some good aggressive music—fast and loud drilling guitars and rapid drumming make for a cool delivery from both bands. They both have similar energy and musical styles going on here. VOLUNTEERS wrote some interesting lyrics in their song, "The Peds." It talks about a film that the vocalist saw about pedophiles and shares his disdain for the filmmaker's exploitation of such matters. Good stuff. (MS)
(Town Clock, smallsailor@another.co.uk)

WASTE MANAGEMENT – "Get Your Mind Right" EP

This is angry, fast, and unrelenting hardcore that takes cues from bands like NEGATIVE FX and DEATHWISH. The lyrics in songs like "Stuck," "Get Your Mind Right," and "W.B.D." are totally fitting to the music, just frustrated and pissed off about life and its bullshit. The vocal style and bass I thought made it sound almost like a powerviolence record, but I wouldn't put this EP in that category. This is pure hardcore, Boston style. (PL)
(Painkiller, 516 Green St. #1B Cambridge, MA 02139, www.painkillerrecords.com)

WETSOCK – "Another Day in the Life" CD

Pretty decent ska-punk with somewhat snotty vocals. The band has "dubbed" (pun intended) their musical style as "Ghetto Punk," which is a blend of ska, punk, rock, and dub. The lyrics range from songs about partying and friendship, to those that deal with social and political injustice ("Almost There" and "Pillbug" being my favorites). Their hearts and minds are definitely in the right places, though the (presumably) meaningful quotes scattered throughout the sleeve are in such a terrible font, my old eyes can barely make 'em out. This Oregon foursome would probably be a fun band to see live. (RK)
(self-released, www.myspace.com/wetsock)

WHORE MOANS – "Watch Out For This Thing" CD

This is a good album and the first song, "Beware the Wolf Spider," is way rad. This band is super influenced by the MURDER CITY DEVILS, which makes sense cause they are both from Seattle. Yet they kind of have a STROKES thing to their guitar playing and super-spazzy BLOOD BROTHERS thing in the vocals. I can see this band getting really big and signing to a major label. It's really good though. (FS)
(self-released, myspace.com/thewhoremoans suck)

WHO'S MY SAVIOUR – "The Glasgow Smile" CD

First off, a backwards letter in your band's logo is 99.9% always stupid looking. They do have another logo but it's not much better. Second, this shit it just plain awful. So bad, in fact, that now I'm pissed off that I wasted my time listening to it. Sounds like an off-kilter stoner TRAGEDY…and just as boring. Just a side note: HIS HERO IS GONE and DEATHREAT are awesome, but TRAGEDY just puts me to sleep, and not in a good way like the mighty SUNNO))). Anyhow kind of a disappointment coming from such a great label. Not every release can be a winner I suppose. (JH)
(Power-It-Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

WIZZARD SLEEVE – "Mommy's Little Baby/Pterodactyl Meltdown"

This sounds nothing like a gaping vaginal entrance (the term to which "WIZZARD SLEEVE refers that's been used and abused, though it's still a good name for a band, and perhaps it's even better since "wizard" is spelled incorrectly). The good news is that the music sounds better than the band's silly name. I listened to the B-side first and I think I like it more than the A-side. "Pterodactyl Meltown" has a similar bass line to KRAFTWERK's "The Model" but played slightly faster than BIG BLACK's version of the song, so at first listen I thought it sounded like a happier version of BIG BLACK that you can dance to. A happy BIG BLACK might sound worse than penetrating a wizard sleeve but it's really quite nice. Both sides are lo-fi dance-rock music with fuzzy guitars and poppy keyboards and if you are into that sort of thing, both of these songs, with lyrics that probably only make sense to the band, will be sure to please you. Bands with silly names often have silly sleeves and this single is no exception. It's on orange paper with drawings of gremlins, an ice cream cone, helicopters, gaping mouth, and of course, skulls. (MU)
(Horizontal Action, myspace.com/horizontal action)

YOUNG AND DANGEROUS – "Dangerous Youth and…" CD

These guys are from Malaysia and play some incredible old school frickin' *thrash*! You remember what that is? These guys blend some of the powerviolence-y Japanese HC sound (remember the *Mosh Circle* comp?, like that) and even throw in some sXe style. But these guys have a sense of humor too, but also have some great critical lyrics e.g. "Fierce Mohawks, Lame Attitude." I also had their rendition of "Thrashin' Rock 'n' Roll Radio" in my head all day. They sound young, raw, garage-y, and chaotic, and I couldn't dig this more!! (NM)
(self-released, yxaxdangerous@yahoo.com)

YOUTH OF TOGAY – "Tossed Salad Days" LP

I don't get it, is this supposed to be funny? Well, actually the complete absurdity in the lyrics did have me giggling a couple of times, but I just couldn't help thinking to myself that

this whole project seems like such a squandered use of talent. I mean, the music—which is total poke-fun-at-generic-straightedge-hardcore—is actually well executed, but bands like STRAIGHT YOUTH and CRUCIAL YOUTH have done this better (the first of these being the absolute best). And the lyrics, which are over-the-top gay themes, amount to nothing more than juvenile "suck my dick" jokes. Yeah, apparently these guys are queercore so that makes it OK, right? How long does "irony" and parody need to go on before doing something worthwhile? This album compiles songs from three previous EPs plus two more unreleased songs, but it's limited to 300 copies so act fast if you like your hardcore silly and meaningless. (BG)
(Rejected, mero32@eircom.net)

V/A – "Belgium's Burning" EP

A remarkably solid limited edition compilation featuring ten tracks from ten current hardcore bands in Belgium ranging from powerviolence styled hardcore (SHREDDER), straight-ahead hardcore (SUNPOWER, VOGUE), a lot of stripped down but fast-paced thrash revival-styled, super fast hardcore (RAVAGED, DAMAGED GOODS, FURIOUS), a lo-fi rager from TOD POLE, and REPROACH, who reach an incredible HERESY-styled ultra-ultra-fast take on old hardcore, URANUS-styled moody metallic overkill slather (VUUR), and metallic modern hardcore from A DEN OF ROBBERS. All are high energy and high quality, and this comes with a nice fold-out sleeve with lyrics and artwork, giving an energized snapshot of their current scene. (KS)
(Deviant Gedrag, www.deviant-gedrag.tk)

V/A – "Local Anesthetic" CD

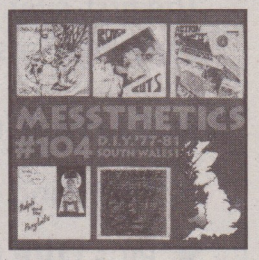
Finally, Colorado punk from the first era (1977-'83) gets its day in the sun. *Local Anesthetic* was a Denver-based label run by a cool cat named Duane Davis, who was one of the owners of the infamous Wax Trax record store. The store and the label were the epicenter of the Colorado scene and their releases read like a lineup of the best bands that came out of the state during that time. OK, a few of the tracks here have appeared on some KBD-type of comps, but this time we get to hear the *entire* EP that the tracks were taken from, and not just the million-dollar-making hits! Sure, you know "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic" by the FRANTIX, but have you heard the *other* three tracks on that record? Well, they're fuckin' great, so pay attention. We also get the pleasure to hear the much-desired-by-collectors BUM KON EP, which freakin' kills! More Denver hardcore gets represented with the legendary WHITE TRASH EP, which blazed the prairies and gave us everybody's favorite "Nazis in My Neighborhood." A couple of the best late-'70s punk songs ever made are on this baby, like "Machine Gun Love" by the DEFEX and "Cops Are Punks" by NAILS. Again, you get the whole 7" for a better picture of the band. A couple of incredible groups on here that I can't believe I didn't know about are YOUR FUNERAL and the YOUNG WEASELS. Both of these bands are a bit more on the new wave side of things and are equally amazing. One EP here that I have on vinyl, the essential ROK TOTS "Situation Kid/Suicide Weekend" single, sounds even better since it and all the other tracks have been re-mastered. Finishing things off here is the Lydia Lunch-influenced JERI ROSSI single and the label's first release—a rockin' punk band called the GLUONS, who had Allen Ginsberg singing along with them. This also has great liner notes describing the early Denver punk days with Wax Trax records, though I would have liked to seen a bit more info on the bands as well. This is absolutely worth tracking down! (BG)
(Smooch, www.smoochrecords.com)

V/A – "Messthetics #104: DIY 77-'81 South Wales 1" CD

Yet another in Chuck Warner's marvelous series chronicling the crash and clatter of UK DIY. Often times the phrase "DIY" brings to mind a bunch of spotty students hunched over a microphone banging pots and pans together then pressing the result on vinyl; and there is a little of that here. What really makes this series fascinating is that Warner is able to track down the most obscure discs from a regional DIY scene and weaves a cohesive historical document. South Wales has never been known as a hotbed of indie DIY music, and yet here we have 80+ minutes of seldom heard gems. From the near unlistenable (TABLE TABLE, CRASH ACTION WINNERS) to new wants list additions like the almost MOB-like darkness of DISCOUNT CHIEFS, the catchy punkers of WHAT TO WEAR and the hypnotic drone of RALPH AND THE PONYTAILS, this is at the very least a fascinating insight into a pretty much undiscovered scene. Perhaps not as immediate as previous volumes, this is no less an interesting listen (along with the detailed booklet that accompanies). Recommended for the intrepid listener!! (TB)
(Hyped to Death, PO Box 351, Westminster, MA 01473, www.hyped2death.com)

V/A – "Messthetics #105: DIY '77-'81 Scotland 1" CD

Yet another regional *Messthetics* comp, and is there really much to say? Not sure if I was only given this to review because I am from Scotland, which is exactly the kind of racist tokenism that continues to give *MRR* a bad name. At any rate, if you've been a fan of any of the *Messthetics* DIY comps, you'll probably like this one. Of all the quirky post punk pop bands swept together into the commercial and artistic category "The Sound of Young Scotland," the FIRE ENGINES are the only one to make it on here. The remainder of the compilation is made up of bands who were too obscure, outsider, or punk even for that. Like the other compilations in the series, the ratio of hits to misses is weighted heavily in the listener's favor. Some of the highlights for me included THE EXILE, METROPAK, and VERTICAL SMILES, whose record, *New Clash Single!* was sadly never released. The only downside to this (and all of the Messthetics/Hyped to Death comps) is that if I'd never known these bands existed, I'd never have to look for their records. Sigh. (AM)
(Hyped to Death, PO Box 351, Westminster, MA 01473, www.hyped2death.com)



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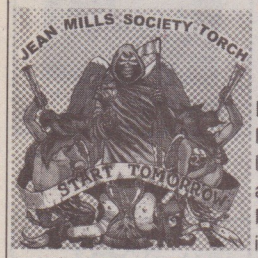
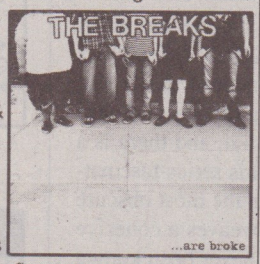


JEAN MILLS SOCIETY TORCH
"Start Tomorrow" 7"
Hyper-thrash along the lines of Japanese punk like Jellyroll Rockheads and Exclaim with some Meatmen and Necros influences thrown in for good measure. Features past and present members of the Spark, Deep Sleep, and the Jons. 100 on colored vinyl available through mailorder.

THE BREAKS
"Are Broke" 7"



Five more songs of midwest desperation & no-coast bitterness. Fast and raw with just the right amount of fist-pumping catchiness, the Breaks pull no punches. These five songs were recorded at the same time as their "Get Saved" 7", but never made it to their intended releases. 100 on colored vinyl available through mailorder.

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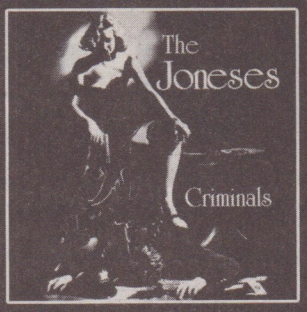

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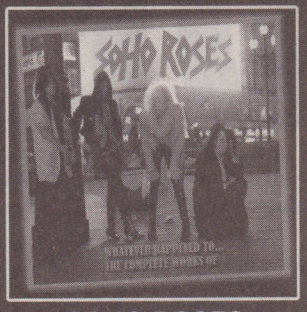

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, Eric Butterworth, Nick Mangel, Daryn Ryan, and Cissie Scurlock

AMPLIFIED CARCASS – I don't know where to start because every song on this sounds different. It's as if you and your friends decided to pick up an instrument that you have never played before, pressed record on a 4-track, and cranked up the reverb. I hope this band keeps going because I see great things ahead. (Eric) (13-song CD, no lyrics included $3 ppd. PO Box 717, Denair CA 95316)

THE BARBECUTIES – Well written pop punk songs about girls and Larry Livermore giving them chord ideas in dreams. Sounds a lot like THE QUEERS but also sounds like it could have come straight out of Southern California's, Huntington Beach bar rock scene but instead it's from Southern Germany. (Eric) (12-song CD, lyrics included. No contact info)

BIG FUCKING MISSILE CRISIS – Bullet belts, gas masks, and charged hair. I'd compare them to INEPSY, but I didn't see one single mushroom cloud while listening to this. Maybe next time. Fans of such should check it out. (Daryn) (11-song CD, lyrics included. 423 E 33rd Street #8, Kansas City, MO 64109)

BUTCHERS OF BAKERSFIELD/ ATOMGEVITTER – Judging by the equally poor sound quality of both bands, I can only assume that all these songs were recorded at the same show. In fact the sound quality is so bad that at times it is hard to tell what style of music the bands are playing. On the first six tracks, BUTCHERS plays frantic, screaming hardcore that is sometimes catchy and sometimes heavy. Unfortunately, ruining MINOR THREAT songs and changing lyrics to say "I can't stop thinking about speed, it's something I just really need" isn't funny (well maybe if you're fifteen but I generally think more highly of fifteen year olds). ATOMGEVITTER fills the next eight tracks with fast, trashy hardcore with the occasional compulsory pit-inducing breakdown. (Pete) (14-song CD, no lyrics included, $3 ppd. R. Neithercut, Sabhal Mor Ostaig, Sleite, An t-Eilean Sgitheanach, Alba Scotland IV44 8RQ)

CHAOS DESTROY – So you'd think I'm too old to fall for the "play loud for best sound quality" thing but obviously I'm not. It really hurts when the music is dominated by harsh, metallic sounding fuzz. Behind all that fuzz is sloppy, screaming, power chord playing punk rock that sounds like it was recorded in a tin can. And by the way, I've been searching my histories.on the likes of Bakunin and Makhno and so on and find nothing to suggest that anarchy (as a movement) really does love feedback. (Pete) (15-song CD, no lyrics included. chaos.destroy@yahoo.com)

CRITICAL MASSACRE – Dark, heavy, multi-genre influenced tunes. Female vocals, with awesome intelligent lyrics. All wimmin' to the fuckin front!! (Daryn) (6-song CD, lyrics included. Nicole Gomez, PO Box 365, Flagstaff, AZ 86002, criticalmassacreflg@gmail.com

CULTURE KIDS / JUMP OFF A BUILDING – The guitar on the CULTURE KIDS side of this is fucking awesome and is like the most blown out thing I've heard in some time. Actually, this entire recording couldn't be any more blown out if it's ass pimples were showing. The songs? Think fast snotty, inept hardcore. It has that feel of pure desperation that the old bands had and doesn't sound retro or feel forced at all. It just feels right. On the flip, the JUMP OFF A BUILDING tracks here have a similar feel and are equally as blown-out, albeit angrier and with more 'FLAG-ish riffs. I love this band and it's a shame the wussies called it quits. Boo-fuckin' hoo. (Justin) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included. No contact info)

DIVISIONS – This Florida band plays fast, followed by sloooow, and back to fast, down-tuned, heavy metallic crust that almost hits the grind mark. The vocals are über screechy and the guitars occasionally whip into blurry lead bits without ever losing control. I can hang with this. Seven originals and a POISON IDEA cover fill this beautifully packaged tape. (Justin) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd US, $7 world. Drugged Conscience, c/o Chris Donaldson, 54 Tamarind Ridge Dr., Naples, FL 34119)

FIGMENT – Warped Tour punk with songs about global politics and Santa Monica police brutality. Dreams of a punk rock mall have been haunting me ever since I listened to this. The next Fat Records release???? (Daryn) (11-song CD, no lyrics included. 91 Robinhood Dr, Cranberry TWP, PA 16066, www.figment-online.com)

FIRMEZA 10 – This tape is the definition of DIY. The minimalist recording values perfectly compliment the primal playing and it's all been self-dubbed onto a cassette with duct tape for labels. OK, I have to mention DISCHARGE because they are obviously FIRMEZA 10's biggest influence but these Spaniards are coming from the rudimentary, noisy school of DISCHARGE, which I happen to prefer to the slick and perfected modern Swedish style. I'm fairly certain that Teodoro from INFIERNO DE COBARDES is in this band so if you're a fan of his records, then you will love this demo too. I'm sold and I hope that FIRMEZA 10 makes the jump to vinyl soon. (Cissie) (8-song cassette, lyrics included. APDO, 33.343, 08080 Barcelona, Spain)

HOOKY – This female fronted, pop-punk band plays in the vein of J CHURCH or early SUPERCHUNK. The snotty, but gruff vocals tend to dictate the feeling of each song, varying from catchy singing to aggressive screaming. It's an all around stand out demo. (Pete) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $2 ppd. PO Box 663 Olympia, WA 98507)

I HATE THIS – Blast beats, power chords, and screaming vocals dominate the four short songs on this tape, which I believe is the same band but better songs than the one reviewed about four months ago. What really makes the songs sound good though, are the more melodic parts that break up the monotony, making them much more dynamic and catchy than an average thrashy hardcore band. (Pete) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, $4 ppd. 105 Summit Avenur, Shillington, PA 19607)

JESUS WAS A SLAVE SHIP – The intro track is awesome. I think that this is a concept album about "the good ship Jesus," supposedly the first slave ship to land on a coast of the Amerikas. No lyrics but I wish there were. (Daryn) (4-song CD, no lyrics included, $3 ppd. 2204 Olympia Ave, Olympia WA 98506)

JEWISH UPRISING – This is an absolute mess of distortion. There is definitely some screaming and the possibility of a bass and some drums behind the wall of noise. (Pete) (6-song tape, no lyrics included. 856 East San

(6-song tape, no lyrics included. 856 East San Joaquin, Tulare, CA 93274, www.monorail-trespassing.com)

KIDS ON FIRE – Angry modern hardcore punk with suspicious emo packaging. This is at it's best when it's going fast 'cos those moments remind me of 9 SHOCKS TERROR or other Clevo hardcore. The slow songs and parts only serve to put me to sleep. Still worth a listen for the faster songs. (Cissie) (5-song cassette, lyrics included. Jeff Robtoy, 6020 Carlsbad Ave, Saint Louis, MO 63116)

KILL EVERYONE NOW – It's not the cleverest of names but the first couple songs on this CD are really good, sort of rough, early MINUTEMEN style tunes. The CD trails off a bit and ends badly with a slow love song so I'd suggest not going past track two or three. (Pete) (5-song CD,lyrics included. 6424 S 900 E, Salt Lake City, UT 84116)

MOLOCH – HIS HERO IS GONE meets NOOTHGRUSH? With dancey parts? I didn't know whether to dance or bang my head while I was listening so I did both. Whew, now I'm dizzy. Really clean recording for a demo. (Daryn) (3-song CD, No lyrics included. www.myspace.com/molochscum)

O PIONEERS!!! – O PIONEERS plays in an Anthemic Plan-It-X records style with just guitar and drums accompanied by rough vocals. In the vain of early AGAINST ME! and that other late-nineties-early-thousands jazz. (Eric) (11-song CD, lyrics included. www.opioneers.com)

POSITIVE NOISE – As far as I can tell this band is from Michigan (the only indication is the phrase: "recorded in Lansing") and they play a brand of late '80s fast youth crew-influenced hardcore with intelligent themes to their songs—like taking responsibility for your situation and supporting local business among other things. Musically POSITIVE NOISE is pretty good for the style but on some of the hyper-fast parts things seem to fall apart a bit, but hey, it's a demo! I will for sure keep my ear to the grind stone for POSITIVE NOISE's next offering. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included. No contact info)

PYRAMIDO – These guys slowly trudge trough three painfully long, sludgy, hardcore songs. On the first two songs, several minutes of slow metallic sounding guitars, heavy drumming, and screams give way to a quick burst of fast hardcore only to let you back down in a few seconds. The last song is similar but the tempo only gets slower. (Pete) (3-song CD, no lyrics included. Skolsparet 35, 424 31 Goteborg Sweden, pyramido.doom@gmail.com)

RED AND BLUE – There is something really catchy about this style of straightforward pop punk. There are eight solidly played, up-tempo tunes that sound a whole lot like ONION FLAVORED RINGS, especially in the semi-dirty guitar tone and the monotone vocals. (Pete) (8-song CD, no lyrics included, $3 ppd. 60-59 Myrtle Ave., Ridgewood, Queens, NY 11385, governmentcorn@yahoo.com)

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION – This tape was recorded live on some radio program in Australia and holy shit it's frickin' good. STRAIGHTJACKET NATION sounds way better here than on their previous EPs, which are pretty good in their own right—here they are elevated from good to *great*. The playing on this is looser and more urgent and violent than their proper recordings. This is pure, energy-driven get-the-fuck-outta-my-way hardcore. Aaarghhhhh! Now I can't wait to see 'em this spring! (Cissie) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included. www.culthardcore.org)

TEENAGE FRAMES – Four middle-aged dudes from Hollywood wearing suits and sunglasses at night. Sounds like overproduced rock? Powerpop? New York Dolls influenced. (Eric) (4-song CD, no lyrics included: www.myspace.com/teenageframes)

TOTAL ANTARCHY! – These spastic hardcore songs rarely make it past two minutes. The songs are dominated by a number of vocalists, the female vocalist taking the lead, who all scream like crazy over power chords and fast drumming. If you're looking for a comparison, try a thrashier version of THE PIST. (Pete) (14-song CD, lyrics included. likelice@hotmail.com)

TROUBLEMAKE – This is fast, snotty pop punk that reminds me of the INSURGENT. The songs are up-tempo with snotty vocals and crunchy guitars mixing with those simple (and kind of cheesy) lead guitar parts made famous by THE WEASE. If it's not new, at least it's pretty catchy. (Pete) (4-song CD, lyrics included. 4303 11th Ave. E., Bradenton, FL 34208, stnorth@mail.usf.edu)

VIETNAM WEREWOLF – The title of the record is "…and out come the Vietnam Werewolves" a la RANCID. Sounds like AGAINST ME meets the GET UP KIDS. Gutterpunk emo pop warriors comin' at ya! (Daryn) (4-song CD lyrics included. www.vietnamwerewolf.com)

WIDERKAMPF STÄNDER – Melodic hardcore from Germany that is similar to ASTA KASK in that it's fast, has lots of single note harmonies, and gravelly vocals that beg the listener to sing along. Some of WIDERKAMPF STÄNDER's harmonies are good enough to stand head to head with ASTA KASK but I wish the drummer would refrain from the thrash beat that he sometimes slips into 'cos it doesn't fit the music. I guess this demo was released posthumously, which sucks 'cos I'd be interested to hear more from 'em. (Cissie) (4-song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/kaffpunx)

YOUNG AND DANGEROUS / I ACCUSE split and **YOUNG AND DANGEROUS / BRUCEXLEE split** – Cool split cassettes of Malaysia's YOUNG AND DANGEROUS. YxAxDx plays very young sounding (no they really do!) garage HC punk/thrash/SXE. I ACCUSE! is made up of Americans that play retro HC thrash. Awesome combination, and a cool international project. Great layout too! The split with BRUCEXLEE is pretty cool as well. BRUCEXLEE is from neighboring Singapore. They mostly sing in Malay and play very similar thrash punk as YOUNG AND DANGEROUS with some Japanese influences. Killer! (Nick) (two different cassettes. yxaxdangerou@yahoo.com)

V/A – "Magnetic Division" – This is a six-song tape compilation with a mix of random garage punk/hardcore bands. I can't figure out any unifying theme here, which is cool 'cos not everything needs to have a clear-cut purpose and *Magnetic Division* is good regardless. The bands included are LIVE FAST DIE, CPC GANGBANGS, WHITE LOAD, WE MARCH, SHOOT IT UP, and BRUTAL KNIGHTS. All the bands offer blown out, sleeze-infested, punk hits. In all honesty I don't think I could listen to a full record of many of these bands but all of these songs are good, and they compliment each other as a group. Long live tape comps! (Cissie) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, $4ppd. www.bloodstainrecords.com)

V/A – "Sludge" – This is a CDR compilation of mostly mediocre, and some awful, crusty or street punk bands. On a good note, the DEAD PAWNS do a great country-punk style song. On a bad note, MUGRERO has managed to write one of the worst songs ever, titled "She's a Slut." The sloppy, generic punk song starts out with a guy repeating the song title and with a lyrical brilliance almost unheard of is able to throw in a "She's a big fat slut" every once in a while. The crowning moment comes in the final verse when the singer states, "I caught her on the telephone, she hung up in my face." (yeah, I might be angry as well) "I don't know what the fuck to do, I got my very own place." (proof that you are a real man and deserve the respect that a real man should have) "I just want a little piece of ass, she tells me to get lost." (Well who the fuck is the slut now). It goes on but I can't; so dude from MUGRERO, grow the fuck up. (Pete) (8-song CD, no lyrics included. soggydreammusic@yahoo.com)

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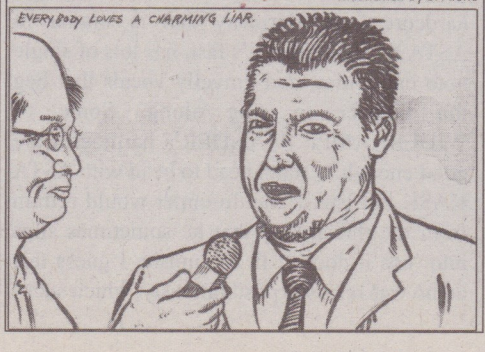

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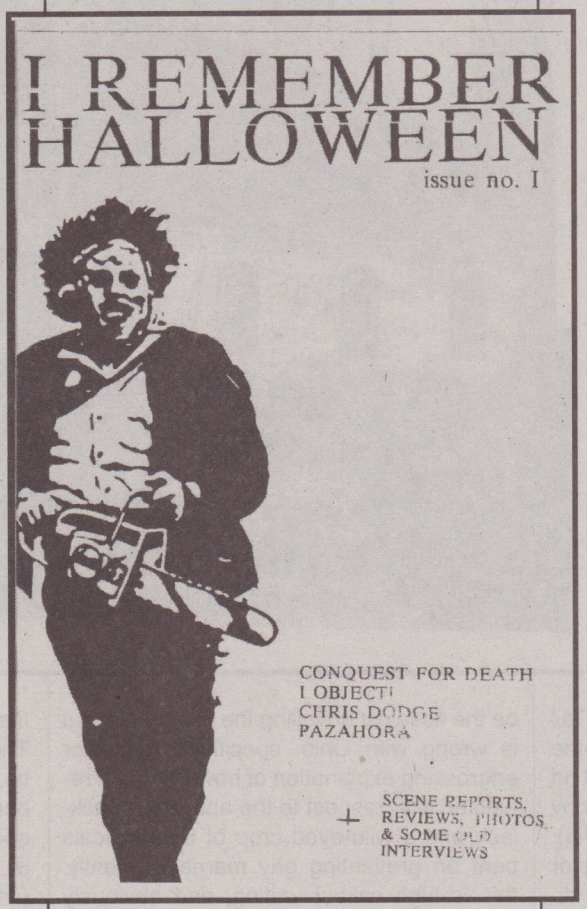
(SM) Scott Miller
(MP) Mason Pince
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ABOLISH RESTURANTS #1 / $2?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
I enjoyed this extremely thorough analysis of the history of restaurants and their connection to the dispiriting world of wage slavery. Using a decidedly anti-capitalist perspective, the writer(s) trace the origins of restaurants, the methods by which they create divisions between workers, and the motivations of the bosses and owners. There is also analysis of worker ownership systems, unionization, and "good" capitalist restaurants, each one it is argued, can only serve to enforce capitalism and the exploitation of workers. My description would be much more interesting if I was able to employ the simple but great illustrations that fill this zine, making it more of a graphic novel then a political zine. Very readable and informative. (Too bad they didn't include an address, more info is supposed to be found at www.prole.info, but I couldn't find it) (CR)
www.prole.info

BIG HANDS #5? / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
I suppose enough time has passed since they were featured in *Home Alone 3*, that I can say that as a young punk, few bands held more of an influence for me in my development of punk politics than Chumbawamba. I won't bother defending or attacking the course that they took from peace punk to pop/dance musicians to full bore commercial pop hit-makers, and fortunately neither does Aaron in his thorough recounting of the history of Chumbawamba. In this zine, he traces Chumbawamba from their roots in the Leeds peace punk scene all the way through to their eventual "success." Aside from the very thorough biography, he has included reprinted interviews from *Flipside* and *Maximum*, and even cooler to see, reprints from pamphlets made by the band in the early '80's. A thorough well-made document of a band that will always bring up mixed emotions for many. (CR)
1104 Imperial Rd. / Cary, NC 27511



THE BLACK CLOUD #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs
The Black Cloud reads more like a mini newspaper than a zine. I really liked the art and the story about snowballs being that I'm from sunny California. Although this zine was really entertaining I found myself getting a little lost in the journalistic writing style. (MP)
369 E. 15th Ave / Columbus, OH 43201

CONSTANT MIGRANE #3 / $3 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
This, the third installment of *Constant Migrane* features interviews with southern gloom-sters Baroness, Indy metal warriors Demiricous, the oddly placed The Evens, Kentucky noise-rockers Young Widows, Ohio thrash powerhouse Skeletonwitch, German D-beat crusaders Perth Express, and Indiana punkers Bolth. While none of these interviews strayed very far off the well-worn path of the typical "band interview," I definitely "got" something from each. For example; my opinion that Ian MacKaye is a self-righteous wind-bag, that I rather unfortunately, see myself thinking like and relating to more and more as the days pass on. The focus of *Constant Migraine* is definitely geared toward the Baroness/Kylesa/Torche school of heavy, modern, neo-metal hordes who's numbers seem to grow by the minute, but there is definitely something here for everyone. Also featured are contributors' tales of growing older and staying punk, which I enjoyed enough, a quaint little recipe section, and a crossword puzzle. Oh and how could I forget the staples like reviews and letters. (JU)
C/O Paul Simpson / 749 East Dr., Apt C / Indianapolis, IN 46201
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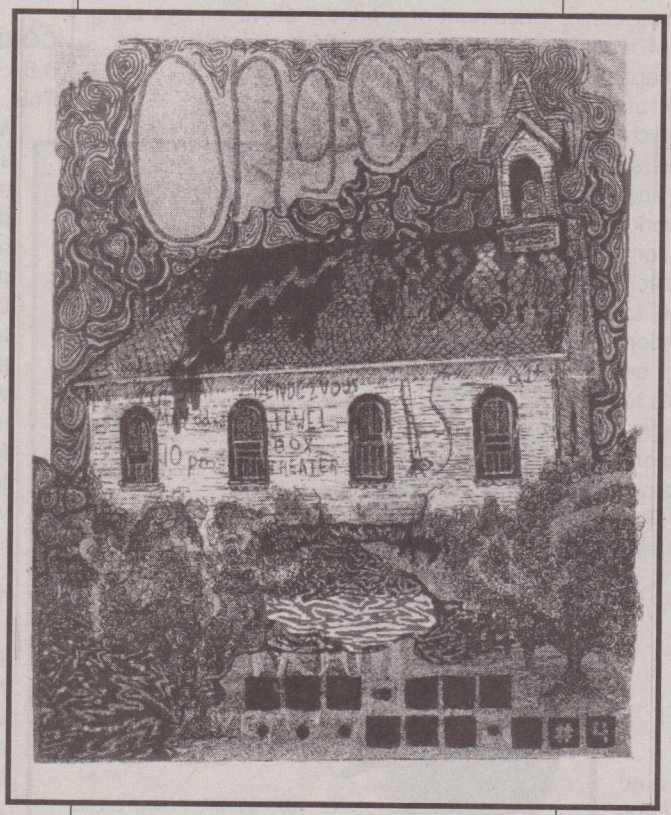
EQUALIZING DISTORT #7 / Free
8 x 11 – copied – 23 pgs
This is a totally rad Canadian music zine that is an extension of the radio show Equalizing Distort, that covers hardcore, although the zine does not focus only on hardcore. This issue covers quintessential

bands like the Pointed Sticks, and newer punk band Margaret Thrasher. The band interviews are really long and extensive, complete with live photos and albums. I got a total nerd-fest out of reading about the Pointed Sticks/Devo show in 1977, but there was updated information on the band as well. Plus tons of record reviews by Canadian bands, and a review of the Distort Vancouver Fest. This zine sweet. (MJ)
Equalizing Distort / 21 Foundry Ave, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 CANADA
www.ciut.fm/equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

FRANTIC CITY #2 / $5 (3 Euros in Europe)
8.5 x 11 – 36 pgs
Although there are some amazing bands featured in these pages, I'd have to say that the zine itself, as far as matter, is kind of a letdown. Yes, two of the best Canadian punk-pop bands of all time—the Diodes and the Pointed Sticks—are featured, but they're basically just *answer-these-ten-questions* type of interviews done via mail. This is the format for the entire zine; in fact, each and every interview follows a similar set of questions, though each band gets a few questions tailored especially with them in mind. Now, I don't want to totally put this down because it does have some merit, especially in its mission to expose great punk rock and roll bands that don't get enough coverage. And some significant bands do get covered here. In addition to the two phenomenal Canadian groups already mentioned, we get the Australian Meanies (a band I also feel is underrated), Swedish garage punkers the Manikins (another great band), and US powerpop revival sensations Busy Signals. Also featured are Prambath from Japan, the Italian Snazzy Boys, the Veines from France, Tail from Spain, and the Pork Dukes from the UK (whose stupid lyrics forced me to get rid of their album years ago despite the catchy melodies they were capable of creating). And that's about it. There are no reviews or opinions or anything else to speak of. I do have to admit that the interviews are pretty interesting despite their limitations, but whether or not that makes this worth tracking down is hard to say. (BG)
Frantic City / 31 rue A. Barine / 17000 La Rochelle / France
http://franticcity.free.fr

GO IT ALONE Closure / $2
8 x 10 – printed – 56 pgs
Put on your favorite basketball shorts and your rarest dude-core shirt and find a comfy place to sit. This is a zine dedicated to the band Go It Alone from Vancouver. The lay out of the zine looks like a high school year book and every picture has someone jump kicking or fist pumping with a few exceptions. If you like this band I have a feeling this will be everything you would want it to be. (MP)
Markpalm604@hotmail.com

GROIT #5 / 3 stamps or trade
5.5 x 8.25 – copied – 96 pgs
If this zine were a party, the guy handing you free beer and talking the loudest would be the essayist unveiling the history of what is wrong with Ohio, specifically a rather engrossing explanation of how Bush got re-elected with respect to the anti-union backlash and a wild-eyed crop of Evangelicals bent on preventing gay marriage. Really, this is high caliber writing, and obviously well researched. The rest of the party guests are challenging in other ways, whether it is because of antics and posturing or misunderstood ignorance. In the tradition of interesting, flourishing zines, those with contributors seem to be the best reads. This is no exception, and it definitely has nice graphic intent and care in the presentation. I am impressed with its breadth of subject matter, if not entirely enthusiastic about the subtitle "the fart of it all" or the tale of a prank call becoming a date that didn't work out (but would be funny to people who draw dicks on their passed out friend's faces). It's the kind of party where I would have been looking at someone's books and then come out of their room to see a dude talking about socialism with a 40oz duct taped to each hand. (JB)
PO Box 10563 / Colombus, Ohio 43201



HPV #1 / $2 US, $4 foreign, cash or stamps
8.5 x 7 – copied – 52 pgs
This is a DIY health zine that is meant to educate readers about what HPV is, the in-detail facts of the disease, how to prevent it, and how to live with it. This zine is the author's response to their frustration with medical doctors not telling them everything, as well as giving false information. The zine appears to be well researched, and breaks everything down so the general reader can understand everything. It might have been cool if there had been more artwork, but it is possible that the authors wanted to keep it really simple. (MJ)
HPV Zine / 737 Quebec Place, NW / Washington DC 20010

HUB CITY OUT OF THE BASEMENT #6 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pages
In New Brunswick, after a show, or anytime really, you can go get "fat sandwiches at the grease trucks." I find this strangely appealing. I don't think we have that in California. Everything else about the place sounds a little slim based on what Jarrett and his friends have to say in this local-scene-zine. The rent is too high and the jobs pay too little, the streets are crawling with jocko-homo cavemen, and the only record store, operated by thankless, unpaid punk-lifers, is barely managing to crawl out of debt (according to the fascinating interview with the owners of Curmudgeon Records). There's not even a single all-ages venue to be had—only basement shows for this town. Aside from the interview and essays that expound on the hard knocks of being punk in New Brunswick, this issue also features a handwritten five-page instructional guide to circuit bending, cassette tape play-

er hacking, and soldering. Not bad! (JD)
P.O. Box 1561 / New Brunswick, NJ 8903-1561
Jarrett_d_@hotmail.com

I REMEMBER HALLOWEEN #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.54 – copied – 44 pages
This is a totally well done DIY hardcore zine from the Philippines. All the standard formatting exists, interviews (Conquest for Death, Chris Dodge, I Object, Pazahora, Demisor, Feud, Flattbush and Eskapo), some personal writings, scene reports, reviews and photos. There is an interesting poll on people's favorite Misfits songs. Overall, this zine has a lot of promise and I look forward to future issues. (SM)
Danes Cortes / #24 M. Roxas St. Lot 18 / Afpovai Fort Bonifacio 1630 / Western Bicutan Philippines

LOVE IN THE TIME OF SCABIES #7 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pages
Love in the Time of Scabies seems to be heavily influenced by comic art and *Cometbus*. There are several comics throughout the 40 pages and at the end there is a little article about the author's take on the new *Cometbus.* Besides that aspect there is an interview with Cristy Road and a bunch of articles and other weird tidbits. I really enjoyed the article explaining the author's love of *Point Break*. This is by far the highlight of the magazine for me and it made me crack a smile and laugh a bit. I found much of the writing to be too embarrassingly personal or in-jokey. Conversely some of the articles were kind of pandering. The guide to shopping made me exclaim a big "duh," and the piece entitled "How to Get More Posi Vibes Than a KRS-One Concert" was equally full of obvious and banal information. I was excited to read "Ray's Adventure in Drunken Voicemail" but it didn't end up delivering like I'd hoped. Probably because I don't know the partiers involved. I did enjoy the book reviews and the author of *Love in the Time of Scabies* is apparently well read since he lists all of the 40-plus books that he read in the last year. If you're the type of person that generally likes personal/comic type zines, then you will probably enjoy *Love in the Time of Scabies* but I still feel that zines like this are only entertaining for the people involved and their friends. There's no crime in providing relics for your friends' entertainment but since I've been assigned to review this, that's my take. (CI)
Ray Suburbia / 2919 N. Buffum / Milwaukee WI 53212

MANAGER #1 / $1
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
As a long-time grocer, a zine about working in a grocery store is going to resonate a little more than for most. That said, I think that Ben has created an interesting zine that outlines his experience as a manager of a grocery store including the laundry list of injuries suffered through the process. It is interesting to read how he attempts to reconcile being a manager while at the same time having an understanding that bossing folks around might not be the most comfortable position. Throughout this little zine filled with work-related quotes, the writer does a good job of honestly and without pretension explaining his experiences. (CR)
1702 Mount Pisgah Ln. / Apt #13 / Silver Spring, MD 20903
jack45rpm@gmail.com

THE NIGHT OWL #2 / SASE
8.5 x 11 – copied – 2 pages
Pretty quick and simple onesheet newsletter, with a few reviews, top ten lists, and a brief interview with Rival Mob. Also commentary on YouTube. (NM)
(Charlie, 636 Mills St., Hinsdale, IL 60521)

NO FRETS #1 / free or trade
3.5 x 4.25 – copied – 40 pgs.
This zine is tiny and will fit in your pocket if you are wearing any. Mickey writes about living in a college town, frustrated by closed-mindedness, excited about life in general, afraid of her own insecurites, and genuinely eager to share her thoughts with the world. (CH)
PO Box 10563 / Columbus, OH / 43201

NOT GUILTY #1 / $?
5.75 x 9.25 – copied – 24 pgs
Australia has become an epicenter for this sort of thing—a short hardcore zine, focused exclusively on bands, with photos, reviews, and no ads. This dude is so down, he flies to the US, and goes to fucking Cleveland, where he takes in some shows and writes the reviews here. Interviewed are Cross Laws, media darlings Warkrime, Civic Progress, and Australia's Insurgents. RKL, according to the editor the greatest band ever, gets an in-depth write-up of their earliest material. Personally, I'm not so excited by "no opinions or politics," cuz it makes me wonder what you're so mad about that you need to scream and thrash. Otherwise, the content is fine and the photos reproduced well. The back cover, Doc Dart's mug shot, will look great on the wall of your home or office. (JM)
xbeauvsthemx@hotmail.com

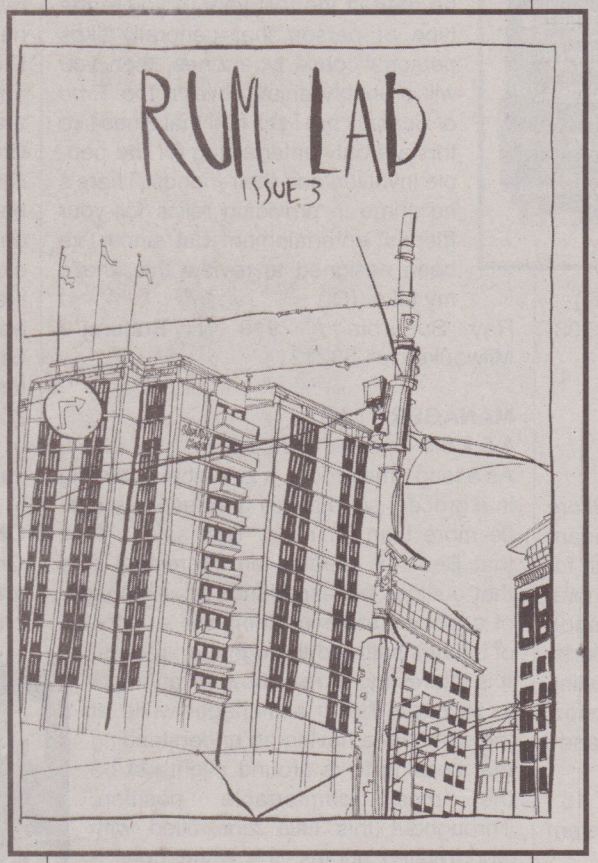
ONG ONG #4 / $7
Ong Ong is a zine based out of Seattle that reads like opening a present with another present inside. A pretty screenprinted cover

conceals a whole pile of handmade stuff stuffed inside (stickers, prints, cd). *Ong Ong* itself is part comics (think Ziggy but not for old people), part music/show reviews (Blue cheer, Grouper), part well-written nonfiction & part feminist-essay-written-by-a-dude. (CH)
514 15th Ave. E. / Seattle, WA / 98112

OX #75 / 4,50 Euros / German
9 x 12 – printed – 132 pgs
Ox: where glossy band photos go to die. At MRR, they never make it past the mailroom trash, so it's good to see they have a final resting place somewhere well tended. *Ox* is an appropriate name for this steady old monster, admirable for its strength and stamina, but ultimately a slowish beast, groaning under the weight of its burden. And no wonder. The weight it carries includes dozens of interviews and mini band features, and hundreds of reviews of records, CDs, zines, books, movies, and more. Major interviews include Die Arzte, Bllodlights, King Khan, Loikaemie, Stage bottles, New Model Army, Agnostic Front, Thrice, Bones, Jingo de Lunch, Fluch, Die N Dirg, Pascow, Slime, Gallows. The reviews are not only numerous, but long and detailed, in wee type. Ox covers everything from eyes-screwed-shut clap-core from the American Midwest remnants to Mad Sin, and comes with its usual comp CD. (AC)
Ox Fanzine / postfach 11 04 20 / 42664 Solingen / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de/ www.myspace.com/oxfanzine

PASAZER #23/24 / 18 zl
5.5 x 9 – printed – 164 pgs – Polish
If you wanna work on your Polish, you'll get your zlotys worth here. The type is small, as are the many photos. There are hardly any ads and about thirty bands are interviewed or profiled with a pretty wide range of styles covered. Some of the bands are pretty "big," and too many are reformed, but that still leaves a lot of today's punk and hardcore bands, like Hudson Falcons, Terror, Pedestrians, La Fraction, Heimatlos, Juggling Jugulars, Kevin K, El Banda, Pogotowie Seksualne, et al. Some Polish hardcore dudes write about records they like, and there are tributes to the recently deceased writers Kurt Vonnegut and Gary Bushell. The print for the reviews is even smaller than the rest of it. Plus, this double issue comes with 2 compilation CDs, one of which has videos of Polish bands. I'm blown away by how mammoth this thing is. I wonder if it would take the typical Pasazer reader longer to get through the whole mag, or to work the hours to afford it. (JM)
PO Box 42 / 39-201 Debica 3 / Poland / www.pasazer.pl

PLASTIC BOMB #61 / ?3.50
8.5 x 12 – printed – 84 pages
Slick, full-color German punk magazine that is dense with columns, interviews, articles, reviews, and lots of ads. It came wrapped in plastic accompanied by a mail order catalog of "punk" wear. All of the text in the magazine is in German so I'm only qualified to give you a rundown of the featured band/projects: Cockney Rejects, Born/Dead, Tribal Area, Die Versauten Stiefkinder, Springtoifel, Stopcox, EA 80, and Tati of Apocalipstix. There are some other non-interview articles in the magazine but I'm having a hard time deciphering any of it. If you can read German and are a fan of street punk and Deutschpunk this might be worth your time. (CI)
Plastic Bomb / Postfach 100 205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de



PLOPPY PANTS #7 / $4 (or trade)
8.5 x 11 – copied
A sign of a good zine for me is when I can end up reading the thing pretty much cover to cover despite not really caring much for the bands featured within. It seems that the music leanings of *Ploppy Pants* are towards the crust/D-beat side of things, but there is also a taste for extreme grindcore like Agathocles, who are featured in an interview. None of this type of music is really my cup of cider, but I still read through the interviews because the questions were pretty interesting (albeit most seem to have been conducted through the mail). But the bands are just the beginning of the fun! With a name like *Ploppy Pants* and a cover featuring a city being bombarded with turds and dirty underwear, you know you're in for a good time! To keep with the theme of the zine, the author solicited stories from various punks about embarrassing times involving unplanned and unwanted shits. At first I thought this was too dumb and was about to turn the page, but next thing you know I'm reading and laughing my way through the whole thing. Then things get a bit more serious with an appealing opinion piece about the hypocrisy of trust fund punks acting like vagrants instead of doing something productive. There're also a bunch of zine and demo reviews, and a *picnic time for the punks and skins* board game. Er… Don't get too excited about the last part—it's more of a joke than a real game. Other bands featured in interviews are the Wankys, Avskum, Unholy Grave, Fuct Off, Angel Witch, and Trioxin 245. A fun read! (BG)
R Neithercut / Sabhal Mor Ostaig / Isle of Skye / IV44 8RQ / Alba / Scotland

POOP STAINS #3 / $1
8 x 11 – copied – 38 pages
This here is a bonerfied hardcore fanzine. It's chock-full of interviews with bands like The Repos, show reviews, editorial-style essays, play lists, a veritable butt-load of black and white copies of flyers and ads for new records, and reprints of the author's favorite clips from other zines like *HeartAttack* and *MRR*. My favorite part is definitely the essays. The authors all have serious 'tudes and it's pretty awesome. They like mix tapes, they don't like violent dancing at shows, being stoned and partying is stupid, and downloading music is only OK sometimes. I'm almost convinced that the only two punks in all of Tucson, AZ are doing enough thinking to make up for the rest of the southwest combined. This is a dense read for a zine. (JB)
Girlproblems@hotmail.com

RAZORCAKE #42 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pages
This zine is really hit or miss with me. Of the 20 some odd pages of columns that this issue has, I found my interest rarely kept. I enjoyed the Ben Snakepit comic dedicated to Lance Hahn, the Rev. Norb piece and the Nardwuar the Human Serviette interview with Hilary Duff, but not enough to read a second time. There are decent interviews with Tranzmitors, Hunchback, The Rebel Spell, Wounded Lion and Geykido Comet Records. The rest of the 112 pages are packed full of ads and reviews. There is a cool photo of Alicja Trout and her newborn, Valentine, but that's about it. (SM)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

RUM LAD #3 / £1
5.5 x 8.25 – copied – 40 pgs
I crave zines like this one. The bulk of it is beautiful drawings that are finely detailed and arranged in a careful sequence that lets you take a glimpse of the illustrator's thoughts and humor with small pieces of writing attached. The chosen subjects are as random as any thought trail, the drawings could stand alone but are complimented perfectly. (JB)
Steve Larder / Flat 3, 135 Foxhall Road / Forest Fields / Nottingham NG7 6LH England

SEDITION HARDCORE MAGAZINE #6 / Free in France / French
9 x 12 – printed – 57 pgs
I remember this fella from a while back. Indeed, this is *Sedition*'s return after two years of "silence," with the accompanying label and distro on standby, and the fanzine *quasi abandonné*. They're back with new heads, new staff, and new energy, it seems, and still committed to independent hardcore. A handful of reviewers give their full attention to a collection of dark, natural-coiffed hardcore. Interviews with Hellbats, Witch Hunt from their Citizen Fish/Leftover Crack tour, along with a lot of nice photos, Martyrdöd, Graves at Sea, Prejudice GVA, and Year of No Light. There's also a report on vegetarianism, an Amanda Woodward tour report, and assorted odds and ends. (AC)
Sedition c/o Exutoire / BP 073 / 33031 Bordeaux Cedex / France
seditionzine@hotmail.com

SOMETHING PRESCRIBED #1 / Donations
8 x 9 – color copied – 32 pgs
Apparently this zine cost editor Jen $16 a copy to produce, which is *just crazy,* Jen. Jen, that kind of money is for things like actual printing and binding, or for that matter, food and lodging. In this case, it has been applied to attractive color copies of collages and journal art decorating Jen's journal prose and bits and pieces. Jen's diaries have an adolescent girl's brutal and jagged and saccharine charms. I remember. The trials of identity, family, abandonment, love, betrayal, sex, sex, sex. It never really gets old. It just gets more refined, for better or worse, less worshipful, and hopefully less expensive to express. You get tired of people with their terror of growing up, but still, you can't underestimate the potency of that time in a person's life when they examine and valiantly try to overthrow the scriptures of first youth — the parents, the school, the church and the town, the blind consumerism and hammered-in self-loathing — and reach for something more. (AC)
Jen Hauser / 1206 N. Lane St. / Appleton, WI 54911

TRUST #127 / ?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pages – German
Can I get through this whole review without saying it's the German *MRR*? Oops, guess not. Well it is that, but *Trust* has always had its niche. If you don't read German that's OK because the pictures are still pretty awesome. This issue has Chaos Computer Club, Trainwreck, Turbostaat, and the usual reviews, live show info, etc. Sehr gut. (NM)
(Postfach 11 07 62, 28087 Bremen, Germany)

VOICE OF A GENERATION #2 / $?
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 28 pgs
This zine, which is put out by the mind behind Germany's Crucial Response records and another gent from Belgium by the name of Arne Haabeth, was a great read. The majority of the space inside its covers is dedicated to a very in-depth interview with Peter Amdam from the Norwegian hardcore bands Sportswear/ Onward/Gain/etc. about how he discovered hardcore and the road he's followed since that moment. I like these kinds of interviews that seem more like you're just eavesdropping on a conversation and don't feel forced or showy. The focus of this zine is most definitely straightedge hardcore and there are tons of photos of X'd up hands but none of it comes off as preachy, in fact, I can't recall even one instance of any "straightedge means I'm better than you"-type of remarks. Even if I wasn't a fan of this genre or style, I'm pretty sure I'd still find this an interesting zine. Oh yeah, this issue also comes with a limited edition Sportswear demo EP. (JU)
Peter Hoeren, Kaisersfeld 98 / 46047 Oberhausen / GERMANY
www.voiceofageneration.com/zine

924 GILMAN

MARCH

Friday 07 $7 • DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Annihilation Time • Fy Fan (Sweden) • Nightstick Justice
Socialcide (VA) • Warkrime • Crucial Cause

Saturday 08 • DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Cattle Decapitation (S.D.) • Phobia, Arise
Poser Disposer (CANADA) • Eviscerated

Friday 14
Fracas • Scheisse Minelli (GERMANY) • Second Opinion
Eskapo • Pt

Saturday 15 • FEMME PUNK NIGHT
Zomo • Schwule • Acne Attack • Blonde Ambition

Sunday 16 • 5PM SHOW
Baader Brains • Punch • Cheap Art (L.A.)
Waco Fuck (L.A.)

Friday 21 $7
DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
7 Generations (L.A.) • A Better Hope Foundation (L.A.)
Dukes Up • The Separation • Deepen The Wound (NV)
Fell Voices

Saturday 22 $8 • DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Despise You (L.A.) • Lack Of Interest (L.A.)
Pretty Little Flower (TX) • 50/50 (TX) • In Disgust
Noisear (NM) • Superbad (OR) • Thousandswilldie
Self Inflicted

Friday 28
Acts Of Sedition • Marrow (WA) • Sojourner (WA)

Saturday 29
Rock n' Roll Adventure Kids • No Bunny
Traditional Fools • Shankers

APRIL

Friday 04 $6
Arise • Zombie Holocaust • Laceration
Psychosomatic • One Flew West

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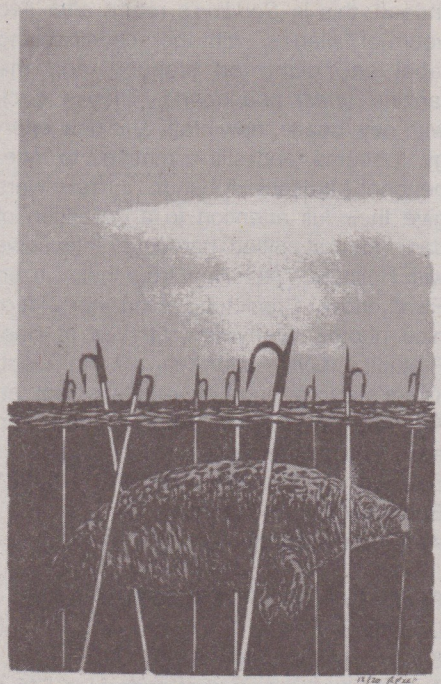

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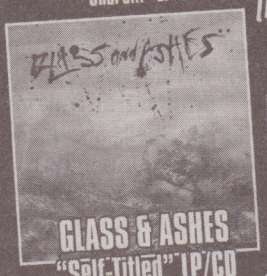
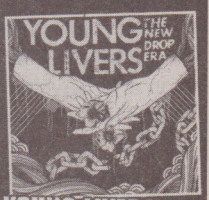
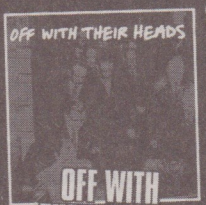


GLASS & ASHES
"Self-Titled" LP/CD



YOUNG LIVERS
"The New Drop Era" LP/CD
(ex-Glass & Ashes, Fiya)



OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
"All Things..." LP/CD

THE TIM VERSION
"Decline of the Southern Gentleman" LP/CD

THIS IS MY FIST & FIFTH HOUR HERO 7"

CLASSIFIEDS

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POISONED CANDY: A syndication of different projects: Anarchist record label/distro (home of SQUALORA!); propaganda machine (we make affordable anarcho-syndicalist flags for demonstrations/ political pamphlets); screenprinting: custom shirts for bands/ punk catalog. Keep DIY alive! order online: www.poisonedcandy.com

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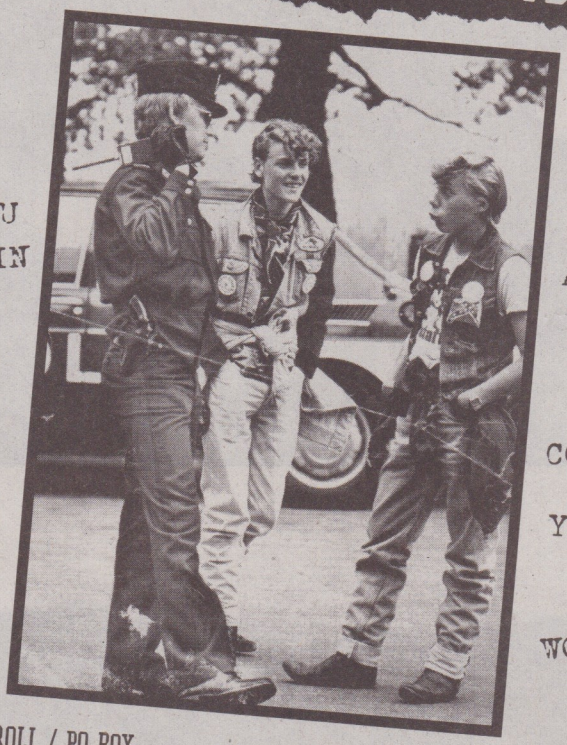

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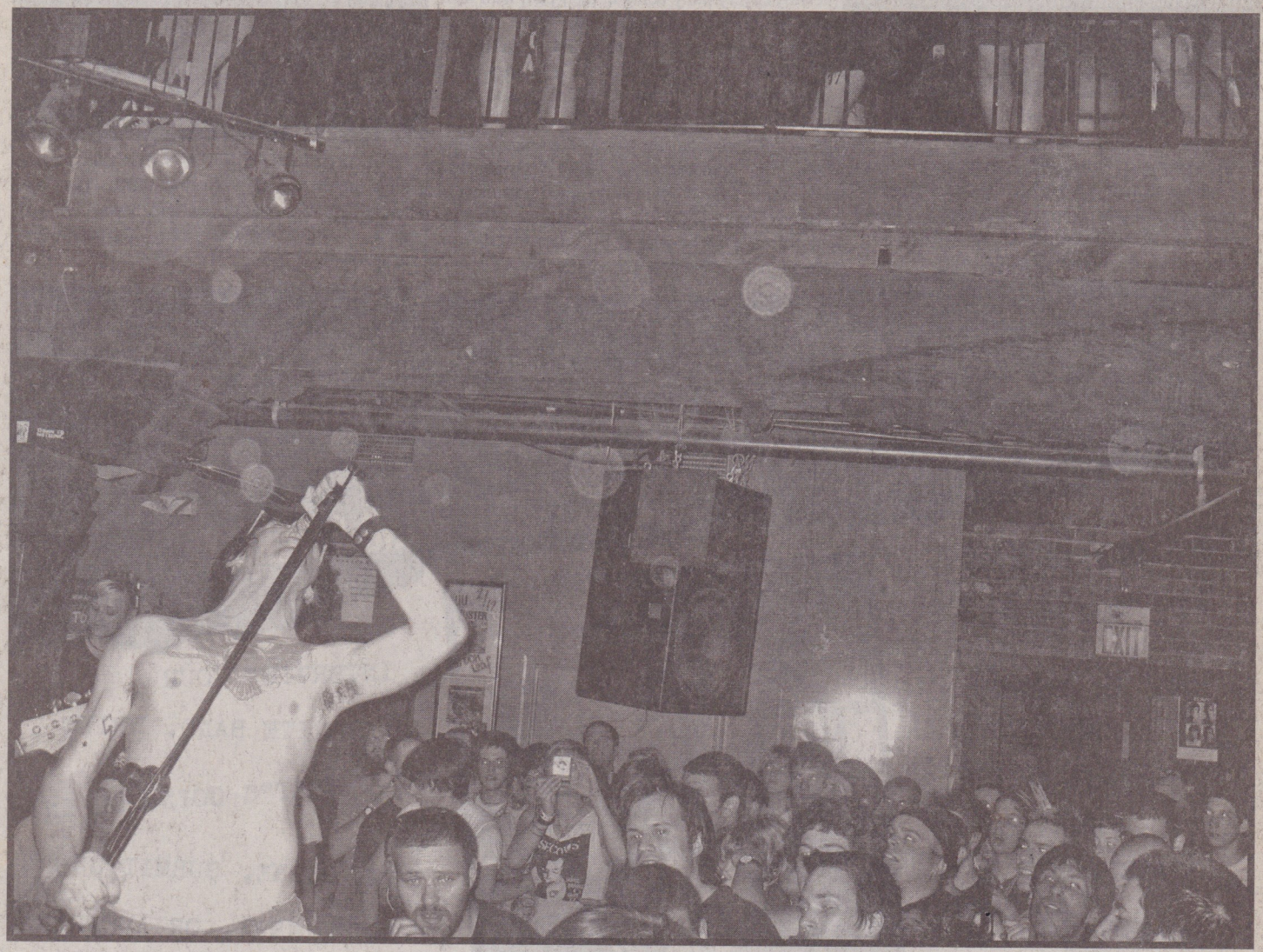
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